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Poetical Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

FIRST EDITION . . January, 1901
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Reprinted . . . September, 1922

Ianthe

from an engraving by W. Finden,
after a drawing by R. Westall, R.A.

Walker & Boutall, ph. sc.

The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Poëtry. Vol. II.

EDITED BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, M.A.,
HON. F.R.S.L.

LONDON:
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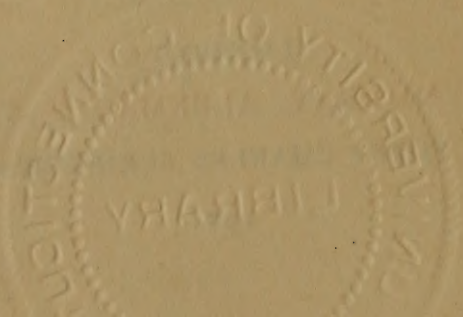

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE text of the present edition of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* is based upon a collation of volume i. of the Library Edition, 1855, with the following MSS.: (i.) the original MS. of the First and Second Cantos, in Byron's handwriting [*MS. M.*]; (ii.) a transcript of the First and Second Cantos, in the handwriting of R. C. Dallas [*D.*]; (iii.) a transcript of the Third Canto, in the handwriting of Clara Jane Clairmont [*C.*]; (iv.) a collection of "scraps," forming a first draft of the Third Canto, in Byron's handwriting [*MS.*]; (v.) a fair copy of the first draft of the Fourth Canto, together with the MS. of the additional stanzas, in Byron's handwriting [*MS. M.*]; (vi.) a second fair copy of the Fourth Canto, as completed, in Byron's handwriting [*D.*].

The text of the First and Second Cantos has also been collated with the text of the First Edition of the

First and Second Cantos (quarto, 1812); the text of the Third and of the Fourth Cantos with the texts of the First Editions of 1816 and 1818 respectively; and the text of the entire poem with that issued in the collected editions of 1831 and 1832.

Considerations of space have determined the position and arrangement of the notes.

Byron's notes to the First, Second, and Third Cantos, and Hobhouse's notes to the Fourth Canto are printed, according to precedent, at the end of each canto.

Editorial notes are placed in square brackets. Notes illustrative of the text are printed immediately below the variants. Notes illustrative of Byron's notes or footnotes are appended to the originals or printed as footnotes.

Byron's own notes to the Fourth Canto are printed as footnotes to the text.

Hobhouse's "Historical Notes" are reprinted without addition or comment; but the numerous and intricate references to classical, historical, and archæological authorities have been carefully verified, and in many instances rewritten.

In compiling the Introductions, the additional notes, and footnotes, I have endeavoured to supply the reader with a compendious manual of reference. With the subject-matter of large portions of the three distinct poems which make up the five hundred stanzas of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* every one is more or less

familiar, but details and particulars are out of the immediate reach of even the most cultivated readers.

The poem may be dealt with in two ways. It may be regarded as a repertory or treasury of brilliant passages for selection and quotation; or it may be read continuously, and with some attention to the style and message of the author. It is in the belief that *Childe Harold* should be read continuously, and that it gains by the closest study, reassuming its original freshness and splendour, that the text as well as Byron's own notes have been somewhat minutely annotated.

In the selection and composition of the notes I have, in addition to other authorities, consulted and made use of the following editions of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*:—

i. *Édition Classique*, par James Darmesteter, Docteur-ès-lettres. Paris, 1882.

ii. Byron's *Childe Harold*, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by H. F. Tozer, M.A. Oxford, 1885 (Clarendon Press Series).

iii. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, edited by the Rev. E. C. Everard Owen, M.A. London, 1897 (Arnold's British Classics).

Particular acknowledgments of my indebtedness to these admirable works will be found throughout the volume.

I have consulted and derived assistance from Professor Eugen Kölbing's exhaustive collation of the text of the two first cantos with the Dallas Transcript in

the British Museum (*Zur Textüberlieferung von Byron's Childe Harold, Cantos I., II. Leipsic*, 1896); and I am indebted to the same high authority for information with regard to the Seventh Edition (1814) of the First and Second Cantos. (See *Bemerkungen zu Byron's Childe Harold, Engl. Stud.*, 1896, xxi. 176–186.)

I have again to record my grateful acknowledgments to Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., Dr. A. S. Murray, F.R.S., Mr. R. E. Graves, Mr. E. D. Butler, F.R.G.S., and other officials of the British Museum, for constant help and encouragement in the preparation of the notes to *Childe Harold*.

I desire to express my thanks to Dr. H. R. Mill, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society; Mr. J. C. Baker, F.R.S., Keeper of the Herbarium and Library of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew; Mr. Horatio F. Brown (author of *Venice, an Historical Sketch*, etc.); Mr. P. A. Daniel, Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, and others, for valuable information on various points of doubt and difficulty.

On behalf of the Publisher, I beg to acknowledge the kindness of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, in permitting Cosway's miniature of Charlotte Duchess of Richmond to be reproduced for this volume.

I have also to thank Mr. Horatio F. Brown for the right to reproduce the interesting portrait of "Byron at Venice," which is now in his possession.

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

April, 1899.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS OF *CHILDE HAROLD.*

THE First Canto of *Childe Harold* was begun at Janina, in Albania, October 31, 1809, and the Second Canto was finished at Smyrna, March 28, 1810. The dates were duly recorded on the MS.; but in none of the letters which Byron wrote to his mother and his friends from the East does he mention or allude to the composition or existence of such a work. In one letter, however, to his mother (January 14, 1811, *Letters*, 1898, i. 308), he informs her that he has MSS. in his possession which may serve to prolong his memory, if his heirs and executors "think proper to publish them;" but for himself, he has "done with authorship." Three months later the achievement of *Hints from Horace* and *The Curse of Minerva* persuaded him to give "authorship" another trial; and, in a letter written on board the *Volage* frigate (June 28, *Letters*, 1898, i. 313), he announces to his literary Mentor, R. C. Dallas, who had superintended the publication of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, that he has "an imitation of the *Ars Poetica* of Horace ready for Cawthorne." Byron landed in England on July 2, and on the 15th Dallas "had the pleasure of shaking hands with him at Reddish's Hotel, St. James's Street" (*Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1824, p. 103). There was a crowd of visitors, says Dallas, and no time for conversation; but the *Imitation* was placed in his hands. He took it home, read it, and was disappointed. Disparagement was out of the question; but the next morning at breakfast Dallas ventured to express some surprise that he had written nothing else. An admission or

confession followed that "he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited." "They are not," he added, "worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you if you like." "So," says Dallas, "came I by *Childe Harold*. He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses."

Dallas was "delighted," and on the evening of the same day (July 16)—before, let us hope, and not after, he had consulted his "Ionian friend," Walter Rodwell Wright (see *Recollections*, p. 151, and *Diary* of H. C. Robinson, 1872, i. 17) —he despatched a letter of enthusiastic approval, which gratified Byron, but did not convince him of the extraordinary merit of his work, or of its certainty of success. It was, however, agreed that the MS. should be left with Dallas, that he should arrange for its publication and hold the copyright. Dallas would have entrusted the poem to Cawthorne, who had published *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, and with whom, as Byron's intermediary, he was in communication; but Byron objected on the ground that the firm did not "stand high enough in the trade," and Longmans, who had been offered but had declined the *English Bards*, were in no case to be approached. An application to Miller, of Albemarle Street, came to nothing, because Miller was Lord Elgin's bookseller and publisher (he had just brought out the *Memorandum on Lord Elgin's Pursuits in Greece*), and *Childe Harold* denounced and reviled Lord Elgin. But Murray, of Fleet Street, who had already expressed a wish to publish for Lord Byron, was willing to take the matter into consideration. On the first of August Byron lost his mother, on the third his friend Matthews was drowned in the Cam, and for some weeks he could devote neither time nor thought to the fortunes of his poem; but Dallas had bestirred himself, and on the eighteenth was able to report that he had "seen Murray again," and that Murray was anxious that Byron's name should appear on the title-page.

To this request Byron somewhat reluctantly acceded (August 21); and a few days later (August 25) he informs Dallas that he has sent him "exordiums, annotations, etc.,

for the forthcoming quarto," and has written to Murray, urging him on no account to show the MS. to Juvenal, that is, Gifford. But Gifford, as a matter of course, had been already consulted, had read the First Canto, and had advised Murray to publish the poem. Byron was, or pretended to be, furious; but the solid fact that Gifford had commended his work acted like a charm, and his fury subsided. On the fifth of September (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 24, *note*) he received from Murray the first proof, and by December 14 "the Pilgrimage was concluded," and all but the preface had been printed and seen through the press.

The original draft of the poem, which Byron took out of "the little trunk" and gave to Dallas, had undergone considerable alterations and modifications before this date. Both Dallas and Murray took exception to certain stanzas which, on personal, or patriotic, or religious considerations, were provocative and objectionable. They were apprehensive, not only for the sale of the book, but for the reputation of its author. Byron fought his ground inch by inch, but finally assented to a compromise. He was willing to cut out three stanzas on the Convention of Cintra, which had ceased to be a burning question, and four more stanzas at the end of the First Canto, which reflected on the Duke of Wellington, Lord Holland, and other persons of less note. A stanza on Beckford in the First Canto, and two stanzas in the second on Lord Elgin, Thomas Hope, and the "Dilettanti crew," were also omitted. Stanza ix. of the Second Canto, on the immortality of the soul, was recast, and "sure and certain" hopelessness exchanged for a pious, if hypothetical, aspiration. But with regard to the general tenor of his politics and metaphysics, Byron stood firm, and awaited the issue.

There were additions as well as omissions. The first stanza of the First Canto, stanzas xliii. and xc., which celebrate the battles of Albuera and Talavera; the stanzas to the memory of Charles Skinner Matthews, nos. xci., xcii.; and stanzas ix., xcv., xcvi. of the Second Canto, which record Byron's grief for the death of an unknown lover or friend, apparently (letter to Dallas, October 31, 1811) the mysterious Thyrza, and others (*vide post*, note on the MSS. of

the First and Second Cantos of *Childe Harold*), were composed at Newstead, in the autumn of 1811. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, quarto, was published on Tuesday, March 10, 1812—Moore (*Life*, p. 157) implies that the date of issue was Saturday, February 29; and Dallas (*Recollections*, p. 220) says that he obtained a copy on Tuesday, March 3 (but see advertisements in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, March 5, announcing future publication, and in the *Courier* and *Morning Chronicle* of Tuesday, March 10, announcing first appearance)—and in three days an edition of five hundred copies was sold. A second edition, octavo, with six additional poems (fourteen poems were included in the First Edition), was issued on April 17; a third on June 27; a fourth, with the "Addition to the Preface," on September 14; and a fifth on December 5, 1812,—the day on which Murray "acquainted his friends" (see advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle*) that he had removed from Fleet Street to No. 50, Albemarle Street. A sixth edition, identical with the fifth and fourth editions, was issued August 11, 1813; and, on February 1, 1814 (see letter to Murray, February 4, 1814), *Childe Harold* made a "seventh appearance." The seventh edition was a new departure altogether. Not only were nine poems added to the twenty already published, but a dedication to Lady Charlotte Harley ("Ianthe"), written in the autumn of 1812, was prefixed to the First Canto, and ten additional stanzas were inserted towards the end of the Second Canto. *Childe Harold*, as we have it, differs to that extent from the *Childe Harold* which, in a day and a night, made Byron "famous." The dedication to Ianthe was the outcome of a visit to Eywood, and his devotion to Ianthe's mother, Lady Oxford; but the new stanzas were probably written in 1810. In a letter to Dallas, September 7, 1811 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 28), he writes, "I had projected an additional canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again, it would go on." This seems to imply that a beginning had been made. In a poem, a hitherto unpublished fragment entitled *Il Diavolo Inamorato*, which is dated August 31, 1812, five stanzas and a half, viz. stanzas lxxiii. lines 5–9, lxxix., lxxx., lxxxi., lxxxii., xxvii. of the Second Canto of *Childe Harold* are imbedded; and these form part

of the ten additional stanzas which were first published in the seventh edition. There is, too, the fragment entitled *The Monk of Athos*, which was first published (*Life of Lord Byron*, by the Hon. Roden Noel) in 1890, which may have formed part of this projected Third Canto.

No further alterations were made in the text of the poem; but an eleventh edition of *Childe Harold*, Cantos I., II., was published in 1819.

The demerits of *Childe Harold* lie on the surface; but it is difficult for the modern reader, familiar with the sight, if not the texture, of "the purple patches," and unattracted, perhaps demagnetized, by a personality once fascinating and always "puissant," to appreciate the actual worth and magnitude of the poem. We are "o'er informed;" and as with Nature, so with Art, the eye must be couched, and the film of association removed, before we can see clearly. But there is one characteristic feature of *Childe Harold* which association and familiarity have been powerless to veil or confuse—originality of design. "By what accident," asks the Quarterly Reviewer (George Ellis), "has it happened that no other English poet before Lord Byron has thought fit to employ his talents on a subject so well suited to their display?" The question can only be answered by the assertion that it was the accident of genius which inspired the poet with a "new song." *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* had no progenitors, and, with the exception of some feeble and forgotten imitations, it has had no descendants. The materials of the poem; the Spenserian stanza, suggested, perhaps, by Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*, as well as by older models; the language, the metaphors, often appropriated and sometimes stolen from the Bible, from Shakespeare, from the classics; the sentiments and reflections coeval with reflection and sentiment, wear a familiar hue; but the poem itself, a pilgrimage to scenes and cities of renown, a song of travel, a rhythmical diorama, was Byron's own handiwork—not an inheritance, but a creation.

But what of the eponymous hero, the sated and melancholy "Childe," with his attendant page and yeoman, his backward glances on "heartless parasites," on "laughing dames," on goblets and other properties of "the monastic dome"? Is

Childe Harold Byron masquerading in disguise, or is he intended to be a fictitious personage, who, half unconsciously, reveals the author's personality? Byron deals with the question in a letter to Dallas (October 31): "I by no means intend to identify myself with *Harold*, but to *deny* all connection with him. If in parts I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that." He adds, with evident sincerity, "I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for all the world." Again, in the preface, "Harold is the child of imagination." This pronouncement was not the whole truth; but it is truer than it seems. He was well aware that Byron had sate for the portrait of Childe Harold. He had begun by calling his hero Childe Burun, and the few particulars which he gives of Childe Burun's past were particulars, in the main exact particulars, of Byron's own history. He had no motive for concealment, for, so little did he know himself, he imagined that he was not writing for publication, that he had done with authorship. Even when the mood had passed, it was the imitation of the *Ars Poetica*, not *Childe Harold*, which he was eager to publish; and when *Childe Harold* had been offered to and accepted by a publisher, he desired and proposed that it should appear anonymously. He had not as yet come to the pass of displaying "the pageant of his bleeding heart" before the eyes of the multitude. But though he shrank from the obvious and inevitable conclusion that Childe Harold was Byron in disguise, and idly "disclaimed" all connection, it was true that he had intended to draw a fictitious character, a being whom he may have feared he might one day become, but whom he did not recognize as himself. He was not sated, he was not cheerless, he was not unamiable. He was all a-quiver with youth and enthusiasm and the joy of great living. He had left behind him friends whom he knew were not "the flatterers of the festal hour"—friends whom he returned to mourn and nobly celebrate. Byron was not Harold, but Harold was an ideal Byron, the creature and avenger of his pride, which haunted and pursued its presumptuous creator to the bitter end.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage was reviewed, or rather advertised, by Dallas, in the *Literary Panorama* for March,

1812. To the reviewer's dismay, the article, which appeared before the poem was out, was shown to Byron, who was paying a short visit to his old friends at Harrow. Dallas quaked, but "as it proved no bad advertisement," he escaped censure. "The blunder passed unobserved, eclipsed by the dazzling brilliancy of the object which had caused it" (*Recollections*, p. 221).

Of the greater reviews, the *Quarterly* (No. xiii., March, 1812) was published on May 12, and the *Edinburgh* (No. 38, June, 1812) was published on August 5, 1812.

NOTES ON THE MSS. OF *CHILDE HAROLD.*

I.

THE original MS. of the First and Second Cantos of *Childe Harold*, consisting of ninety-one folios bound up with a single bluish-grey cover, is in the possession of Mr. Murray.[1] A transcript from this MS., in the handwriting of R. C. Dallas, with Byron's autograph corrections, is preserved in the British Museum (Egerton MSS., No. 2027). The first edition (4to) was printed from the transcript as emended by the author. The "Addition to the Preface" was first published in the Fourth Edition.

The following notes in Byron's handwriting are on the outside of the cover of the original MS. :—

"Byron—Joannina in Albania
Begun Oct. 31st 1809.
Concluded, Canto 2d, Smyrna,
March 28th, 1810. BYRON.

1. "The first and second cantos of *Childe Harold* were written in separate portions by the noble author. They were afterwards arranged for publication; and when thus arranged, the whole was copied. This copy was placed in Lord Byron's hands, and he made various alterations, corrections, and large additions. These, together with the notes, are in his Lordship's own handwriting. The manuscript thus corrected was sent to the press, and was printed under the direction of Robt. Chas. Dallas, Esq., to whom Lord Byron had given the copyright of the poem. The MS., as it came from the printers, was preserved by Mr. Dallas, and is now in the possession of his son, the Rev. Alex. Dallas."

[See Dallas Transcript, p. 1. Mus. Brit. Bibl. Egerton, 2027. Press 526. H. T.]

"The marginal remarks pencilled occasionally were made by two friends who saw the thing in MS. sometime previous to publication. 1812."

On the verso of the single bluish-grey cover, the lines, "Dear Object of Defeated Care," have been inscribed. They are entitled, "Written beneath the picture of J. U. D." They are dated, "Byron, Athens, 1811."

The following notes and memoranda have been bound up with the MS. :—

"Henry Drury, Harrow. Given me by Lord Byron. Being his original autograph MS. of the *first* canto of *Childe Harold*, commenced at Joannina in Albania, proceeded with at Athens, and completed at Smyrna."

"How strange that he did not seem to know that the volume contains Cantos I., II., and so written by L^d. B.!" [*Note by J. Murray.*]

"Sir,—I desire that you will settle any account for *Childe Harold* with Mr. R. C. Dallas, to whom I have presented the copyright.

"Y^r. obed^t. Servt.,
"Byron.

"To Mr. John Murray,
"Bookseller,
"32, Fleet Street,
"London, Mar. 17, 1812."

"Received, April 1st, 1812, of Mr. John Murray, the sum of one hundred pounds 15/8, being my entire half-share of the profits of the 1st Edition of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* 4to.

"R. C. Dallas.

"£101 : 15 : 8. { Mem. : This receipt is for the above sum, in part of five hundred guineas agreed to be paid by Mr. Murray for the Copyright of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*"

The following poems are appended to the MS. of the First and Second Cantos of *Childe Harold* :—

1. "Written at Mrs. Spencer Smith's request, in her memorandum-book—

"'As o'er the cold sepulchral stone.'"

2. "Stanzas written in passing the Ambracian Gulph, November 14, 1809."

3. "Written at Athens, January 16th, 1810—

"'The spell is broke, the charm is flown.'"

4. "Stanzas composed October 11, 1809, during the night in a thunderstorm, when the guides had lost the road to Zitza, in the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania."

On a blank leaf bound up with the MS. at the end of the volume, Byron wrote—

"DEAR Ds.,—This is all that was contained in the MS., but the outside cover has been torn off by the booby of a binder.

"Yours ever,
"B."

The volume is bound in smooth green morocco, bordered by a single gilt line. "MS." in gilt lettering is stamped on the side cover.

II.

COLLATION OF FIRST EDITION, QUARTO, 1812, WITH MS. OF THE FIRST CANTO.

The MS. numbers ninety-one stanzas, the First Edition ninety-three stanzas.

OMISSIONS FROM THE MS.

Stanza vii. "Of all his train there was a henchman page,"—
„ viii. "Him and one yeoman only did he take,"—
„ xxii. "Unhappy Vathek! in an evil hour,"—
„ xxv. "In golden characters right well designed,"—
„ xxvii. "But when Convention sent his handy work,"—
„ xxviii. "Thus unto Heaven appealed the people: Heaven,"—
„ lxxxviii. "There may you read with spectacles on eyes,"—
„ lxxxix. "There may you read—Oh, Phœbus, save Sir John,"—
„ xc. "Yet here of Vulpes mention may be made,"—

Insertions in the First Edition.

Stanza i. "Oh, thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth,"—
„ viii. "Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood,"—
„ ix. "And none did love him!—though to hall and bower,"—
„ xliii. "Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief!"—
„ lxxxv. "Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!"—
„ lxxxvi. "Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her Fate,"—
„ lxxxviii. "Flows there a tear of Pity for the dead?"—
„ lxxxix. "Not yet, alas! the dreadful work is done,"—
„ xc. "Not all the blood at Talavera shed,"—
„ xci. "And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe,"—
„ xcii. "Oh, known the earliest, and esteemed the most,"—

The MS. of the Second Canto numbers eighty stanzas; the First Edition numbers eighty-eight stanzas.

Omissions from the MS.

Stanza viii. "Frown not upon me, churlish Priest! that I,"—
„ xiv. "Come, then, ye classic Thieves of each degree,"—
„ xv. "Or will the gentle Dilettanti crew,"—
„ lxiii. "Childe Harold with that Chief held colloquy,"—

Insertions in the First Edition.

Stanza viii. "Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be,"—
„ ix. "There, Thou! whose Love and Life together fled,"—
„ xv. "Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on Thee,"—
„ lii. "Oh! where, Dodona! is thine agéd Grove?"—
„ lxiii. "Mid many things most new to ear and eye,"—
„ lxxx. "Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground,"—
„ lxxxiii. "Let such approach this consecrated Land,"—
„ lxxxiv. "For thee, who thus in too protracted song,"—
„ lxxxv. "Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!"—

Stanza lxxxvi. "Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!"—
" lxxxvii. "Then must I plunge again into the crowd,"—
" lxxxviii. "What is the worst of woes that wait on Age?"—

Additions to the Seventh Edition, 1814.

The Second Canto, in the first six editions, numbers eighty-eight stanzas; in the Seventh Edition the Second Canto numbers ninety-eight stanzas.

Additions.

The Dedication, To Ianthe.
Stanza xxvii. "More blest the life of godly Eremite,"—
" lxxvii. "The city won for Allah from the Giaour,"—
" lxxviii. "Yet mark their mirth, ere Lenten days begin,"—
" lxxix. "And whose more rife with merriment than thine,"—
" lxxx. "Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,"—
" lxxxi. "Glanced many a light Caique along the foam,"—
" lxxxii. "But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,"—
" lxxxiii. "This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,"—
" lxxxix. "The Sun, the soil—but not the slave, the same,"—
" xc. "The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow,"—

ITINERARY OF LORD BYRON AND J. C. HOBHOUSE.

1809. CANTO I.

July 2. Sail from Falmouth in Lisbon packet. (Stanza xii. Letter 125.)

July 6. Arrive Lisbon. (Stanzas xvi., xvii. Letter 126.)
Visit Cintra. (Stanzas xviii.–xxvi. Letter 128.)
Visit Mafra. (Stanza xxix.)

July 17. Leave Lisbon. (Stanza xxviii. Letter 127.)
Ride through Portugal and Spain to Seville. (Stanzas xxviii.–xlii. Letter 127.)
Visit Albuera. (Stanza xliii.)

July 21. Arrive Seville. (Stanzas xlv., xlvi. Letters 127, 128.)

July 25. Leave Seville.
Ride to Cadiz, across the Sierra Morena. (Stanza li.)
Cadiz. (Stanzas lxv.–lxxxiv. Letters 127, 128.)

CANTO II.

Aug. 6. Arrive Gibraltar. (Letters 127, 128.)

Aug. 16. Sail from Gibraltar in Malta packet. (Stanzas xvii.–xxviii.)
Malta. (Stanzas xxix.–xxxv. Letter 130.)

Sept. 19. Sail from Malta in brig-of-war *Spider*. (Letter 131.)

Sept. 23. Between Cephalonia and Zante.

Sept. 26. Anchor off Patras.

Sept. 27. In the channel between Ithaca and the mainland. (Stanzas xxxix.–xlii.)

Sept. 28. Anchor off Prevesa (7 p.m.). (Stanza xlv.)

1809.

Oct. 1. Leave Prevesa, arrive Salakhora (Salagoura).
Oct. 3. Leave Salakhora, arrive Arta.
Oct. 4. Leave Arta, arrive han St. Demetre (H. Dhimittrios).
Oct. 5. Arrive Janina. (Stanza xlvii. Letter 131.)
Oct. 8. Ride into the country. First day of Ramazan.
Oct. 11. Leave Janina, arrive Zitza ("Lines written during a Thunderstorm"). (Stanzas xlviii.–li. Letter 131.)
Oct. 13. Leave Zitza, arrive Mossiani (Móseri).
Oct. 14. Leave Mossiani, arrive Delvinaki (Dhelvinaki). (Stanza liv.)
Oct. 15. Leave Delvinaki, arrive Libokhovo.
Oct. 17. Leave Libokhovo, arrive Cesarades (Kestourataes).
Oct. 18. Leave Cesarades, arrive Ereeneed (Irindi).
Oct. 19. Leave Ereeneed, arrive Tepeleni. (Stanzas lv.–lxi.)
Oct. 20. Reception by Ali Pacha. (Stanzas lxii.–lxiv.)
Oct. 23. Leave Tepeleni, arrive Locavo (Lacovon).
Oct. 24. Leave Locavo, arrive Delvinaki.
Oct. 25. Leave Delvinaki, arrive Zitza.
Oct. 26. Leave Zitza, arrive Janina.
Oct. 31. Byron begins the First Canto of *Childe Harold.*
Nov. 3. Leave Janina, arrive han St. Demetre.
Nov. 4. Leave han St. Demetre, arrive Arta.
Nov. 5. Leave Arta, arrive Salakhora.
Nov. 7. Leave Salakhora, arrive Prevesa.
Nov. 8. Sail from Prevesa, anchor off mainland near Parga. (Stanzas lxvii., lxviii.)
Nov. 9. Leave Parga, and, returning by land, arrive Volondorako (Valanidórakhon). (Stanza lxix.)
Nov. 10. Leave Volondorako, arrive Castrosikia (Kastrosykia).
Nov. 11. Leave Castrosikia, arrive Prevesa.
Nov. 13. Sail from Prevesa, anchor off Vonitsa.
Nov. 14. Sail from Vonitsa, arrive Lutraki (Loutráki). (Stanzas lxx., lxxii., Song "Tambourgi, Tambourgi;" stanza written in passing the Ambracian Gulph. Letter 131.)
Nov. 15. Leave Lutraki, arrive Katúna.
Nov. 16. Leave Katúna, arrive Makalá (? Machalas).

1809.

Nov. 18. Leave Makalá, arrive Guriá.
Nov. 19. Leave Guriá, arrive Ætolikon.
Nov. 20. Leave Ætolikon, arrive Mesolonghi.
Nov. 23. Sail from Mesolonghi, arrive Patras.
Dec. 4. Leave Patras, sleep at *Han* on shore.
Dec. 5. Leave *Han*, arrive Vostitsa (Œgion).
Dec. 14. Sail from Vostitsa, arrive Larnáki (? Itea).
Dec. 15. Leave Larnáki (? Itea), arrive Chrysó.
Dec. 16. Visit Delphi, the Pythian Cave, and stream of Castaly. (Canto I. stanza i.)
Dec. 17. Leave Chrysó, arrive Arakhova (Rhakova).
Dec. 18. Leave Arakhova, arrive Livadia (Livadhia).
Dec. 21. Leave Livadia, arrive Mazee (Mazi).
Dec. 22. Leave Mazee, arrive Thebes.
Dec. 24. Leave Thebes, arrive Skurta.
Dec. 25. Leave Skurta, pass Phyle, arrive Athens. (Stanzas i.–xv., stanza lxxiv.)
Dec. 30. Byron finishes the First Canto of *Childe Harold.*

1810.

Jan. 13. Visit Eleusis.
Jan. 16. Visit Mendeli (Pentelicus). (Stanza lxxxvii.)
Jan. 18. Walk round the peninsula of Munychia.
Jan. 19. Leave Athens, arrive Vari.
Jan. 20. Leave Vari, arrive Keratéa.
Jan. 23. Visit temple of Athene at Sunium. (Stanza lxxxvi.)
Jan. 24. Leave Keratéa, arrive plain of Marathon.
Jan. 25. Visit plain of Marathon. (Stanzas lxxxix., xc.)
Jan. 26. Leave Marathon, arrive Athens.
Mar. 5. Leave Athens, embark on board the *Pylades.* (Letter 136.)
Mar. 7. Arrive Smyrna. (Letters 132, 133.)
Mar. 13. Leave Smyrna, sleep at *Han*, near the river Halesus.
Mar. 14. Leave *Han*, arrive Aiasaluk (near Ephesus).
Mar. 15. Visit site of temple of Artemis at Ephesus. (Letter 132.)
Mar. 16. Leave Ephesus, return to Smyrna. (Letter 132.)

1810.

Mar. 28. Byron finishes the Second Canto of *Childe Harold.*

April 11. Sail from Smyrna in the *Salsette* frigate. (Letter 134.)

April 12. Anchor off Tenedos.

April 13. Visit ruins of Alexandria Troas.

April 14. Anchor off Cape Janissary.

April 16. Byron attempts to swim across the Hellespont, explores the Troad. (Letters 135, 136.)

April 30. Visit the springs of Bunarbashi (Bunarbási).

May 1. Weigh anchor from off Cape Janissary, anchor eight miles from Dardanelles.

May 2. Anchor off Castle Chanak Kalessia (Kale i Sultaniye).

May 3. Byron and Mr. Ekenhead swim across the Hellespont (lines "Written after swimming," etc.).

May 13. Anchor off Venaglio Point, arrive Constantinople. (Stanzas lxxvii.–lxxxii. Letters 138–145.)

July 14. Sail from Constantinople in *Salsette* frigate.

July 18. Byron returns to Athens.

Note to "Itinerary."

[For dates and names of towns and villages, see *Travels in Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey, in* 1809 *and* 1810, by the Right Hon. Lord Broughton, G.C.B. [John Cam Hobhouse], two volumes, 1858. The orthography is based on that of Longmans' *Gazetteer of the World*, edited by G. G. Chisholm, 1895. The alternative forms are taken from Heinrich Kiepert's *Carte de l'Épire et de la Thessalie*, Berlin, 1897, and from Dr. Karl Peucker's *Griechenland*, Wien, 1897.]

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CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT.

"L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues."—*Le Cosmopolite, ou, le Citoyen du Monde*, par Fougeret de Monbron. Londres, 1753.

PREFACE.[i]

[TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.]

THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts[ii] to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value,[iii] that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated.

In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local,

i. *Advertisement to be prefixed to y Poem.*—[*MS. B.M.*]

ii. *Professes to describe.*—[*MS. B.M.*]

iii. —— *that in the fictitious character of "Childe Harold" I may incur the suspicion of having drawn "from myself." This I beg leave once for all to disclaim. I wanted a character to give some connection to the poem, and the one adopted suited my purpose as well as any other.*—[*MS. B.M.*]

there might be grounds for such a notion ;[i] but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.[ii]

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe,"[1] as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night" in the beginning of the first Canto, was suggested by Lord Maxwell's "Good Night"[2] in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems[3] which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence[iii] in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual ; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of the poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most

i. *Such an idea.*—[*MS. B.M.*]

ii. *My readers will observe that where the author speaks in his own person he assumes a very different tone from that of*

"*The cheerless thing, the man without a friend,*"

at least, till death had deprived him of his nearest connections.

I crave pardon for this Egotism, which proceeds from my wish to discard any probable imputation of it to the text.—[*MS. B.M.*]

iii. *Some casual coincidence.*—[*MS. B.M.*]

1. ["In the 13th and 14th centuries the word 'child,' which signifies a youth of gentle birth, appears to have been applied to a young noble awaiting knighthood, *e.g.* in the romances of *Ipomydon*, *Sir Tryamour*, etc. It is frequently used by our old writers as a title, and is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Faërie Queene*" (*N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Childe").

Byron uses the word in the Spenserian sense, as a title implying youth and nobility.]

2. [John, Lord Maxwell, slew Sir James Johnstone at Achmanhill, April 6, 1608, in revenge for his father's defeat and death at Dryffe Sands, in 1593. He was forced to flee to France. Hence his "Good Night." Scott's ballad is taken, with "some slight variations," from a copy in Glenriddel's MSS.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1810, i. 290–300.]

3. [Amongst others, *The Battle of Talavera*, by John Wilson Croker, appeared in 1809 ; *The Vision of Don Roderick*, by Walter Scott, in 1811 ; and *Portugal, a Poem*, by Lord George Grenville, in 1812.]

successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation :—

"Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me ; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition."[1] Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition ;[i] satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

London, February, 1812.

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object ; it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone I shall venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe" (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth.[2] Now it so happens that the good old

i. *Satisfied that their failure.*—[*MS. B.M.*]

1. Beattie's Letters. [See letter to Dr. Blacklock, September 22, 1766 (*Life of Beattie*, by Sir W. Forbes, 1806, i. 89).]

2. [See *Quarterly Review*, March, 1812, vol. vii. p. 191 : "The moral code of chivalry was not, we admit, quite pure

times, when "l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique," flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69.[1] The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "Cours d'Amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtoisie et de gentilesse" had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Rolland[2] on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye.

Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar."[3]

and spotless, but its laxity on some points was redeemed by the noble spirit of gallantry which courted personal danger in the defence of the sovereign . . . of women because they are often lovely, and always helpless; and of the priesthood . . . Now, *Childe Harold*, if not absolutely craven and recreant, is at least a mortal enemy to all martial exertion, a scoffer at the fair sex, and, apparently, disposed to consider all religions as different modes of superstition." The tone of the review is severer than the Preface indicates. Nor does Byron attempt to reply to the main issue of the indictment, an unknightly aversion from war, but rides off on a minor point, the licentiousness of the Troubadours.]

1. [See *Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, par M. De la Curne de Sainte-Palaye, Paris, 1781: "Qu'on lise dans l'auteur du roman de Gérard de Roussillon, en Provençal, les détails très-circonstanciés dans lesquels il entre sur la réception faite par le Comte Gérard à l'ambassadeur du roi Charles; on y verra des particularités singulières qui donnent une étrange idée des mœurs et de la politesse de ces siècles aussi corrompus qu'ignorans" (ii. 69). See, too, *ibid.*, *ante*, p. 65: "Si l'on juge des mœurs d'un siècle par les écrits qui nous en sont restés, nous serons en droit de juger que nos ancêtres observèrent mal les loix que leur prescrivirent la décence et l'honnêteté."]

2. [See *Recherches sur les Prérogatives des Dames chez les Gaulois sur les Cours d'Amours*, par M. le Président Rolland [d'Erceville], de l'Académie d'Amiens. Paris, 1787, pp. 18–30, 117, etc.]

3. [The phrase occurs in *The Rovers, or the Double*

By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights, "sans peur," though not "sans réproche." If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.[1]

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks[2] (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times) few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of

Arrangement (*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, 1854, p. 199), by J. Hookham Frere, a skit on the "moral inculcated by the German dramas—the reciprocal duties of one or more husbands to one or more wives." The waiter at the Golden Eagle at Weimar is a warrior in disguise, and rescues the hero, who is imprisoned in the abbey of Quedlinburgh.]

1. ["But the age of chivalry is gone—the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations," etc. (*Reflections on the Revolution in France*, by the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, M.P., 1868, p. 89).]

2. [Passages relating to the Queen of Tahiti, in *Hawkesworth's Voyages, drawn from journals kept by the several commanders, and from the papers of Joseph Banks, Esq.* (1773, ii. 106), gave occasion to malicious and humorous comment. (See *An Epistle from Mr. Banks, Voyager, Monster-hunter, and Amoroso, To Oberea, Queen of Otaheite*, by A.B.C.) The lampoon, "printed at Batavia for Jacobus Opani" (the Queen's Tahitian for "Banks"), was published in 1773. The authorship is assigned to Major John Scott Waring (1747–1819).]

past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the Poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon,[1] perhaps a poetical Zeluco.[2]

1. [Compare *Childish Recollections: Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 84, *var.* i.—

"Weary of love, of life, devour'd with spleen,
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen."]

2. [John Moore (1729–1802), the father of the celebrated Sir John Moore, published *Zeluco. Various views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic*, in 1789. Zeluco was an unmitigated scoundrel, who led an adventurous life; but the prolix narrative of his villanies does not recall *Childe Harold.* There is, perhaps, some resemblance between Zeluco's unbridled childhood and youth, due to the indulgence of a doting mother, and Byron's early emancipation from discipline and control.]

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

TO IANTHE.[1,1]

Not in those climes where I have late been straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deemed,
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed,
Hath aught like thee in Truth or Fancy seemed:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beamed—

i. *To the Lady Charlotte Harley.*—[*MS. M.*]

1. [The Lady Charlotte Mary Harley, second daughter of Edward, fifth Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, was born 1801. She married, in 1823, Captain Anthony Bacon (died July 2, 1864), who had followed "young, gallant Howard" (see *Childe Harold*, III. xxix.) in his last fatal charge at Waterloo, and who, subsequently, during the progress of the civil war between Dom Miguel and Maria da Gloria of Portugal (1828–33), held command as colonel of cavalry in the Queen's forces, and finally as a general officer. Lady Charlotte Bacon died May 9, 1880. Byron's acquaintance with her probably dated from his visit to Lord and Lady Oxford, at Eywood House, in Herefordshire, in October—November, 1812. Her portrait, by Westall, which was painted at his request, is included among the illustrations in Finden's *Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron*, ii. See *Gent. Mag.*, N.S., vol. xvii. (1864) p. 261; and an obituary notice in the *Times*, May 10, 1880. See, too, letter to Murray, March 29, 1813 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 200).]

To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy Spring—
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,[1]
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the Rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all Sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well for me
My years already doubly number thine;[2]
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
Happier, that, while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mixed with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours decreed.

1. [The reference is to the French proverb, *L'Amitié est l'Amour sans Ailes*, which suggested the last line (line 412) of *Childish Recollections*, "And Love, without his pinion, smil'd on youth," and forms the title of one of the early poems, first published in 1832 (*Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 106, 220).]

2. [In 1814, when the dedication was published, Byron completed his twenty-sixth year, Ianthe her thirteenth.]

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,[1]
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear Maid, accord; nor question why
To one so young my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless Lily blend.

Such is thy name[2] with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast[i.]
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be *first* beheld, forgotten *last:*
My days once numbered—should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the Lyre

i. *And long as kinder eyes shall deign to cast*
A look along my page, that name enshrined
Shalt thou be first *beheld, forgotten* last.—[*MS.*]

1. [For the modulation of the verse, compare Pope's lines—

"Correctly cold, and regularly low."
Essay on Criticism, line 240.

"Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes."
Ibid., line 198.]

2. [Ianthe ("Flower o' the Narcissus") was the name of a Cretan girl wedded to one Iphis (*vid.* Ovid., *Metamorph.*, ix. 714). But, perhaps, the Ianthe of *Queen Mab*, who had already bestowed her name on Shelley's eldest daughter (afterwards Mrs. Esdaile, b. June 13, 1813, d. 1876), was responsible for Byron's Ianthe.]

Of him who hailed thee loveliest, as thou wast—
Such is the most my Memory may desire;
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship
less require?[i]

i. *Though more than Hope can claim—Ah! less could I require?—* [*MS.*]

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.[1]

Oh, thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth,[i.]
Muse! formed or fabled at the Minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,[ii.][2]
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred Hill:
Yet there I've wandered by thy vaunted rill;[iii.]
Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,[i.a.]

i. *Oh, thou of yore esteemed* ——.—[*D.*]
ii. *Since later lyres are only strung on earth.*—[*D.*]
iii. —— *thy glorious rill.*—[*D.*]
or, —— *wooed thee, drank the vaunted rill.*—[*D.*]

1. [The MS. does not open with stanza i., which was written after Byron returned to England, and appears first in the Dallas Transcript (see letter to Murray, September 5, 1811). Byron and Hobhouse visited Delphi, December 16, 1809, when the First Canto (see stanza lx.) was approaching completion (*Travels in Albania*, by Lord Broughton, 1858, i. 199).]

2. [For the substitution of the text for *vars.* ii., iii., see letter to Dallas, September 21, 1811 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 43).]

Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in Virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;[i.]
Few earthly things found favour in his sight[ii.]
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.[1]

i. *Sore given to revel and to Pageantry.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *He chused the bad, and did the good affright*
With concubines ——.—[*MS.*]
No earthly things ——.—[*D.*]

1. ["We [*i.e.* Byron and C. S. Matthews] went down [April, 1809] to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and *Monks'* dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, . . . and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the *skull-cup*, and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house, in our conventual garments" (letter to Murray, November 19, 1820. See, too, the account of this visit which Matthews wrote to his sister in a letter dated May 22, 1809 [*Letters*, 1898, i. 150–160, and 153, *note*]). Moore (*Life*, p. 86) and other apologists are anxious to point out that the Newstead "wassailers" were, on the whole, a harmless crew of rollicking schoolboys—were, indeed, "of habits and tastes too intellectual for mere vulgar debauchery." And as to the "alleged 'harems,'" the "Paphian girls" (stanza vii. line 7), there were only one or two, says Moore, "among the ordinary menials." But, even so, the "wassailers" were not impeccable, and it is best to leave the story, fact or fable, to speak for itself.]

III.

Childe Harold was he hight: [1]—but whence his name[i.]
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:
But one sad losel soils a name for ay,[2]
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffined clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,[ii.]
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

IV.

Childe Harold basked him in the Noontide sun,[iii.]
Disporting there like any other fly;

i. *Childe Burun* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *nor honied glose of rhyme.*—[*D. pencil.*]
iii. *Childe Burun* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. ["Hight" is the preterite of the passive "hote," and means "was called." "Childe Harold he hight" would be more correct. Compare Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, bk. i. c. ix. 14. 9, "She Queene of Faeries hight." But "hight" was occasionally used with the common verbs "is," "was." Compare *The Ordinary*, 1651, act iii. sc. 1—

". . . the goblin
That is *hight* Good-fellow Robin."
Dodsley (ed. Hazlitt), xii. 253.]

2. [William, fifth Lord Byron (the poet's grand-uncle), mortally wounded his kinsman, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel which was fought, without seconds or witnesses, at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, January 29, 1765. He was convicted of wilful murder by the coroner's jury, and of manslaughter by the House of Lords; but, pleading his privilege as a peer, he was set at liberty. He was known to the country-side as the "wicked Lord," and many tales, true

Nor deemed before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,
Worse than Adversity the Childe befell;
He felt the fulness of Satiety:
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
Which seemed to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,[i.]
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sighed to many though he loved but one,[ii.][1]
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,[iii.]
And from his fellow Bacchanals would flee;

i. *For he had on the course too swiftly run.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Had courted many* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. ——*Childe Burun* ——.—[*MS.*]

and apocryphal, were told to his discredit (*Life of Lord Byron*, by Karl Elze, 1872, pp. 5, 6).]

1. [Mary Chaworth. (Compare "Stanzas to a Lady, on leaving England," *passim*: *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 285.)]

'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congealed the drop within his ee:[1]
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,[i.]
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;[2]
With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall:
It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemèd only not to fall,
Yet strength was pillared in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome! condemned to uses vile![ii.]
Where Superstition once had made her den
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile;[iii.]
And monks might deem their time was come agen,[3]
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

i. *And strait he fell into a reverie.*—[*MS.*]
—— *sullen reverie.*—[*D.*]
ii. *Strange fate directed still to uses vile.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Now Paphian jades were heard to sing and smile.*—[*MS. erased.*]
Now Paphian nymphs ——.—[*D. pencil.*]

1. [Compare *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto I. stanza ix. 9—

"And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the rising tears to flow."]

2. [*Vide post*, stanza xi. line 9, *note.*]

3. [The brass eagle which was fished out of the lake at Newstead in the time of Byron's predecessor contained, among other documents, "a grant of full pardon from Henry V. of every possible crime . . . which the monks might

VIII.[i]

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,[ii]

i. The original MS. inserts two stanzas which were rejected during the composition of the poem :—

Of all his train there was a henchman page,
peasant served
A ~~dark-eyed~~ boy, who ~~loved~~ his master well;
And often would his pranksome prate engage.
Harold's
Childe ~~Burun's~~ ear, when his proud heart did swell
With sable thoughts that he disdained to tell.
Alwin
Then would he smile on him, as ~~Rupert~~ smiled,
~~Robin~~
When aught that from his young lips archly fell
Harold's
The gloomy film from ~~Burun's~~ eye beguiled;
And pleased the Childe appeared nor ere the boy reviled.
And pleased for a glimpse appeared the woeful Childe.

Him and one yeoman only did he take
To travel Eastward to a far countree;
And though the boy was grieved to leave the lake
On whose firm banks he grew from Infancy,
Eftsoons his little heart beat merrily
With hope of foreign nations to behold,
And many things right marvellous to see,
vaunting
Of which our ~~lying~~ voyagers oft have told,
~~From Mandevilles' and scribes of similar mold.~~
or, *In tomes pricked out with prints to monied . . . sold*
In many a tome as true as Mandeville's of old.

ii. —— *Childe Burun* ——.—[*MS.*]

have committed previous to the 8th of December preceding (*Murdris*, per ipsos *post decimum nonum Diem Novembris*, ultimo præteritum perpetratis, si quæ fuerint, *exceptis*)" (*Life*, p. 2, *note*). The monks were a constant source of delight to the Newstead "revellers." Francis Hodgson, in his "Lines on a Ruined Abbey in a Romantic Country" (*Poems*, 1809), does not spare them—

"'Hail, venerable pile!' whose ivied walls
Proclaim the desolating lapse of years :

As if the Memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurked below:
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know;
For his was not that open, artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

IX.[i]

And none did love him!—though to hall and bower[1]
He gathered revellers from far and near,

i. Stanza ix. was the result of much elaboration. The first draft, which was pasted over the rejected stanzas (*vide supra*, p. 20, *var.* i.), retains the numerous erasures and emendations. It ran as follows:—

And none did love him though to hall and bower
~~*few could*~~
Haughty he gathered revellers from far and near
~~*An evil smile just bordering on a sneer*~~
He knew them flatterers of the festal hour
~~*Curled on his lip*~~
The heartless Parasites of present cheer
As if
~~*And deemed ne mortal wight his peer*~~
Yea! none did love him not his lemmans dear
~~*To gentle Dames still less he could be dear*~~
~~*Were aught!*~~ *But pomp and power alone are Woman's care*
~~*But*~~ *And where these are let no Possessor fear*
~~*The sex are slaves*~~ *Maidens like moths are ever caught by glare*
~~*Love shrinks outshone by Mammon's dazzling*~~ *glare*
And Mammon
~~*That Demon*~~ *wins his* [MS. torn] *where Angels might despair.*

And hail, ye hills, and murmuring waterfalls,
Where yet her head the ruin'd Abbey rears.
No longer now the matin tolling bell,
Re-echoing loud among the woody glade,
Calls the fat abbot from his drowsy cell,
And warns the maid to flee, if yet a maid.
No longer now the festive bowl goes round,
Nor monks get drunk in honour of their God."]

1. [The "trivial particular" which suggested to Byron the

He knew them flatterers of the festal hour,
The heartless Parasites of present cheer.
Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear— [1.1]
But pomp and power alone are Woman's care,
And where these are light Eros finds a feere;[2]
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

1. *No! none did love him* ——.—[*D. pencil.*]

friendlessness and desolation of the Childe may be explained by the refusal of an old schoolfellow to spend the last day with him before he set out on his travels. The friend, possibly Lord Delawarr, excused himself on the plea that "he was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping." "Friendship!" he exclaimed to Dallas. "I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and, perhaps, my mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me" (Dallas, *Recollections, etc.*, pp. 63, 64). Byron, to quote Charles Lamb's apology for Coleridge, was "full of fun," and must not be taken too seriously. Doubtless he was piqued at the moment, and afterwards, to heighten the tragedy of Childe Harold's exile, expanded a single act of negligence into general abandonment and desertion at the hour of trial.]

1. The word "lemman" is used by Chaucer in both senses, but more frequently in the feminine.—[*MS. M.*]

2. "Feere," a consort or mate. [Compare the line, "What when lords go with their *feires*, she said," in "The Ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine" (Percy's *Reliques*, 1812, iii. 416), and the lines—

"As with the woful *fere*,
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame."
Titus Andronicus, act iv. sc. 1.

Compare, too, "That woman and her fleshless Pheere" (*The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere*, line 180 of the reprint from the first version in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798; *Poems* by S. T. Coleridge, 1893, App. E, p. 515).]

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,[i]
Though parting from that mother he did shun;
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not [1]
Before his weary pilgrimage begun:
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.[ii]
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel:[iii. 2]
Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

i. *Childe Burun* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Of friends he had but few, embracing none.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Yet deem him not from this with breast of steel.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. [In a suppressed stanza of "Childe Harold's Good Night" (see p. 27, *var.* ii.), the Childe complains that he has not seen his sister for "three long years and moe." Before her marriage, in 1807, Augusta Byron divided her time between her mother's children, Lady Chichester and the Duke of Leeds; her cousin, Lord Carlisle; and General and Mrs. Harcourt. After her marriage to Colonel Leigh, she lived at Newmarket. From the end of 1805 Byron corresponded with her more or less regularly, but no meeting took place. In a letter to his sister, dated November 30, 1808 (*Letters*, 1898, i. 203), he writes, "I saw Col. Leigh at Brighton in July, where I should have been glad to have seen you; I only know your husband by sight." Colonel Leigh was his first cousin, as well as his half-sister's husband, and the incidental remark that "he only knew him by sight" affords striking proof that his relations and connections were at no pains to seek him out, but left him to fight his own way to social recognition and distinction. (For particulars of "the Hon. Augusta Byron," see *Letters*, 1898, i. 18, *note*.)]

2. [Compare Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*, ii. 8. 1—

"Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy."]

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,[i.]
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,[ii.]
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
Might shake the Saintship of an Anchorite,
And long had fed his youthful appetite;
His goblets brimmed with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central line.[iii.] [1]

XII.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,[iv.]
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept [2]

i. *His house, his home, his vassals, and his lands.*—[*MS. D.*]
ii. *The Dalilahs* ——.—[*MS. D.*]
His damsels all ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. —— *where brighter sunbeams shine.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iv. *The sails are filled* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. ["Your objection to the expression 'central line' I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial" (letter to Dallas, September 7, 1811; see, too, letter to his mother, October 7, 1808: *Letters*, 1898, i. 193; ii. 27).]

2. [He experienced no such emotion on the resumption of

The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

XIII.

But when the Sun was sinking in the sea
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deemed he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight;
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he poured his last "Good Night."[1]

his Pilgrimage in 1816. With reference to the confession, he writes (Canto III. stanza i. lines 6–9)—

"... I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye."]

1. [See Lord Maxwell's "Good Night" in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (*Poetical Works*, ii. 141, ed. 1834): "Adieu, madam, my mother dear," etc. [*MS.*]. Compare, too, Armstrong's "Good Night," *ibid.*—

"This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer mun I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe of mine,
But wishes me away.
What I have done thro' lack of will,
I never, never can recall;
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet.
Good night, and joy be with you all."]

CHILDE HAROLD'S GOOD NIGHT.

1.

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

2.

"A few short hours and He will rise
To give the Morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth.
Deserted is my own good Hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My Dog howls at the gate.

3.

"Come hither, hither, my little page![1]
Why dost thou weep and wail?

1. [Robert Rushton, the son of one of the Newstead tenants. "Robert I take with me; I like him, because, like

Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly[1]
More merrily along." [ii.]

4.

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,[iii.]
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;[1]
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

i. *Our best gos-hawk can hardly fly*
So merrily along.—[*MS.*]
Our best greyhound can hardly fly.—[*D. erased.*]

ii. Here follows in the MS. the following erased stanza:—

My mother is a high-born dame,
And much misliketh me;
She saith my riot bringeth shame
On all my ancestry.
I had a sister once I ween,
Whose tears perhaps will flow;
But her fair face I have not seen
For three long years and moe.

iii. *Oh master dear I do not cry*
From fear of wave or wind.—[*MS.*]

myself, he seems a friendless animal. Tell Mr. Rushton his son is well, and doing well" (letter to Mrs. Byron, Falmouth, June 22, 1809: *Letters*, 1898, i. 224).]

1. [Robert was sent back from Gibraltar under the care of Joe Murray (see letter to Mr. Rushton, August 15, 1809: *Letters*, 1898, i. 242).]

5.

'My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.'—
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

6.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,[1]
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?"—
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7.

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering Lake,

1. [William Fletcher, Byron's valet. He was anything but "staunch" in the sense of the song (see Byron's letters of November 12, 1809, and June 28, 1810 (*Letters*, 1898, i. 246, 279); but for twenty years he remained a loyal and faithful servant, helped to nurse his master in his last illness, and brought his remains back to England.]

And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?'—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,[i]
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

8.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs[ii]
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.[1]

i. *Enough, enough, my yeoman good,*
All this is well to say;
But if I in thy sandals stood
I'd laugh to get away.—[*MS. erased, D.*]

ii. *For who would trust a paramour*
Or e'en a wedded feere—
Though her blue eyes were streaming o'er,
And torn her yellow hair?—[*MS.*]

1. ["I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab" (letter to F. Hodgson, Falmouth, June 25, 1809, *Letters*, 1898, i. 230). If this *Confessio Amantis*, with which compare the "Stanzas to a Lady, on leaving England," is to be accepted as *bonâ fide*, he leaves England heart-whole, but for the bitter memory of Mary Chaworth.]

9.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my Dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.[i] [1]

i. Here follows in the MS., erased :—

Methinks it would my bosom glad,
To change my proud estate,
And be again a laughing lad
With one beloved playmate.
Since youth I scarce have pass'd an hour
Without disgust or pain,
Except sometimes in Lady's bower,
Or when the bowl I drain.

1. ["I do not mean to exchange the ninth verse of the 'Good Night.' I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind; and Argus we know to be a fable" (letter to Dallas, September 23, 1811 : *Letters*, 1898, ii. 44).

Byron was recalling an incident which had befallen him some time previously (see letter to Moore, January 19, 1815) : "When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches, and never would consent to any kind of recognition, in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him." See, too, for another thrust at Argus, *Don Juan*, Canto III. stanza xxiii. But he should have remembered that this particular Argus "was half a *wolf* by the she side." His portrait is preserved at Newstead (see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 280, *Edition de Luxe*).

For the expression of a different sentiment, compare *The Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog* (first published in Hobhouse's *Imit. and Transl.*, 1809), and the prefatory inscription on Boatswain's grave in the gardens of Newstead, dated November 16, 1808 (*Life*, p. 73).]

10.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!"

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain[1] greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the Deep,
His fabled golden tribute[2] bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.[i]

i. —— *where thronging rustics reap.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Cintra's "needle-like peaks," to the north-west of Lisbon, are visible from the mouth of the Tagus.]

2. [Compare Ovid, *Amores*, i. 15, and Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, iv. 22. Small particles of gold are still to be found in the sands of the Tagus, but the quantity is, and perhaps always was, inconsiderable.]

XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land![i]
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand:
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge[ii]

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa[1] first unfold![iii]
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,[iv]
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:

i. *What God hath done* ——.—[*MS. D.*]
ii. *Those Lusian brutes and earth from worst of wretches purge.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Ulissipont, or Lisbona.*—[*MS. pencil.*]
iv. *Which poets, prone to lie, have paved with gold.*—[*MS.*]
Which poets sprinkle o'er with sands of gold.—[*MS. pencil.*]
Which fabling poets ——.—[*D. pencil.*]

1. ["*Lisboa* is the Portuguese word, consequently the very best. Ulissipont is pedantic; and as I have *Hellas* and *Eros* not very long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish to avoid" (letter to Dallas, September 23, 1811: *Letters*, 1898, ii. 44. See, too, *Poetical Works*, 1883, p. 5).]

A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,[1]
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword[i.]
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;[ii.]
For hut and palace show like filthily:[iii.]
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;[iv.]
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?

i. *Who hate the very hand that waves the sword*
To shield them, etc.—[*MS. D.*]
To guard them, etc.—[*MS. pencil.*]
ii. *Mid many things that grieve both nose and ee.*—[*MS.*]
Midst many ——.—[*MS. D.*]
iii. —— *smelleth filthily.*—[*MS. D.*]
iv. —— *clammed with dirt.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [For Byron's estimate of the Portuguese, see *The Curse of Minerva*, lines 233, 234, and *note* to line 231 (*Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 469, 470). In the last line of the preceding stanza, the substitution of the text for *var.* i. was no doubt suggested by Dallas in the interests of prudence.]

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes [1]
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken [i.]
Than those whereof such things the Bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gates.

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,[ii.]
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrowned,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure [2] of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,[iii.]
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

i. —— *views too sweet and vast* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *by tottering convent crowned.*—[*MS. erased.*]
Alcornoque.—[*Note* (*pencil*).]
iii. *The murmur that the sparkling torrents keep.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [For a fuller description of Cintra, see letter to Mrs. Byron, dated August 11, 1808 (*Life*, p. 92; *Letters*, 1898, i. 237). Southey, not often in accord with Byron, on his return from Spain (1801) testified that "for beauty all English, perhaps all existing, scenery must yield to Cintra" (*Life and Corr. of R. Southey*, ii. 161).]

2. "The sky-worn robes of tenderest blue."
Collins' *Ode to Pity* [*MS.* and *D.*].

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of Woe;" [1 2.B]
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
Here impious men have punished been, and lo!
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

1. [The convent of Nossa Señora (now the Palazio) da Peña, and the Cork Convent, were visited by Beckford (circ. 1780), and are described in his *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal* (8vo, 1834), the reissue of his *Letters Picturesque and Poetical* (4to, 1783).

"Our first object was the convent of Nossa Senhora da Penha, the little romantic pile of white building I had seen glittering from afar when I first sailed by the coast of Lisbon. From this pyramidical elevation the view is boundless; you look immediately down upon an immense expanse of sea. . . . A long series of detached clouds of a dazzling whiteness suspended low over the waves had a magic effect, and in pagan times might have appeared, without any great stretch of fancy, the cars of marine divinities, just risen from the bosom of their element."—*Italy, etc.*, p. 249.

"Before the entrance, formed by two ledges of ponderous rock, extends a smooth level of greensward. . . . The Hermitage, its cell, chapel, and refectory, are all scooped out of the native marble, and lined with the bark of the cork tree. Several of the passages are not only roofed, but floored with the same material. . . . The shrubberies and garden-plots dispersed amongst the mossy rocks . . . are delightful, and I took great pleasure in . . . following the course of a transparent rill, which was conducted through a rustic water-shoot, between bushes of lavender and roses, many of the tenderest green."—*Ibid.*, p. 250.

The inscription to the memory of Honorius (d. 1596, æt. 95) is on a stone in front of the cave—

"Hic Honorius vitam finivit;
Et ideo cum Deo in cœlis revivit."]

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:[1]
Yet deem not these Devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where Law secures not life. 3. B.

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,[2]
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;

1. "I don't remember any crosses there."—[*Pencilled note* by J. C. Hobhouse.]

[The crosses made no impression upon Hobhouse, who, no doubt, had realized that they were nothing but guide-posts. For an explanation, see letter of Mr. Matthew Lewtas to the *Athenæum*, July 19, 1873: "The track from the main road to the convent, rugged and devious, leading up to the mountain, is marked out by numerous crosses now, just as it was when Byron rode along it in 1809, and it would appear he fell into the mistake of considering that the crosses were erected to show where assassinations had been committed."]

2. [Beckford, describing the view from the convent, notices the wild flowers which adorned "the ruined splendour." "Amidst the crevices of the mouldering walls . . . I noticed some capillaries and polypodiums of infinite delicacy; and on a little flat space before the convent a numerous tribe of pinks, gentians, and other Alpine plants, fanned and invigorated by the fresh mountain air."—*Italy, etc.*, 1834, p. 229.

The "Prince's palace" (line 5) may be the royal palace at Cintra, "the Alhambra of the Moorish kings," or, possibly, the palace (*vide post*, stanza xxix. line 7) at Mafra, ten miles from Cintra.]

But now the wild flowers round them only breathe:
Yet ruined Splendour still is lingering there.
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,[i.1]
Once formed thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,[ii.]
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow:
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,[iii.]
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as Thou!

i. *There too proud Vathek—England's wealthiest son.*—[*MS. D.*]
ii. *When Wealth and Taste their worst and best have done,*
Meek Peace pollution's lure voluptuous still must shun.—[*MS.*]
iii. *But now thou blasted Beacon unto man.*—[*MS.*]
—— *thou Beacon unto erring man.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. [William Beckford, 1760 (? 1759)–1844, published *Vathek* in French in 1784, and in English in 1787. He spent two years (1794–96) in retirement at Quinta da Monserrate, three miles from Cintra. Byron thought highly of *Vathek*. "I do not know," he writes (*The Giaour*, l. 1328, *note*), "from what source the author . . . may have drawn his materials . . . but for correctness of costume . . . and power of imagination, it surpasses all European imitations. . . . As an Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it; his happy valley will not bear a comparison with the 'Hall of Eblis.'" In the MS. there is an additional stanza reflecting on Beckford, which Dallas induced him to omit. It was afterwards included by Moore among the *Occasional Pieces*, under the title of *To Dives: a Fragment* (*Poetical Works*, 1883, p. 548). (For Beckford, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 228, *note* 1; and with regard to the "Stanzas on Vathek," see letter to Dallas, September 26, 1811: *Letters*, 1898, ii. 47.)]

Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To Halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;[i.]
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened![ii.]
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight Foolscap, lo! a Fiend,
A little Fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by[iii.]
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry,[iii.]
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,[iv.]
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul.[v.]

i. *Vain are the pleasaunces by art supplied.*—[*MS. D.*]
ii. —— *yclad, and by.*—[*MS. D.*]
iii. *Where blazoned glares a name spelt "Wellesley."*—[*MS. D.*]
iv. —— *are on the roll.*—[*MS. erased, D.*]
v. The following stanzas, which appear in the MS., were excluded at the request of Dallas (see his letter of October 10, 1811, *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1824, pp. 173–187), *Letters*, 1898, ii. 51:—

In golden characters right well designed
First on the list appeareth one "Junot;"
Then certain other glorious names we find,
(Which Rhyme compelleth me to place below:)
Dull victors! baffled by a vanquished foe,
Wheedled by conynge tongues of laurels due,
Stand, worthy of each other in a row—
Sirs Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of t'other tew.

Convention is the dwarfy demon styled
That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome:

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled [1]
That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.

Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
For well I wot, when first the news did come
That Vimiera's field by Gaul was lost,
For paragraph ne paper scarce had room,
Such Pæans teemed for our triumphant host,
In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post.

But when Convention sent his handy work
Pens, tongues, feet, hands combined in wild uproar;
Mayor, Aldermen, laid down the uplifted fork;
The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore;

1. [On August 21, 1808, Sir Harry Burrard (1755–1813) superseded in command Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had, on the same day, repulsed Junot at Vimiera. No sooner had he assumed his position as commander-in-chief, than he countermanded Wellesley's order to give pursuit and make good the victory. The next day (August 22) Sir Hew Dalrymple in turn superseded Burrard, and on the 23rd, General Kellerman approached the English with certain proposals from Junot, which a week later were formulated by the so-called Convention of Cintra, to which Kellerman and Wellesley affixed their names. When the news reached England that Napoleon's forces had been repulsed with loss, and yet the French had been granted a safe exit from Portugal, the generals were assailed with loud and indiscriminate censure. Burrard's interference with Wellesley's plans was no doubt ill-judged and ill-timed; but the opportunity of pursuit having been let slip, the acceptance of Junot's terms was at once politic and inevitable. A court of inquiry, which was held in London in January, 1809, upheld both the armistice of August 22 and the Convention; but neither Dalrymple nor Burrard ever obtained a second command, and it was not until Talavera (July 28, 1809) had effaced the memories of Cintra that Wellesley was reinstated in popular favour.]

Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's plume,
And Policy regained what arms had lost:

Stern Cobbett,[1] *who for one whole week forbore*
To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
And bit his devilish quill agen, and swore
With foes such treaty never should be kept,
While roared the blatant Beast,[2] *and roared, and raged, and—slept!!*

1. [Sir Hew Dalrymple's despatch on the so-called Convention of Cintra is dated September 3, and was published in the *London Gazette Extraordinary*, September 16, 1808. The question is not alluded to in the *Weekly Political Register* of September 17, but on the 24th Cobbett opened fire with a long article (pp. 481–502) headed, "Conventions in Portugal," which was followed up by articles on the same subject in the four succeeding issues. Articles iii., iv., v., vi., of the "Definitive Convention" provided for the restoration of the French troops and their safe convoy to France, with their artillery, equipments, and cavalry. "Did the men," asks Cobbett (September 24), "who made this promise beat the Duke d'Abrantés [Junot], or were they like curs, who, having felt the bite of the mastiff, lose all confidence in their number, and, though they bark victory, suffer him to retire in quiet, carrying off his bone to be disposed of at his leisure? No, not so; for they complaisantly carry the bone for him." The rest of the article is written in a similar strain.]

2. "'Blatant beast.'* A figure for the mob. I think first used by Smollett, in his *Adventures of an Atom.*† Horace has the 'bellua multorum capitum.'‡ In England, fortunately enough, the illustrious mobility has not even one."—[*MS.*]

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* [Spenser (*Faërie Queene*, bk. vi. cantos iii. 24; xii. 27, *sq.*) personifies the *vox populi*, with its thousand tongues, as the "blatant beast."

† [In *The History and Adventures of an Atom* (Smollett's *Works*, 1872, vi. 385), Foksi-Roku (Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland) passes judgment on the populace. "The multitude, my lords, is a many-headed monster, it is a Cerberus that must have a sop; it is a wild beast, so ravenous that nothing but blood will appease its appetite; it is a whale, that must have a barrel for its amusement; it is a demon, to which we must offer human sacrifice. . . . Bihn-Goh must be the victim—happy if the sacrifice of his single life can appease the commotions of his country." Foksi-Roku's advice is taken, and Bihn-Goh (Byng) "is crucified for cowardice."]

‡ [Horace, *Odes*, II. xiii. 34: "Bellua centiceps."]

For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conquering, not the conquered host,
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast.

XXVI.

And ever since that martial Synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,[i.]
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will Posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

Thus unto Heaven appealed the people: Heaven
Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,
Decreed that ere our Generals were forgiven,
Enquiry should be held about the thing.
But Mercy cloaked the babes beneath her wing;
And as they spared our foes so spared we them;
(Where was the pity of our Sires for Byng?)[1]
Yet knaves, not idiots should the law condemn;
Then live ye gallant Knights! and bless your Judges' phlegm!

i. —— *at the mention sweat.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. "By this query it is not meant that our foolish generals should have been shot, but that Byng [Admiral John Byng, born 1704, was executed March 14, 1757] might have been spared; though the one suffered and the others escaped, probably for Candide's reason 'pour encourager les autres.'" * —[*MS.*]

* ["Dans ce pays-ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres."—*Candide*, xxii.]

XXVII.

So deemed the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:[i]
Though here awhile he learned to moralise,
For Meditation fixed at times on him;
And conscious Reason whispered to despise
His early youth, misspent in maddest whim;
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.[1]

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits[2]
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.[iii]
Onward he flies, nor fixed as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;

i. *More restless than the falcon as he flies.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *long foreign to his soul.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. —— *the strumpet and the bowl.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. [With reference to this passage, while yet in MS., an early reader (? Dallas) inquires, "What does this mean?" And a second (? Hobhouse) rejoins, "What does the question mean? It is one of the finest stanzas I ever read."]

2. [Byron and Hobhouse sailed from Falmouth, July 2, 1809; reached Lisbon on the 6th or 7th; and on the 17th started from Aldea Galbega ("the first stage from Lisbon, which is only accessible by water") on horseback for Seville. "The horses are excellent—we rode seventy miles a day" (see letters of August 6 to F. Hodgson, and August 11, 1809, to Mrs. Byron; *Letters*, 1898, i. 234, 236).]

And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,[i.]
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,[5.B.]
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen;[ii. 1]
And Church and Court did mingle their array,
And Mass and revel were alternate seen;

i. *And countries more remote his hopes engage.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' crazy queen.*—[*MS.*]
Where dwelt of yore Lusania's ——.—[*D.*]

1. Her luckless Majesty went subsequently mad; and Dr. Willis, who so dexterously cudgelled kingly pericraniums, could make nothing of hers. [For the Rev. Francis Willis, see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 416.

Maria I. (b. 1734), who married her uncle, Pedro III., reigned with him 1777–86, and, as sole monarch, from 1786 to 1816. The death of her husband, of her favourite confessor, Ignatio de San Caetano, who had been raised by Pombal from the humblest rank to the position of archbishop *in partibus*, and of her son, turned her brain, and she became melancholy mad. She was only queen in name after 1791, and in 1799 her son, Maria José Luis, was appointed regent. Beckford saw her in 1787, and was impressed by her dignified bearing. "Justice and clemency," he writes, "the motto so glaringly misapplied on the banner of the abhorred Inquisition, might be transferred, with the strictest truth, to this good princess" (*Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*, 1834, p. 256). Ten years later, Southey, in his *Letters from Spain*, 1797, p. 541, ascribes the "gloom" of the court of Lisbon to "the dreadful malady of the queen." When the Portuguese royal family were about to embark for Brazil in November, 1807, the queen was once more seen in public after an interval of sixteen years. "She had to wait some while upon the quay for the chair in which she was to be carried to the boat, and her countenance, in which the insensibility of madness was only disturbed by wonder, formed a striking contrast to the grief which appeared in every other face" (Southey's *History of the Peninsular War*, i. 110).]

Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween!
But here the Babylonian Whore hath built
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.[i.]
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And Life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend:[ii.]
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
Now must the Pastor's arm his *lambs* defend:
For Spain is compassed by unyielding foes,
And *all* must shield their *all*, or share Subjection's woes.

i. *Childe Burun* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Less swoln with culture soon the vales extend*
And long horizon-bounded realms appear.—[*MS. erased.*]

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?[1]
Or ere the jealous Queens of Nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul:[1]

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet[2] glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides:
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.[6.B.]

i. *Say Muse what bounds* ——.—[*MS. D.*]

1. The Pyrenees.—[*MS.*]
2. [If, as stanza xliii. of this canto (added in 1811) intimates, Byron passed through "Albuera's plain" on his way from Lisbon to Seville, he must have crossed the frontier at a point between Elvas and Badajoz. In that case the "silver streamlet" may be identified as the Caia. Beckford remarks on "the rivulet which separates the two kingdoms" (*Italy, etc.*, 1834, p. 291).]

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been passed,[i]
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.[ii]
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailéd splendour drest:
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed.[1]

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renowned, romantic Land!
Where is that standard[2] which Pelagio bore,[iii]
When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?[7,B.]
Where are those bloody Banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,

i. *But eer the bounds of Spain have far been passed.*—[*MS. D.*]
ii. *For ever famed—in many a native song.*—[*MS. erased.*]
—— *a noted song.*—[*MS. D.*]
iii. —— *which Pelagius bore.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. [Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 100—
"Ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis
Scuta virûm galeasque et fortia corpora volvit."]

2. [The standard, a cross made of Asturian oak (*La Cruz de la Victoria*), which was said to have fallen from heaven before Pelayo gained the victory over the Moors at Cangas, in A.D. 718, is preserved at Oviedo. Compare Southey's *Roderick*, xxv.: *Poetical Works*, 1838, ix. 241, and *note*, pp. 370, 371.]

And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?[1]
Red gleamed the Cross, and waned the Crescent pale,[i]
While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?[2]
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.[ii]
Pride! bend thine eye from Heaven to thine estate,
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye Sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient Goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:

i. —— *waxed the Crescent pale.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *thy little date.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [The Moors were finally expelled from Granada in 1492, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.]
2. [The reference is to the Romanceros and Caballerías of the sixteenth century.]

In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

Hark!—heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and Tyrants' slaves?—the fires of Death,
The Bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock [1]
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,[1]
Red Battle stamps his foot, and Nations feel the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the Sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet

1. —— *from rock to rock*
Blue columns soaring loft in sulphury wreath
Fragments on fragments in contention knock.—[*MS. erased, D.*]

1. "The Siroc is the violent hot wind that for weeks together blows down the Mediterranean from the Archipelago. Its effects are well known to all who have passed the Straits of Gibraltar."—[*MS. D.*]

Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent Nations meet,
To shed before his Shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

XL.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see [1]
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,[i.]
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant War-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share; [2]
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;

i. *Their rival scarfs that shine so gloriously.*—[*MS. erased.*] *Their rural scarfs* ——.—[*MS. D.*]

1. [The battle of Talavera began July 27, 1809, and lasted two days. As Byron must have reached Seville by the 21st or 22nd of the month, he was not, as might be inferred, a spectator of any part of the engagement. Writing to his mother, August 11, he says, "You have heard of the battle near Madrid, and in England they would call it a victory—a pretty victory! Two hundred officers and five thousand men killed, all English, and the French in as great force as ever. I should have joined the army, but we have no time to lose before we get up the Mediterranean."—*Letters*, 1898, i. 241.]

2. [Compare Campbell's "Hohenlinden"—

"Few, few shall part where many meet."]

Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;[1]
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The Foe, the Victim, and the fond Ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,[2]
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilise the field that each pretends to gain.

XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools![i]
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay![3]
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,[ii]
The broken tools, that Tyrants cast away

i. *There shall they rot—while rhymers tell the fools*
How honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Liars avaunt! ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *But Reason's elf in these beholds* ——.—[*D.*]

1. [Compare *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 2, line 51—

"Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky."]

2. [In a letter to Colonel Malcolm, December 3, 1809, the Duke admits that the spoils of conquest were of a moral rather than of a material kind. "The battle of Talavera was certainly the hardest fought of modern days. . . . It is lamentable that, owing to the miserable inefficiency of the Spaniards, . . . the glory of the action is the only benefit which we have derived from it. . . . I have in hand a most difficult task. . . . In such circumstances one may fail, but it would be dishonourable to shrink from the task."—*Wellington Dispatches*, 1844, iii. 621.]

3. Two lines of Collins' *Ode*, "How sleep the brave," etc., have been compressed into one—

"There Honour comes a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can Despots compass aught that hails their sway?[i.]
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief![ii.] [1]
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim pricked his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed![iii.]
Peace to the perished! may the warrior's meed[iv.]
And tears of triumph their reward prolong![v.]
Till others fall where other chieftains lead
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.[vi.] [2]

i. —— *a fancied throne?*
As if they compassed half that hails their sway.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *glorious sound of grief.*—[*D.*]
iii. *A scene for mingling foes to boast and bleed.*—[*D.*]
iv. *Yet peace be with the perished* ——.—[*D. erased.*]
v. *And tears and triumph make their memory long.*—[*D. erased.*]
vi. —— *there sink with other woes.*—[*D. erased.*]

1. [The battle of Albuera (May 16, 1811), at which the English, under Lord Beresford, repulsed Soult, was somewhat of a Pyrrhic victory. "Another such a battle," wrote the Duke, "would ruin us. I am working hard to put all right again." The French are said to have lost between 8000 and 9000 men, the English 4158, the Spaniards 1365.]

2. [Albuera was celebrated by Scott, in his *Vision of Don Roderick. The Battle of Albuera*, a Poem (anon.), was published in October, 1811.]

XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,[i.]
And die, that living might have proved her shame;
Perished, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.[ii.]

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way [iii.] [1]
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued: [iv.]
Yet is she free? the Spoiler's wished-for prey!
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famished brood
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

i. *Who sink in darkness* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *swift Rapine's path pursued.*—[*MS. D.*]
iii. *To Harold turn we as* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iv. *Where proud Sevilha* ——.—[*MS. D.*]

1. [In this "particular" Childe Harold did not resemble his *alter ego*. Hobhouse and "part of the servants" (Joe Murray, Fletcher, a German, and the "page" Robert Rushton, constituted his "whole suite"), accompanied Byron in his ride across Spain from Lisbon to Gibraltar. (See *Letters*, 1898, i. 224, 236.)]

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,[1]
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds:
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck[2] sounds;[i.]
Here Folly still his votaries inthralls;
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds:[ii.]
Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
Blasted below the dun hot breath of War.
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:[3]

i. *Not here the Trumpet, but the rebeck sounds.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *And dark-eyed Lewdness* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Byron, *en route* for Gibraltar, passed three days at Seville at the end of July or the beginning of August, 1809. By the end of January, 1810, the French had appeared in force before Seville. Unlike Zaragoza and Gerona, the pleasure-loving city, "after some negotiations, surrendered, with all its stores, foundries, and arsenal complete, and on the 1st of February the king [Joseph] entered in triumph" (Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*, ii. 295).]

2. A kind of fiddle with only two strings, played on by a bow, said to have been brought by the Moors into Spain.

3. [See *The Waltz: Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 492, *note* 1.]

Ah, Monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;[1]
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet!

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of Love, Romance, Devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds, he chants "Vivã el Rey!" S.B.
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

XLIX.

On yon long level plain, at distance crowned[1]
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,

1. *Not in the toils of Glory would ye sweat.*—[*MS. erased, D.*]

1. [The scene is laid on the heights of the Sierra Morena. The travellers are looking across the "long level plain" of the Guadalquivir to the mountains of Ronda and Granada, with their "hill-forts . . . perched everywhere like eagles nests" (Ford's *Handbook for Spain*, i. 252). The French, under Dupont, entered the Morena, June 2, 1808. They stormed the bridge at Alcolea, June 7, and occupied Cordoba, but were defeated at Bailen, July 19, and forced to capitulate. Hence the traces of war. The "Dragon's nest" (line 7) is the ancient city of Jaen, which guards the skirts of the Sierras "like a watchful Cerberus." It was taken by the French, but recaptured by the Spanish, early in July, 1808 (*History of the War in the Peninsula*, i. 71–80).]

Wide-scattered hoof-marks dint the wounded ground;
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darkened vest
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
Here the bold peasant stormed the Dragon's nest;
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

L.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet: [9.B.]
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true:
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height [1]
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,

1. [The Sierra Morena gets its name from the classical *Montes Mariani*, not, as Byron seems to imply, from its dark and dusky aspect.]

The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed,
The stationed bands, the never-vacant watch,[i.]
The magazine in rocky durance stowed,
The holstered steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,[10. B.]

LII.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay:
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
The West must own the Scourger of the world.[ii.]
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurled,[iii.]
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurled.

LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?[1]
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of Rapine and the fall of Spain?

i. —— *the never-changing watch.*—[*MS. D.*]
ii. *The South must own* ——.—[*MS. D.*]
iii. *When soars Gaul's eagle* ——.—[*MS. D.*]

1. [As time went on, Byron's sentiments with regard to Napoleon underwent a change, and he hesitates between sympathetic admiration and reluctant disapproval. At the moment his enthusiasm was roused by Spain's heroic resistance to the new Alaric, "the scourger of the world," and he expresses himself like Southey "or another" (*vide post*, Canto III., pp. 238, 239).]

And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal—
The Veteran's skill—Youth's fire—and Manhood's heart of steel?

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsexed, the Anlace[1] hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appalled, an owlet's 'larum chilled with dread,[2]
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,[i]
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,

i. —— *the column-scattering bolt afar,*
The falchion's flash ——.—[*MS. erased, D.*]

1. ["A short two-edged knife or dagger . . . formerly worn at the girdle" (*N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Anlace"). The "anlace" of the Spanish heroines was the national weapon, the *puñal*, or *cuchillo*, which was sometimes stuck in the sash (*Handbook for Spain*, ii. 803).]

2. [Compare *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5, line 10—

"The Time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek."]

Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her Chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The Foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall? [11.B.]

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But formed for all the witching arts of love:
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
In softness as in firmness far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed[i]
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch : [12.B.]
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such :
Her glance how wildly beautiful ! how much
Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch !
Who round the North for paler dames would seek ?
How poor their forms appear ! how languid, wan, and weak ![1]

LIX.

Match me, ye climes ! which poets love to laud ;
Match me, ye harems of the land ! where now

i. *The seal Love's rosy finger has impress*
On her fair chin denotes how soft his touch :
Her lips where kisses make voluptuous nest.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Writing to his mother (August 11, 1809), Byron compares "the Spanish style" of beauty to the disadvantage of the English : "Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, *clear* olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman . . . render a Spanish beauty irresistible" (*Letters*, 1898, i. 239). Compare, too, the opening lines of *The Girl of Cadiz*, which gave place to the stanzas *To Inez*, at the close of this canto—

"Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies."

But in *Don Juan*, Canto XII. stanzas lxxiv.-lxxvii., he makes the *amende* to the fair Briton—

"She cannot step as doth an Arab barb,
Or Andalusian girl from mass returning.
. . . . . .
But though the soil may give you time and trouble,
Well cultivated, it will render double."]

I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;[i]
Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,
There your wise Prophet's Paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,[1 13.B.]
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,[ii.]
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain-majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing.

i. *Beauties that need not fear a broken vow.*—[*MS. erased.*] —— *a lecher's vow.*—[*MS.*]

ii. *Not in the landscape of a fabled lay.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. [The summit of Parnassus is not visible from Delphi or the neighbourhood. Before he composed "these stanzas" (December 16), (see *note* 13.B.) at the foot of Parnassus, Byron had first surveyed its "snow-clad" majesty as he sailed towards Vostizza (on the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth), which he reached on the 5th, and quitted on the 14th of December. "The Echoes" (line 8) which were celebrated by the ancients (Justin, *Hist.*, lib. xxiv. cap. 6), are those made by the Phædriades, or "gleaming peaks," a "lofty precipitous escarpment of red and grey limestone" at the head of the valley of the Pleistus, facing southwards.—*Travels in Albania*, i. 188, 199; *Geography of Greece*, by H. F. Tozer, 1873, p. 230.]

LXI.

Oft have I dreamed of Thee! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
And now I view thee—'tis, alas, with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee![1]

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest Bards have been,
Whose Fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his Grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,

1. ["Upon Parnassus, going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri) in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles (Hobhouse said they were vultures—at least in conversation), and I seized the omen. On the day before, I composed the lines to Parnassus [in *Childe Harold*], and, on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have, at least, had the name and fame of a poet during the poetical period of life (from twenty to thirty). Whether it will last is another matter; but I have been a votary of the deity and the place, and am grateful for what he has done in my behalf, leaving the future in his hands, as I left the past" (B. *Diary*, 1821).]

Some gentle Spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the Cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.[i.]

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain
I turned aside to pay my homage here;
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;
And hailed thee, not perchance without a tear.
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;[ii.]
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
Nor let thy votary's hope be deemed an idle vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece was young,
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,[1]
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her Priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,

i. *And walks with glassy steps o'er Aganippe's wave.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Let me some remnant of thy Spirit bear*
Some glorious thought to my petition grant.—[*MS. erased, D.*]

1. ["Parnassus . . . is distinguished from all other Greek mountains by its mighty mass. This, with its vast buttresses, almost fills up the rest of the country" (*Geography of Greece*, by H. F. Tozer, 1873, p. 226).]

Nurst in the glowing lap of soft Desire:
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days; [14.B.]
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,[1]
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape [L.]
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A Cherub-Hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accurséd Time!
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native Sea,
To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee,
And fixed her shrine within these walls of white:

i. *While boyish blood boils gaily, who can 'scape*
The lurking lures of thy enchanting gaze.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [In his first letter from Spain (to F. Hodgson, August 6, 1809) Byron exclaims, "Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in the creation . . . Cadiz is a complete Cythera." See, too, letter to Mrs. Byron, August 11, 1809 (*Letters*, 1898, i. 234, 239).]

Though not to one dome circumscribeth She
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand Altars rise, for ever blazing bright.[1]

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn[2]
Peeps blushing on the Revel's laughing crew,
The Song is heard, the rosy Garland worn;
Devices quaint, and Frolics ever new,
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu[3]
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu[i.]
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
And Love and Prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.[ii.]

i. —— *though in lieu*
Of true devotion monkish temples share
The hours misspent, and all in turns is Love or Prayer.—
[*MS. erased.*]

ii. —— *or rule the hour in turns.*—[*D.*]

1. [It must not be supposed that the "thousand altars" of Cadiz correspond with and are in contrast to the "one dome" of Paphos. The point is that where Venus fixes her shrine, at Paphos or at Cadiz, altars blaze and worshippers abound (compare *Æneid*, i. 415–417)—

"Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
Læta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo
Ture calent aræ."]

2. [Compare Milton's *Paradise Lost*, i.—

. . . from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve."]

3. [It was seldom that Byron's memory played him false, but here a vague recollection of a Shakespearian phrase has beguiled him into a blunder. He is thinking of Hamlet's jibe on the corruption of manners, "The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe" (act v. sc. 1, line 150), and he forgets that a kibe is not a heel or a part of a heel, but a chilblain.]

LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest:
What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn Feast:
Hark! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar?
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn;
The thronged arena shakes with shouts for more;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

LXIX.[1]

The seventh day this—the Jubilee of man!
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer
Then thy spruce citizen, washed artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey,[2] one-horse chair,

1. [As he intimates in the Preface to *Childe Harold*, Byron had originally intended to introduce "variations" in his poem of a droll or satirical character. Beattie, Thomson, Ariosto, were sufficient authorities for these humorous episodes. The stanzas on the Convention of Cintra (stanzas xxv.–xxviii. of the MS.), and the four stanzas on Sir John Carr; the concluding stanzas of the MS., which were written in this lighter vein, were suppressed at the instance of Dallas, or Murray, or Gifford. From a passage in a letter to Dallas (August 21, 1811), it appears that Byron had almost made up his mind to leave out "the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday" (*Letters*, 1898, i. 335). But, possibly, owing to their freedom from any compromising personalities, or because wiser counsels prevailed, they were allowed to stand, and continued (wrote Moore in 1832) to "disfigure the poem."]

2. [A whiskey is a light carriage in which the traveller is *whisked* along.]

And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl,[i.]
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.[ii.]

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribboned fair,[iii.]
Others along the safer turnpike fly;
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Bœotian Shades! the reason why? [15. B.]
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,[1]

i. *And humbler gig* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *And droughty man alights and roars for "Roman Purl."* [2]— [*MS. D.*]
—— *for Punch or Purl.*—[*D.*]
iii. *Some o'er thy Thames convoy* ——.—[*MS. D.*]

1. [Hone's *Everyday Book* (1827, ii. 80–87) gives a detailed account of the custom of "swearing on the horns" at Highgate. "The horns, fixed on a pole of about five feet in length, were erected by placing the pole upright on the ground near the person to be sworn, who is requested to take off his hat," etc. The oath, or rather a small part of it, ran as follows: "Take notice what I am saying unto you, for *that* is the first word of your oath—mind *that!* You must acknowledge me [the landlord] to be your adopted father, etc. . . . You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, except you like the brown best. You must not drink small beer while you can get strong, except you like the small best. You must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both," etc. Drovers, who frequented the "Gate House" at the top of the hill, and who wished to keep the tavern to themselves, are said to have been responsible for the rude beginnings of this tedious foolery.]

2. A festive liquor so called. Query why "Roman"? [Query if "Roman"? "'Purl Royal,' Canary wine with a dash of the tincture of wormwood" (Grose's *Class. Dict.*).]

Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

LXXI

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea![1]
Soon as the Matin bell proclaimeth nine,
Thy Saint-adorers count the Rosary:
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area cleared,[2]
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;

1. [M. Darmesteter quotes a striking passage from Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne* (xv.), in appreciation of Cadiz and Byron: "L'aspect de Cadix, en venant du large, est charmant. A la voir ainsi étincelante de blancheur entre l'azur de la mer et l'azur du ciel, on dirait une immense couronne de filigrane d'argent; le dôme de la cathédrale, peint en jaune, semble une tiare de vermeil posée au milieu. Les pots de fleurs, les volutes et les tourelles qui terminent les maisons, varient à l'infini la dentelure. Byron a merveilleusement caractérisé la physionomie de Cadix en une seule touche:
"Brillante Cadix, qui t'élèves vers le ciel du milieu du bleu foncé de la mer."]

2. [The actors in a bull-fight consist of three or four classes: the *chulos* or footmen, the *banderilleros* or dart-throwers,

Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here Dons, Grandees, but chiefly Dames abound,
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

LXXIII.

Hushed is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly-bending to the lists advance;

the *picadores* or horsemen, the *matadores* or *espadas* the executioners. Each bull-fight, which lasts about twenty minutes, is divided into three stages or acts. In the first act the *picadores* receive the charge of the bull, defending themselves, but not, as a rule, attacking the foe with their lances or *garrochas*. In the second act the *chulos*, who are not mounted, wave coloured cloaks or handkerchiefs in the bull's face, and endeavour to divert his fury from the *picadores*, in case they have been thrown or worsted in the encounter. At the same time, the *banderilleros* are at pains to implant in either side of the bull's neck a number of barbed darts ornamented with cut paper, and, sometimes, charged with detonating powder. It is *de rigeur* to plant the barbs exactly on either side. In the third and final act, the protagonist, the *matador* or *espada*, is the sole performer. His function is to entice the bull towards him by waving the *muleta* or red flag, and, standing in front of the animal, to inflict the death-wound by plunging his sword between the left shoulder and the blade. "The teams of mules now enter, glittering with flags and tinkling with bells, whose gay decorations contrast with the stern cruelty and blood; the dead bull is carried off at a rapid gallop, which always delights the populace."—*Handbook for Spain*, by Richard Ford, 1898, i. 67–76.]

Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts! they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can Man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the Clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide-waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops—his eye is fixed—away—
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear;
Now is thy time, to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career!
With well-timed croupe[1] the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the Bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart—lance, lance—loud bellowings speak his woes.

LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though Man and Man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseamed appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his Lord unharmed he bears.

1. "The croupe is a particular leap taught in the manège."—[*MS.*] [*Croupe*, or *croup*, denotes the hind quarters of a horse. Compare Scott's ballad of "Young Lochinvar"—

"So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung."

Here it is used for "croupade," "a high curvet in which the hind legs are brought up under the belly of the horse" (*N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Croupade").]

LXXVIII.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the Bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,[1]
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores[2] around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand![i.]

LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—[ii.][3]

i. —— *he lies along the sand.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *The trophy corse is reared—disgusting prize.*
or, *The corse is reared—sparkling the chariot flies.*—[*MS. M.*]

1. ["Brast" for "burst" is found in Spenser (*Faërie Queene*, i. 9. 21. 7), and is still current in Lancashire dialect. See *Lanc. Gloss.* (E. D. S. "brast").]

2. [One bull-fight, one matador. In describing the last act Byron confuses the *chulos* or cloak-waving footmen, who had already played their part, with the single champion, the matador, who is about to administer the *coup de grâce.*]

3. [Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, viii. 264—

"Pedibusque informe cadaver
Protrahitur. Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo—"]

Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanxed host should meet the foe,
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,
To meditate 'gainst friend the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath, whence Life's warm stream must flow.[1]

LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,
His withered Centinel,[2] Duenna sage!
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,[1]
Which the stern dotard deemed he could encage,

1. *And all whereat the wandering soul revolts*
Which that stern dotard dreamed he could encage.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. "The Spaniards are as revengeful as ever. At Santa Otalla, I heard a young peasant threaten to stab a woman (an old one, to be sure, which mitigates the offence), and was told, on expressing some small surprise, that this ethic was by no means uncommon."—[*MS.*]

2. [Byron's "orthodoxy" of the word "centinel" was suggested by the Spanish *centinela*, or, perhaps, by Spenser's "centonell" (*Faërie Queene*, bk. i. c. ix. st. 41, line 8).]

Have passed to darkness with the vanished age.
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen,
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage,)
With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving Queen?

LXXXII.

Oh! many a time and oft, had Harold loved,
Or dreamed he loved, since Rapture is a dream;
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream;
And lately had he learned with truth to deem
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs[i.]
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.[16.B]

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise;
Not that Philosophy on such a mind
E'er deigned to bend her chastely-awful eyes:
But Passion raves herself[1] to rest, or flies;
And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,

i. *Full from the heart of Joy's delicious springs*
Some Bitter bubbles up, and even on Roses stings.—[*MS.*]

1. [The Dallas Transcript reads "itself," but the *MS.* and earlier editions "herself."]

Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise :[i]
Pleasure's palled Victim! life-abhorring Gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.[1]

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;
But viewed them not with misanthropic hate:
Fain would he now have joined the dance, the song;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?
Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the Demon's sway,
And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Poured forth his unpremeditated lay,
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

i. *Had buried there his hopes, no more to rise:*
Drugged with dull pleasure! life-abhorring Gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's wandering doom.—
[*MS. erased.*]
Had buried there.—[*MS. D.*]

1. [Byron's belief or, rather, haunting dread, that he was predestined to evil is to be traced to the Calvinistic teaching of his boyhood (compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza lxx. lines 8, 9; and Canto IV. stanza xxxiv. line 6). Lady Byron regarded this creed of despair as the secret of her husband's character, and the source of his aberrations. In a letter to H. C. Robinson, March 5, 1855, she writes, "Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenour of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator, I have always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be 'turned into a curse' to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must in a measure realize themselves. 'The worst of it is, I *do* believe,' he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of predestination."]

TO INEZ.[1]

1.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow;
Alas! I cannot smile again:
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

2.

And dost thou ask what secret woe
I bear, corroding Joy and Youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,

1. "Stanzas to be inserted after stanza 86th in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, instead of the song at present in manuscript."—[*MS. note* to "To Inez."]

[The stanzas *To Inez* are dated January 25, 1810, on which day Byron and Hobhouse visited Marathon. Most likely they were addressed to Theresa Macri, the "Maid of Athens," or some favourite of the moment, and not to "Florence" (Mrs. Spencer Smith), whom he had recently (January 16) declared *emerita* to the tune of "The spell is broke, the charm is flown." A fortnight later (February 10), Hobhouse, accompanied by the Albanian Vasilly and the Athenian Demetrius, set out for the Negroponte. "Lord Byron was unexpectedly detained at Athens" (*Travels in Albania*, i. 390). (For the stanzas to *The Girl of Cadiz*, which were suppressed in favour of those *To Inez*, see *Poetical Works*, 1891, p. 14, and vol. iii. of the present issue.)]

That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most:

4.

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew Wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What Exile from himself can flee?[1]
To zones though more and more remote,[1a]
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of Life—the Demon Thought.[2]

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake;

1. *To other zones howe'er remote*
Still, still pursuing clings to me.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare Horace, *Odes*, II. xvi. 19, 20—
"Patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?"]

2. [Compare Prior's *Solomon*, bk. iii. lines 85, 86—
"In the remotest wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worst of evils—*thought*."]

Oh! may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er—at least like me—awake!

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst? Nay do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

Jan. 25. 1810.—[*MS.*]

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
When all were changing thou alone wert true,
First to be free and last to be subdued:[1]
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,
A Traitor only fell beneath the feud:[17.B.]
Here all were noble, save Nobility;
None hugged a Conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!

1. [Cadiz was captured from the Moors by Alonso el Sabio, in 1262. It narrowly escaped a siege, January—February, 1810. Soult commenced a "serious bombardment," May 16, 1812, but, three months later, August 24, the siege was broken up. Stanza lxxxv. is not in the original *MS.*]

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her Fate!
They fight for Freedom who were never free,
A Kingless people for a nerveless state;[1]
Her vassals combat when their Chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery:
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to Liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!" 18.B.

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know[1]
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:

1. *Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,*
Sights, Saints, Antiques, Arts, Anecdotes and War,
Go hie ye hence to Paternoster Row—
Are they not written in the Boke of Carr,[2]

1. [Charles IV. abdicated March 19, 1808, in favour of his son Ferdinand VII.; and in the following May, Charles once more abdicated on his own behalf, and Ferdinand for himself and his heirs, in favour of Napoleon. Thenceforward Charles was an exile, and Ferdinand a prisoner at Valençay, and Spain, so far as the Bourbons were concerned, remained "kingless," until motives of policy procured the release of the latter, who re-entered his kingdom March 22, 1814.]

2. "Porphyry said that the prophecies of Daniel were written after their completion, and such may be my fate here; but it requires no second sight to foretell a tome; the first glimpse of the knight was enough."—[*MS.*]

["I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white" (letter to Hodgson, August 6, 1809, *Letters*, 1898, i. 235, *note*).]

Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life:

Green Erin's Knight and Europe's wandering star!
Then listen, Readers, to the Man of Ink,
Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar;
All those are cooped within one Quarto's brink,
This borrow, steal,—don't buy,—and tell us what you think.

There may you read with spectacles on eyes,
How many Wellesleys did embark for Spain,[1]
As if therein they meant to colonise,
How many troops y-crossed the laughing main
That ne'er beheld the said return again:
How many buildings are in such a place,
How many leagues from this to yonder plain,
How many relics each cathedral grace,
And where Giralda stands on her gigantic base.[2]

There may you read (Oh, Phœbus, save Sir John!
That these my words prophetic may not err)[3]

1. "I presume Marquis and Mr. and Pole and Sir A. are returned by this time, and eke the bewildered Frere whose conduct was canvassed by the Commons."—[*MS.*]

[A motion which had been brought forward in the House of Commons, February 24, 1809, "to inquire into the causes . . . of the late campaign in Spain," was defeated, but the Government recalled J. Hookham Frere, British Minister to the Supreme Junta, and nominated the Marquis Wellesley Ambassador Extraordinary to Seville. Wellesley landed in Spain early in August, but a duel which took place, September 21, between Perceval and Canning led to changes in the ministry, and, with a view to taking office, he left Cadiz November 10, 1809. His brother, Henry Wellesley (1773–1847, first Baron Cowley), succeeded him as Envoy Extraordinary. If "Mr." stands for Henry Wellesley, "Pole" may be William Wellesley Pole, afterwards third Earl of Mornington.]

2. [The base of the Giralda, the cathedral tower at Seville, is a square of fifty feet. The pinnacle of the filigree belfry, which surmounts the original Moorish tower, "is crowned with *El Girardillo*, a bronze statue of *La Fé*, The Faith. . . . Although 14 feet high, and weighing 2800 lbs., it turns with the slightest breeze."—Ford's *Handbook for Spain*, i. 174.]

3. [*Vide ante*, p. 78, *note* 2.]

From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed—
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!

All that was said, or sung, and lost, or won,
By vaunting Wellesley or by blundering Frere,[i.]
He that wrote half the "Needy Knife-Grinder," [1]
Thus Poesy the way to grandeur paves— [ii.]
Who would not such diplomatists prefer?
But cease, my Muse, thy speed some respite craves,
Leave legates to the House, and armies to their graves.

Yet here of Vulpes mention may be made,[iii.] [2]
Who for the Junta modelled sapient laws,
Taught them to govern ere they were obeyed:
Certes fit teacher to command, because
His soul Socratic no Xantippe awes;
Blest with a Dame in Virtue's bosom nurst,—
With her let silent Admiration pause!—
True to her second husband and her first:
On such unshaken fame let Satire do its worst.

i. *By shrivelled Wellesley* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *None better known for doing things by halves*
As many in our Senate did aver.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Yet surely Vulpes merits some applause.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. "The Needy Knife-grinder," in the *Anti-Jacobin*, was a joint production of Messrs. Frere and Canning.

2. [Henry Richard Vassall Fox, second Lord Holland (1773–1840), accompanied Sir David Baird to Corunna, September, 1808, and made a prolonged tour in Spain, returning in the autumn of 1809. He suggested to the Junta of Seville to extend their functions as a committee of defence, and proposed a new constitution. His wife, Elizabeth Vassall, the daughter of a rich Jamaica planter, was first married (June 27, 1786) to Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart. Sir Godfrey divorced his wife July 3, 1797, and three days later she was married to Lord Holland. She had lived with him for some time previously, and before the divorce had borne him a son, Charles Richard Fox (1796–1873), who was acknowledged by Lord Holland.]

LXXXVIII.[1]

Flows there a tear of Pity for the dead?
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
Then to the vulture let each corse remain,
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw;
Let their bleached bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done;
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees:
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchained:
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustained,[2]
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrained.

1. [Stanzas lxxxviii.–xciii., which record the battles of Barossa (March 5, 1811) and Albuera (May 16, 1811), and the death of Byron's school-friend Wingfield (May 14, 1811), were written at Newstead in August, 1811, and take the place of four omitted stanzas (*q.v. supra*).]

2. [Francisco Pizarro (1480–1541), with his brothers, Hernando, Juan Gonzalo, and his half-brother Martin de Alcantara, having revisited Spain, set sail for Panama in 1530. During his progress southward from Panama, he took the island of Puna, which formed part of the province of Quito. His defeat and treacherous capture of Atuahalpa,

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XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well asserted right.
When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil![1]

XCI.

And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe[i. 2 19.B.]
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—

i. *And thou, my friend! since thus my selfish woe*
Bursts from my heart, { *to weaken in* / *however light my strain,* / *for ever light the* ——.—[*D.*]
Had the sword laid thee, with the mighty, low
Pride had forbade me of thy fall to plain.—[*MS. D.*]

King of Quito, younger brother of Huascar the Supreme Inca, took place in 1532, near the town of Caxamarca, in Peno (*Mod. Univ. History*, 1763, xxxviii. 295, *seq.*). Spain's weakness during the Napoleonic invasion was the opportunity of her colonies. Quito, the capital of Ecuador, rose in rebellion, August 10, 1810, and during the same year Mexico and La Plata began their long struggle for independence.]

1. [During the American War of Independence (1775–83), and afterwards during the French Revolution, it was the custom to plant trees as "symbols of growing freedom." The French trees were decorated with "caps of Liberty." No such trees had ever been planted in Spain. (See *note* by the Rev. E. C. Everard Owen, *Childe Harold*, 1897, p. 158.)]

2. [Compare the In Memoriam stanzas at the end of Beattie's *Minstrel*—

"And am I left to unavailing woe?"
II. 63, line 2.]

Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:
But thus unlaurelled to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteemed the most![i. 1]
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear![ii.]
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,[iii.]
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourned and mourner lie united in repose.

XCIII.

Here is one fytte[2] of Harold's pilgrimage:
Ye who of him may further seek to know,

i. —— *belov'd the most.*—[*MS. D.*]
ii. —— *where none so long was dear.*—[*MS. D.*]
iii. *And fancy follow to* ——.—[*MS. D.*]

1. [With reference to this stanza, Byron wrote to Dallas, October 25, 1811 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 58, 59), "I send you a conclusion to the *whole*. In a stanza towards the end of Canto I. in the line,

"Oh, known the earliest and *beloved* the most,

I shall alter the epithet to '*esteemed* the most.'"]
2. "Fytte" means "part."—[*Note erased.*]

Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.
Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so:
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
In other lands, where he was doomed to go:
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quelled.

NOTES

TO

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO I.

1.

Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine.
Stanza i. line 6.

THE little village of Castri stands partially on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chrysso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock:—"One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement.

A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cowhouse.

On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie."

[Byron and Hobhouse slept at Crissa December 15, and visited Delphi December 16, 1809.—*Travels in Albania*, i. 199–209.]

2.

And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of Woe."
Stanza xx. line 4.

The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Señora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some

distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.—[*Note to First Edition.*] Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed [by W. Scott, July 31, 1812] of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Señora de Pena.* It was owing to the want of the *tilde*, or mark over the *ñ*, which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Peña* signifies a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted. *I* do not think it necessary to alter the passage; as, though the common acceptation affixed to it is "Our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there.—[*Note to Second Edition.*]

3.

Throughout this purple land, where Law secures not life.
Stanza xxi. line 9.

It is a well-known fact that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen; but that Englishmen were daily butchered: and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend: had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have "adorned a tale" instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal; in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished!

4.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!
Stanza xxiv. line 1.

The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders; he has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessor.

["The armistice, the negotiations, the convention, the execution of its provisions, were commenced, conducted,

concluded, at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connection, political, military, or local. Yet Lord Byron has sung that the convention was signed in the Marquis of Marialva's house at Cintra" (Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*, i. 161). The "suspension of arms" is dated "Head Quarters of the British Army, August 22, 1808." The "Definitive Convention for the Evacuation of Portugal by the British Army" is dated "Head Quarters, Lisbon, August 30, 1808." (See Wordsworth's pamphlet *Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, etc.*, 1809, App. pp. 199–201. For sentiments almost identical with those expressed in stanzas xxiv., xxv., *vide ibid.*, p. 49, *et passim.*)]

5.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay.
Stanza xxix. line 1.

The extent of Mafra is prodigious; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration: we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escurial of Portugal.

[Mafra was built by D. João V. The foundation-stone was laid November 7, 1717, and the church consecrated October 22, 1730. (For descriptions of Mafra, see Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, ii. 113; and *Letters*, 1898, i. 237.)]

6.

Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.
Stanza xxxiii. lines 8 and 9.

As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident.

[The following "Note on Spain and Portugal," part of the original draft of Note 3 (p. 86), was suppressed at the instance of Dallas: "We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately, and their gallantry. Pray Heaven it continue; yet 'would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!' They must fight a great many hours, by 'Shrewsbury clock,' before the number

of their slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into 'Caçadores,' and what not. I merely state a fact, not confined to Portugal; for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors; for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them. The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the 'Forlorn Hope,'—if the cowards are become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner), pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these θρασύδειλοι[1] (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans); and all the charitable patronymics, from ostentatious A. to diffident Z., and £1 1*s.* 0*d.* from 'An Admirer of Valour,' are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd's, and the honour of British benevolence. Well! we have fought, and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes; and, lo! all this is to be done over again! Like Lien Chi (in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*), as we 'grow older, we grow never the better.' It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine* out of *ten*), in the 'bed of honour;' which, as Serjeant Kite says [in Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, act i. sc. 1], is considerably larger and more commodious than 'the bed of Ware.' Then they must have a poet to write the 'Vision of Don Perceval,'[2] and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely printed quarto, to rebuild the 'Backwynd' and the 'Canongate,' or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels; and so did his Oriental brother, whom I saw charioteering over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry

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1. [*Vide post*, p. 196, *note* 1.]

2. [In a letter to J. B. S. Morritt, April 26, 1811, Sir Walter Scott writes, "I meditate some wild stanzas referring to the Peninsula; if I can lick them into any shape, I hope to get something handsome from the booksellers for the Portuguese sufferers: 'Silver and gold have I none, but that which I have I will give unto them.' My lyrics are called The Vision of Don Roderick."—Lockhart's *Mem. of the Life of Sir W. Scott*, 1871, p. 205.]

into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this 'best of all possible worlds' [Pangloss, in *Candide*]. Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talavera; and a victory it surely was somewhere, for everybody claimed it. The Spanish despatch and mob called it Cuesta's, and made no great mention of the Viscount; the French called it *theirs* (to my great discomfiture,—for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris Gazette, just as I had killed Sebastiani[1] 'in buckram,' and King Joseph 'in Kendal green'),—and we have not yet determined *what* to call it, or *whose*; for, certes, it was none of our own. Howbeit, Massena's retreat [May, 1811] is a great comfort; and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past, no wonder we are a little awkward at first. No doubt we shall improve; or, if not, we have only to take to our old way of retrograding, and there we are at home."—*Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1824, pp. 179–185.]

7.

When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore.
Stanza xxxv. lines 3 and 4.

Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Grenada.

[Roderick the Goth violated Florinda, or Caba, or Cava, daughter of Count Julian, one of his principal lieutenants. In revenge for this outrage, Julian allied himself with Musca, the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, and countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans commanded by Tarik, from whom Jebel Tarik, Tarik's Rock, that is, Gibraltar, is said to have been named. The issue was the defeat and death of Roderick and the Moorish occupation of Spain. A Spaniard, according to Cervantes, may call his dog, but not his daughter, Florinda. (See *Vision of Don Roderick*, by Sir W. Scott, stanza iv. *note* 5.)]

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1. [François Horace Bastien Sebastiani (1772–1851), one of Napoleon's generals, defeated the Spanish at Ciudad Real, March 17, 1809. In his official report he said that he had sabred more than 3000 Spaniards in flight. At the battle of Talavera, July 27, his corps suffered heavily; but at Almonacid, August 11, he was again victorious over the Spanish.]

8.

No! as he speeds, he chants "Vivā el Rey!"
Stanza xlviii. line 5.

"Vivā el Rey Fernando!" Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards; till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, etc., etc. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

[Manuel de Godoy (1767–1851) received the title of *Principe de la Paz*, Prince of the Peace, in 1795, after the Treaty of Basle, which ceded more than half St. Domingo to France. His tenure of power, as prime minister and director of the king's policy, coincided with the downfall of Spanish power, and before the commencement of the Peninsular War he was associated in the minds of the people with national corruption and national degradation. He was, moreover, directly instrumental in the betrayal of Spain to France. By the Treaty of Fontainebleau, October 27, 1807, Portugal was to be divided between the King of Etruria and Godoy as Prince of the Algarves, Portuguese America was to fall to the King of Spain, and to bring this about Napoleon's troops were to enter Spain and march directly to Lisbon. The sole outcome of the treaty was the occupation of Portugal and subsequent invasion of Spain. Before Byron had begun his pilgrimage, Godoy's public career had come to an end. During the insurrection at Aranjuez, March 17–19, 1808, when Charles IV. abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand VII., Godoy was only preserved from the fury of the populace by a timely imprisonment. In the following May, by which time Ferdinand himself was a prisoner in France, he was released at the instance of Murat, and ordered to accompany Charles to Bayonne, for the express purpose of cajoling his master into a second abdication in favour of Napoleon. The remainder of his long life was passed, first at Rome, and afterwards at Paris, in exile and dependence. The execration of Godoy, "who was really a mild, good-natured man," must, in Napier's judgment, be attributed to Spanish venom and

Spanish prejudice. The betrayal of Spain was, he thinks, the outcome of Ferdinand's intrigues no less than of Godoy's unpatriotic ambition. Another and perhaps truer explanation of popular odium is to be found in his supposed atheism and well-known indifference to the rites of the Church, which many years before had attracted the attention of the Holy Office. The peasants cursed Godoy because the priests triumphed over his downfall (Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*, i. 8; Southey's *Peninsular War*, i. 85 *note*, 93, 215, 280).]

9.

Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet.
Stanza l. lines 2 and 3.

The red cockade, with "Fernando Septimo" in the centre.

10.

The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match.
Stanza li. line 9.

All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

11.

Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall.
Stanza lvi. line 9.

Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

[The story, as told by Southey (who seems to have derived his information from *The Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza*, by Charles Richard Vaughan, M.B., 1809), is that "Augustina Zaragoza (*sic*), a handsome woman of the lower class, about twenty-two years of age," a vivandiere, in the course of her rounds came with provisions to a battery near the Portello gate. The gunners had all been killed, and, as the citizens held back, "Augustina sprang over the dead and dying, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder; then,

jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege."

After the retreat of the French, "a pension was settled upon Augustina, and the daily pay of an artilleryman. She was also to wear a small shield of honour, embroidered upon the sleeve of her gown, with 'Zaragoza' inscribed upon it" (Southey's *Peninsular War*, ii. 14, 34).

Napier, "neither wholly believing nor absolutely denying these exploits," which he does not condescend to give in detail, remarks "that for a long time afterwards, Spain swarmed with Zaragoza heroines, clothed in half-uniforms, and theatrically loaded with weapons."

A picture of "The Defence of Saragossa," painted by Sir David Wilkie, which contained her portrait, was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1829, and was purchased by the king (Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*, i. 45; *Life of Sir D. Wilkie*, by John W. Mollett, 1881, p. 83). Compare, too, *The Age of Bronze*, vii. lines 53–56—

> ". . . the desperate wall
> Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall;
> The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
> Waving her more than Amazonian blade."]

12.

> The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed
> Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch.
> Stanza lviii. lines 1 and 2.

> "Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
> Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem."
> Aul. Gel.

[The quotation does not occur in Aulus Gellius, but is a fragment in iambic metre from the Papia papæ περὶ ἐγκωμίων of M. Terentius Varro, cited by the grammarian Nonius Marcellus (*De Comp. Doct.*, ii. 135, lines 19–23). *Sigilla* is a variant of the word in the text, *laculla*, a diminutive of *lacuna*, signifying a dimple in the chin. *Lacullum* is not to be found in Facciolati. (*Vide* Riese, *Varro. Satur. Menipp. Rel.*, 1865, p. 164.)]

13.

> Oh, thou Parnassus!
> Stanza lx. line 1.

These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called Λιακυρα (Liakura), Dec. [16], 1809.

14.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.
Stanza lxv. lines 1 and 2.

Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

15.

Ask ye, Bœotian Shades! the reason why?
Stanza lxx. line 5.

This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

[Byron reached Thebes December 22, 1809. By the first riddle he means, of course, the famous enigma of Œdipus—the prototype of Bœotian wit.]

16.

Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.
Stanza lxxxii. line 9.

"Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipseis floribus angat."
Lucr., iv. 1133.

17.

A Traitor only fell beneath the feud.
Stanza lxxxv. line 7.

Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1808.

[The Marquis of Solano, commander-in-chief of the forces at Cadiz, was murdered by the populace. The "Supreme Junta" of Seville had directed him to attack the French fleet anchored off Cadiz, and Admiral Purvis, acting in concert with General Spencer, had offered to co-operate, but Solano was unwilling to take his orders "from a self-constituted authority, and hesitated to commit his country in war with a power whose strength he knew better than the temper of his countrymen." "His abilities, courage, and unblemished character have never been denied."—Napier's *War in the Peninsula*, i. 20, 21.]

18.

"War even to the knife!"

Stanza lxxxvi. line 9.

"War to the knife." Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.

[Towards the close of the first siege of Zaragoza, August 5, 1808, Marshal Lefebvre (1755–1820), under the impression that the city had fallen into his hands, "required Palafox to surrender in these words: 'Quartel-general, Santa Engracia. La Capitulation!' ['Head-quarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation']. The reply was, 'Quartel-general, Zaragoza. Guerra al cuchillo' ['Head-quarters, Zaragoza. War at the knife's point']." Subsequently, December, 1808, when Moncey (1754–1842) again called upon him to surrender, he appealed to the people of Madrid. "The dogs," he said, "by whom he was beset scarcely left him time to clean his sword from their blood; but they still found their grave at Zaragoza." Southey notes that "all Palafox's proclamations had the high tone and something of the inflection of Spanish romance, suiting the character of those to whom it was directed" (*Peninsular War*, ii. 25; iii. 152; *Narrative of the Siege*, by C. R. Vaughan, 1809, pp. 22, 23). Napier, whose account of the first siege of Zaragoza is based on Caballero's *Victoires et Conquètes des Français*, and on the *Journal of Lefebvre's Operations* (MSS.), does not record these romantic incidents. He attributes the raising of the siege to the "bad discipline of the French, and the system of terror established by the Spanish leaders." The inspirers and proclaimers of "war even to the knife" were, he maintains, *Tio* or Goodman Jorge (Jorge Ibort) and Tio Murin, and not Palafox, who was ignorant of war, and who, on more than one occasion, was careful to provide for his own safety (*History of the War in the Peninsula*, i. 41–46).]

19.

And thou, my friend! etc.

Stanza xci. line 1.

The Honourable John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra (May 14, 1811). I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine. In the short space of one month I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who had made

that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction—

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn."
Night Thoughts: The Complaint, Night i.
(London, 1825, p. 5).

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired; while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority. [To an objection made by Dallas to this note, Byron replied, "I was so sincere in my note on the late Charles Matthews, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it. To him all the men I ever knew were pigmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved Wingfield better; he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few one could never repent of having loved: but in ability—ah! you did not know Matthews!"—*Letters*, 1898, ii. 8. [For Charles Skinner Matthews, and the Honourable John Wingfield, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 150 *note*, 180 *note*. See, too, "Childish Recollections," *Poems*, 1898, i. 96, *note*.]

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO THE SECOND.

CHILDE HAROLD.

Canto 2.

Byron. Joannina in Albania.

Begun Oct. 31st, 1809.

Concluded Canto 2. Smyrna.

March 28th, 1810. [*MS. D.*]

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.[1]

COME, blue-eyed Maid of Heaven!—but Thou, alas!
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—

1. [Stanzas i.–xv. form a kind of dramatic prologue to the Second Canto of the *Pilgrimage*. The general meaning is clear enough, but the unities are disregarded. The scene shifts more than once, and there is a moral within a moral. The poet begins by invoking Athena (Byron wrote Athenæ) to look down on the ruins of "her holy and beautiful house," and bewails her unreturning heroes of the sword and pen. He then summons an Oriental, a "Son of the Morning," Moslem or "light Greek," possibly a *Canis venaticus*, the discoverer or vendor of a sepulchral urn, and, with an adjuration to spare the sacred relic, points to the Acropolis, the cemetery of dead divinities, and then once more to the urn at his feet. "'Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!' Gods and men may come and go, but Death 'goes on for ever.'" The scene changes, and he feigns to be present at the rifling of a barrow, the "tomb of the Athenian heroes" on the plain of Marathon, or one of the lonely tumuli on Sigeum and Rhœteum, "the great and goodly tombs" of Achilles and Patroclus ("they twain in one golden urn"); of Antilochus, and of Telamonian Ajax. Marathon he had already visited, and marked "the perpendicular cut" which at Fauvel's instigation had been recently driven into the large barrow; and he had, perhaps, read of the real or pretended excavation by Signor Ghormezano (1787) of a tumulus at the Sigean promontory. The "mind's eye," which had conjured up "the shattered heaps," images a skull of one who "kept the world in awe," and, after moralizing in Hamlet's vein on

Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of War and wasting fire,[1.B.]
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,[2.B]
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow.

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,[i.]
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:[ii.]
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!

i. *Ancient of days! august Athenæ! where.*—[*MS. D.*]
ii. *Gone—mingled with the waste* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

the humorous catastrophe of decay, the poet concludes with the Preacher "that there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave." After this profession of unfaith, before he returns to Harold and his pilgrimage, he takes up his parable and curses Elgin and all his works.

The passage as a whole suggests the essential difference between painting and poetry. As a composition, it recalls the frontispiece of a seventeenth-century classic. The pictured scene, with its superfluity of accessories, is grotesque enough; but the poetic scenery, inconsequent and yet vivid as a dream, awakens, and fulfills the imagination. (*Travels in Albania*, by Lord Broughton, 1858, i. 380; ii. 128, 129, 138; *The Odyssey*, xxiv. 74, *sq.* See, too, Byron's letters to his mother, April 17, and to H. Drury, May 3, 1810: *Letters*, 1898, i. 262.)]

The Warrior's weapon and the Sophist's stole[1]
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.[i]

III.

Son of the Morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless Urn:
Look on this spot—a Nation's sepulchre!
Abode of Gods, whose shrines no longer burn.[ii]
Even Gods must yield—Religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other Creeds
Will rise with other years, till Man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.[iii]

IV.

Bound to the Earth, he lifts his eye to Heaven—
Is 't not enough, Unhappy Thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou would'st be again, and go,

i. —— *gray flits the Ghost of Power.*—[*MS. D. erased.*]
ii. —— *whose altars cease to burn.*—[*MS. D.*]
iii. —— *whose Faith is built on reeds.*—[*MS. D. erased.*]

1. ["Stole," apart from its restricted use as an ecclesiastical vestment, is used by Spenser and other poets as an equivalent for any long and loosely flowing robe, but is, perhaps inaccurately, applied to the short cloak (*tribon*), the "habit" of Socrates when he lived, and, after his death, the distinctive dress of the cynics.]

Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so [1]
On Earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future Joy and Woe?[i.]
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand Homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:[3-B.]
He fell, and falling nations mourned around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.[ii.] [2]
Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a Temple where a God may dwell?
Why ev'n the Worm at last disdains her shattered cell!

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The Dome of Thought, the Palace of the Soul:

i. *Still wilt thou harp* ——.—[*MS. D. erased.*]
ii. *Though 'twas a God, as graver records tell.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1, lines 5–7—

"Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep."]

2. [The demigods Erechtheus and Theseus "appeared" at Marathon, and fought side by side with Miltiades (Grote's *History of Greece*, iv. 284).]

Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit [1]
And Passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all Saint, Sage, or Sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son! [2]
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each hath its pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of Evil all their own.
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome Rest.

VIII.[3]

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be [1]
A land of Souls beyond that sable shore,

1. *Frown not upon me, churlish Priest! that I*
Look not for Life, where life may never be:

1. [Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1, *passim*.]

2. [Socrates affirmed that true self-knowledge was to know that we know nothing, and in his own case he denied any other knowledge; but "this confession of ignorance was certainly not meant to be a sceptical denial of all knowledge." "The idea of knowledge was to him a boundless field, in the face of which he could not but be ignorant" (*Socrates and the Socratic Schools*, by Dr. E. Zeller, London, 1868, p. 102).]

3. [Stanzas viii. and ix. are not in the *MS*.
The expunged lines (see *var*. i.) carried the Lucretian

To shame the Doctrine of the Sadducee
And Sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the Right!

IX.[1]

There, Thou!—whose Love and Life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain—

I am no sneerer at thy phantasy;
Thou pitiest me, alas! I envy thee,
Thou bold Discoverer in an unknown sea
Of happy Isles and happier Tenants there;

tenets of the preceding stanza to their logical conclusion. The end is silence, not a reunion with superior souls. But Dallas objected; and it may well be that, in the presence of death, Byron could not "guard his unbelief," or refrain from a renewed questioning of the "Great Perhaps." Stanza for stanza, the new version is an improvement on the original. (See *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1824, p. 169. See, too, letters to Hodgson, September 3 and September 13, 1811: *Letters*, 1898, ii. 18, 34.)]

1. [Byron forwarded this stanza in a letter to Dallas, dated October 14, 1811, and was careful to add, "I think it proper to state to you, that this stanza alludes to an event which has taken place since my arrival here, and not to the death of any *male* friend" (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 57). The reference is not to Edleston, as Dallas might have guessed, and as Wright (see *Poetical Works*, 1891, p. 17) believed. Again, in a letter to Dallas, dated October 31, 1811 (*ibid.*, ii. 65), he sends "a few stanzas," presumably the lines "To Thyrza," which are dated October 11, 1811, and says that "they refer to the death of one to whose name you are a *stranger*, and, consequently, cannot be interested (*sic*) . . . They relate to the same person whom I have mentioned in Canto 2nd, and at

Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead
When busy Memory flashes on my brain?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
Be as it may Futurity's behest,[1.]
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base;
Here, son of Saturn! was thy favourite throne:[4.B.]
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be: nor ev'n can Fancy's eye

I ask thee not to prove a Sadducee;[1]
*Still dream of Paradise, thou know'st not where,**
Which if it be thy Sins will never let thee share.†—[*MS. D. erased.*]

i. *Whate'er beside*
Howe'er may be } *Futurity's behest.*[2]
Or seeing thee no more to sink in sullen rest.—[*MS. D.*]

* *But look upon a scene that once was fair.*—[*Erased.*]
Zion's holy hill which thou wouldst fancy fair.—[*Erased.*]

† *As those, which thou delight'st to rear in upper air.*—[*Erased.*]
Yet love's't too well to bid thine erring brother share.—[*D. erased.*]

the conclusion of the poem." It follows from this second statement that we have Byron's authority for connecting stanza ix. with stanzas xcv., xcvi., and, inferentially, his authority for connecting stanzas ix., xcv., xcvi. with the group of "Thyrza" poems. And there our knowledge ends. We must leave the mystery where Byron willed that it should be left. "All that we know is, nothing can be known."]

1. The Sadducees did not believe in the Resurrection.—[*MS. D.*]

2. [See letter to Dallas, October 14, 1811.]

Restore what Time hath laboured to deface.
Yet these proud Pillars claim no passing sigh;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon Fane[1]
On high—where Pallas lingered, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign—
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?[i.]
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!
England! I joy no child he was of thine:
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.[5.B.]

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,[ii.][2]
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared:[6.B.]

i. *The last, the worst dull Robber, who was he?*
Blush Scotland such a slave thy son could be—
England! I joy no child he was of thine:
Thy freeborn men revere what once was free,
Nor tear the Sculpture from its saddening shrine,
Nor bear the spoil away athwart the weeping Brine.—[*MS. D. erased.*]

ii. *This be the wittol Picts ignoble boast.*—[*MS. D.*]
To rive what Goth and Turk, and Time hath spared:
Cold and accursed as his native coast.—[*MS. D. erased.*]

1. [For note on the "Elgin Marbles," see *Introduction to the Curse of Minerva: Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 453–456.]

2. ["On the plaster wall of the Chapel of Pandrosos adjoining the Erechtheum, these words have been very deeply cut—

'Quod non fecerunt Goti,
Hoc fecerunt Scoti'"

(*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i. 299). M. Darmesteter quotes the original: "mot sur les Barberini" ("Quod non fecere

Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athenæ's poor remains:
Her Sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their Mother's pains,[7.B.]
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

XIII.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,[1.]
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?

1. *What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,*
Albion was happy while Athenæ mourned?
Though in thy name the slave her bosom wrung,
Albion! I would not see thee thus adorned
With gains thy generous spirit should have scorned,
From Man distinguished by some monstrous sign,
Like Attila the Hun was surely horned,[1]
Who wrought the ravage amid works divine:
Oh that Minerva's voice lent its keen aid to mine.—[*MS. D. erased.*]

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
Albion was happy in Athenæ's tears?
Though in thy name the slave her bosom wrung,
*Let it not vibrate in pale Europe's ears,**
The Saviour Queen, the free Britannia, wears
The last poor plunder of a bleeding land:
That she, whose generous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a Harpy's hand,
Which Envious Eld forbore and Tyrants left to stand.—[*MS. D.*]†

* Lines 5–9 in the Dallas transcript are in Byron's handwriting.

† *Which centuries forgot——.*—[*D. erased.*]

Barbari, Fecere Barberini"). It may be added that Scotchmen are named among the volunteers who joined the Hanoverian mercenaries in the Venetian invasion of Greece in 1686. (See *The Curse of Minerva: Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 463, *note* 1; Finlay's *Hist. of Greece*, v. 189.)]

1. Attila was horned, if we may trust contemporary legends, and the etchings of his visage in Lavater.—[*MS.*]

Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
The Ocean Queen, the free Britannia, bears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
Yes, she, whose generous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a Harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.[i]

i. After stanza xiii. the *MS.* inserts the two following stanzas :—

Come then, ye classic Thieves of each degree,
Dark Hamilton[1] *and sullen Aberdeen,*
Come pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see,
All that yet consecrates the fading scene:
Ah! better were it ye had never been,
Nor ye, nor Elgin, nor that lesser wight,
The victim sad of vase-collecting spleen,
House-furnisher withal, one Thomas[2] *hight,*
Than ye should bear one stone from wronged Athenæ's site.

1. [William Richard Hamilton (1777–1859) was the son of Anthony Hamilton, Archdeacon of Colchester, etc., and grandson of Richard Terrick, Bishop of London. In 1799, when Lord Elgin was appointed Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, Hamilton accompanied him as private secretary. After the battle of Ramassieh (Alexandria, March 20, 1801), and the subsequent evacuation of Egypt by the French (August 30, 1801), Hamilton, who had been sent on a diplomatic mission, was successful in recapturing the Rosetta Stone, which, in violation of a specified agreement, had been placed on board a French man-of-war. He was afterwards employed by Elgin as agent plenipotentiary in the purchase, removal, and deportation of marbles. He held office (1809–22) as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and as Minister at the Court of Naples (1822–25). From 1838 to 1858 he was a Trustee of the British Museum. He published, in 1809, *Ægyptiaca, or Some Account of the Ancient and Modern State of Egypt;* and, in 1811, his *Memorandum on the Subject of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece.* (For Aberdeen, see *English Bards, etc.*, line 509: *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 336, *note* 2.)]

2. Thomas Hope, Esqr., if I mistake not, the man who publishes quartos on furniture and costume.

[Thomas Hope (1770–1831) (see *Hints from Horace,*

XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appalled[L]
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way? [8.B.]
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain enthralled,
His shade from Hades upon that dread day
Bursting to light in terrible array!
What! could not Pluto spare the Chief once more,
To scare a second robber from his prey?
Idly he wandered on the Stygian shore,
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on Thee,
Nor feels as Lovers o'er the dust they loved;

Or will the gentle Dilettanti crew
Now delegate the task to digging Gell,[1]
That mighty limner of a bird's eye view,
How like to Nature let his volumes tell:
Who can with him the folio's limit swell
With all the Author saw, or said he saw?
Who can topographize or delve so well?
No boaster he, nor impudent and raw,
His pencil, pen, and spade, alike without a flaw.—[*D. erased.*]

L. *Where was thine Ægis, Goddess* ——.—[*MS. D. erased.*]

line 7: *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 390, *note* 1) published, in 1805, a folio volume entitled, *Household Furniture and Internal Decoration*. It was severely handled in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. xx.) for July, 1807.]

1. It is rumoured Gell is coming out to dig in Olympia. I wish him more success than he had at Athens. According to Lusieri's account, he began digging most furiously without a firmann, but before the resurrection of a single sauce-pan, the Painter countermined and the Way-wode countermanded and sent him back to bookmaking.—[*MS. D.*]

[See *English Bards, etc.*, lines 1033, 1034: *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 379, *note* 1.]

Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands, which it had best behoved [i.]
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored :—
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatched thy shrinking Gods to Northern climes abhorred ![1]

XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
To urge the gloomy Wanderer o'er the wave?
Little recked he of all that Men regret;
No loved-one now in feigned lament could rave; [2]
No friend the parting hand extended gave,
Ere the cold Stranger passed to other climes:
Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;
But Harold felt not as in other times,
And left without a sigh the land of War and Crimes.

XVII.

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea
Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight,

i. —— *which it had well behoved.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. [The Athenians believed, or feigned to believe, that the marbles themselves shrieked out in shame and agony at their removal from their ancient shrines.]

2. [Byron is speaking of his departure from Spain, but he is thinking of his departure from Malta, and his half-hearted amour with Mrs. Spencer Smith.]

When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant Frigate tight—
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious Main expanding o'er the bow,
The Convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now—
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,[B.]
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are manned on high:
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful Urchin guides.[i]

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain [ii]
For the lone Chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and feared by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve

i. —— *that rosy urchin guides.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Save on that part* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.[i]

XX.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad Sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the Pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.[1]
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail hauled down to halt for logs like these!

XXI.

The Moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:[ii]
Such be our fate when we return to land!

i. *From Discipline's stern law* ——.—[*MS.*]
—— *keen law* ——.—[*MS. D.*]
ii. —— *their melting girls believe.*—[*MS.*]

1. An additional "misery to human life!"—lying-to at sunset for a large convoy, till the sternmost pass ahead. Mem.: fine frigate, fair wind likely to change before morning, but enough at present for ten knots!—[*MS. D.*]

Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand[i.]
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;[ii.]
Europe and Afric on each other gaze![1]
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays![2]
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,[3]

i. *Meantime some rude musician's restless hand*
Ply's the brisk instrument that sailors love.—[*MS. D. erased.*]
ii. *Through well-known straits behold the steepy shore.*—
[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare Coleridge's reflections, in his diary for April 19, 1804, on entering the Straits of Gibraltar: "When I first sat down, with Europe on my left and Africa on my right, both distinctly visible, I felt a quickening of the movements in the blood, but still felt it as a pleasure of *amusement* rather than of thought and elevation; and at the same time, and gradually winning on the other, the nameless silent forms of nature were working in me, like a tender thought in a man who is hailed merrily by some acquaintance in his work, and answers it in the same tone" (*Anima Poetæ*, 1895, pp. 70, 71).]

2. ["The moon is in the southern sky as the vessel passes through the Straits; consequently, the coast of Spain is in light, that of Africa in shadow" (*Childe Harold*, edited by H. F. Tozer, 1885, p. 232).]

3. [Campbell, in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, Canto I. stanza ii. line 6, speaks of "forests brown;" but, as Mr. Tozer points out, "'brown' is Byron's usual epithet for landscape seen in moonlight." (Compare Canto II. stanza lxx. line 3; *Parisina*, i. 10; and *Siege of Corinth*, ii. 1.)]

Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though Love is at an end:
The Heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,[i.]
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?[ii.]

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,[iii.]
The Soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,[iv.]
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year;

i. *Bleeds the lone heart, once boundless in its zeal.*—[*D.*]
And friendless now, yet dreams it had a friend.—[*MS.*]
or, *Far from Affection's chilled or changing zeal.*—[*MS.*]
Divided far by fortune, wave or steel
Though friendless now we once have had a friend.—
[*MS. D. erased.*]
ii. *Ah! happy years! I would I were once more a boy.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *To gaze on Dian's wan reflected sphere.*—[*MS. D.*]
iv. —— *her dreams of hope and pride.*—[*MS. D. erased.*]

None are so desolate but something dear,[1]
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV.[ii. 1]

To sit on rocks—to muse o'er flood and fell—
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

i. *None are so wretched*[2] *but that* ——.—[*MS. D.*]
ii. *T. t. b.* [tres tres bien], *but why insert here.*—[*MS. pencil.*]

1. [In this stanza M. Darmesteter detects "l'accent Wordsworthien" prior to any "doses" as prescribed by Shelley, and quotes as a possible model the following lines from Beattie's *Minstrel*:—

"And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost,
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth, and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound."

In felicity of expression, the copy, if it be a copy, surpasses the original; but in the scope and originality of the image, it is vastly inferior. Nor are these lines, with the possible exception of line 3—

"Where things that own not Man's dominion dwell,"

at all Wordsworthian. They fail in that imaginative precision which the Lake poets regarded as essential, and they lack the glamour and passion without which their canons of art would have profited nothing. Six years later, when Byron came within sound of Wordsworth's voice, he struck a new chord—a response, not an echo. Here the motive is rhetorical, not immediately poetical.]

2. "Desolate."—[*MS. pencil.*]

Where things that own not Man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;[i.]
This is not Solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

XXVI.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the World's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of Splendour shrinking from distress![1]
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered—followed—sought, and sued;
This is to be alone—This, This is Solitude![ii.]

XXVII.[2]

More blest the life of godly Eremite,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,

i. —— *and foaming linns to lean.*—[*MS. D. erased.*]
ii. *This is to live alone—This, This is solitude.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. [There are none to bless us, for when we are in distress the great, the rich, the gay, shrink from us; and when we are popular and prosperous those who court us care nothing for us apart from our success. Neither do they *bless* us, or we them.]

2. [The MS. of stanza xxvii. is on the fly-leaf of a bound

Watching at eve upon the Giant Height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
That he who there at such an hour hath been
Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot;
Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm—the gale—the change—the tack,
And each well known caprice of wave and wind;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Cooped in their wingéd sea-girt citadel;

volume of proof-sheets entitled "Additions to Childe Harold," It was first published in the seventh edition, 1814.

It may be taken for granted that Byron had seen what he describes. There is, however, no record of any visit to Mount Athos, either in his letters from the East or in Hobhouse's journals.

The actual mount, "the giant height [6350 feet], rears itself in solitary magnificence, an insulated cone of white limestone." "When it is seen from a distance, the peninsula [of which the southern portion rises to a height of 2000 feet] is below the horizon, and the peak rises quite solitary from the sea." Of this effect Byron may have had actual experience; but Hobhouse, in describing the prospect from Cape Janissary, is careful to record that "Athos itself is said to be sometimes visible in the utmost distance (circ. 90 miles), but it was not discernible during our stay on the spot." (Murray's *Handbook for Greece*, p. 843; *Childe Harold*, edited by H. F. Tozer, p. 233; *Travels in Albania*, 1858, ii. 103. Compare, too, the fragment entitled the *Monk of Athos*, first published in the Hon. Roden Noel's *Life of Lord Byron*, 1890.)]

The foul—the fair—the contrary—the kind—
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, Land! and All is well!

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,[10.B.]
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
There for the weary still a Haven smiles,
Though the fair Goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride:
Here, too, his boy essayed the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide;
While thus of both bereft, the Nymph-Queen doubly sighed.[1]

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
But trust not this; too easy Youth, beware!
A mortal Sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence![2] could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:

1. ["Le sage Mentor, poussant Télémaque, qui était assis sur le bord du rocher, le précipite dans le mer et s'y jette avec lui. . . . Calypso inconsolable, rentra dans sa grotte, qu'elle remplit de ses hurlements."—Fénelon's *Télémaque*, vi., Paris, 1837, iii. 43.]

2. [For Mrs. Spencer Smith, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 244, 245, *note*. Moore (*Life*, pp. 94, 95) contrasts stanzas xxx.–xxxv., with their parade of secret indifference and plea of "a

But checked by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for *mine*.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deemed, as on that Lady's eye
He looked, and met its beam without a thought,
Save Admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his Votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his Worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the Boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deemed the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,
One who, 'twas said, still sighed to all he saw,
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hailed with real or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law;
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:

loveless heart," with the tenderness and warmth of his afterthoughts in Albania ("Lines composed during a Thunder-Storm," etc.), and decides the coldness was real, the sentiment assumed. He forgets the flight of time. The lines were written in October, 1809, within a month of his departure from "Calypso's isles," and the *Childe Harold* stanzas belong to the early spring of 1810. "Ou sont les neiges d'antan?" Moreover, he speaks by the card. Writing at Athens, January 16, 1810, he tells us, "The spell is broke, the charm is flown."]

And much she marvelled that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feigned at least, the oft-told flames,
Which though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
Now masked in silence or withheld by Pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;[1]
Nor from the base pursuit had turned aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lovers' whining crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of Woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;

1. [More than one commentator gravely "sets against" this line—Byron's statement to Dallas (*Corr. of Lord Byron*, Paris, 1824, iii. 91), "I am not a Joseph or a Scipio; but I can safely affirm that never in my life I seduced any woman." Compare *Memoirs of Count Carlo Gozzi*, 1890, ii. 12, "Never have I employed the iniquitous art of seduction . . . Languishing in soft and thrilling sentiments, I demanded from a woman a sympathy and inclination of like nature with my own. If she fell . . . I should have remembered how she made for me the greatest of all sacrifices. . . . I should have worshipped her like a deity. I could have spent my life's blood in consoling her; and without swearing eternal constancy, I should have been most stable on my side in loving such a mistress."]

What careth she for hearts when once possessed?
Do proper homage to thine Idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes:[1]
Pique her and soothe in turn—soon Passion crowns thy hopes.

XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson—Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted—Minds degraded—Honour lost—[ii]
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these![1]
If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,

i. *Brisk Impudence* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Youth wasted, wretches born* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare Lucretius, iv. 1121–4—
"Adde quod absumunt viris pereuntque labore,
. . . . . .
Labitur interea res, et Babylonica fiunt:
Languent officia, atque ægrotat fama vacillans."]

And many a varied shore to sail along,
By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head[i.]
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;[ii.]
Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,[1]
To teach Man what he might be, or he ought—
If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still!
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, though not her favoured child.[iii.]
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polished dares pollute her path:
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have marked her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.[2]

i. *Climes strange withal as ever mortal head.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Suspected in its little pride of thought.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Her not unconscious though her weakly child.*
or, —— *her rudest child.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["Were counselled or advised." The passive "were ared" seems to lack authority. (See *N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Aread.")]

2. [Compare the description of the thunderstorm in the Alps (Canto III. stanzas xcii.-xcvi., pp. 273-275); and *Manfred*, act ii. sc. 2—

"My joy was in the wilderness; to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain-top—
. . . . .
In them my early strength exulted; or

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,[1]
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,[2]

To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their development; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim."

Beattie, who describes the experiences of his own boyhood in the person of Edwin in *The Minstrel*, had already made a like protestation—

"In sooth he was a strange and wayward youth,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight;
Not less than when on ocean-wave serene
The Southern sun diffus'd his dazzling sheen;
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul."

Kirke White, too, who was almost Byron's contemporary, and whose verses he professed to admire—

"Would run a visionary boy
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky."

This love of Nature in her wilder aspects, which was perfectly genuine, and, indeed, meritorious, was felt to be out of the common, a note of the poetic temperament, worth recording, but unlikely to pass without questioning and remonstrance.]

1. [Alexander's mother, Olympias, was an Epiriote. She had a place in the original draft of Tennyson's *Palace of Art* (*Life of Lord Tennyson*, i. 119)—

"One was Olympias; the floating snake
Roll'd round her ankles, round her waist
Knotted," etc.

Plutarch (*Vitæ*, Lipsiæ, 1814, vi. 170) is responsible for the legend: Ὤφθη δέ ποτε καὶ δράκων κοιμωμένης τῆς Ὀλυμπιάδος παρεκτεταμένος τῷ σώματι, "Now, one day, when Olympias lay abed, beside her body a dragon was espied stretched out at full length." (Compare, too, Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, stanza ii.)]

2. [Mr. Tozer (*Childe Harold*, p. 236) takes this line to mean "whom the young love to talk of, and the wise to follow as an example," and points to Alexander's foresight as a conqueror, and the "extension of commerce and civilization" which followed his victories. But, surely, the antithesis

And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprize:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes [11.B.]
On thee, thou rugged Nurse of savage men!
The Cross descends, thy Minarets arise,
And the pale Crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress-grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot,[1]
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave; [12.B.]

lies between Alexander the ideal of the young, and Alexander the deterrent example of the old. The phrase, "beacon of the wise," if Hector in *Troilus and Cressida* (act ii. sc. 2, line 16) is an authority, is proverbial.

> " . . . The wound of peace is surety,
> Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
> The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
> To the bottom of the worst."

The beauty, the brilliance, the glory of Alexander kindle the enthusiasm of the young; but the murder of Clytus and the early death which he brought upon himself are held up by the wise as beacon-lights to save others from shipwreck.]

1. [Byron and Hobhouse sailed for Malta in the brig-of-war *Spider* on Tuesday, September 19, 1809 (Byron, in a letter to his mother, November 12, says September 21), and anchored off Patras on the night of Sunday, the 24th. On Tuesday, the 26th, they were under way at 12 noon, and on the evening of that day they saw the sun set over Mesalonghi. The next morning, September 27, they were in the channel between Ithaca and the mainland, with Ithaca, then in the hands of the French, to the left. "We were close to it," says Hobhouse, "and saw a few shrubs on a brown heathy land, two little towns in the hills scattered among trees."

The travellers made "but little progress this day," and, apparently, having redoubled Cape St. Andreas, the southern

And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,
The Lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not Verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.[1]

XL.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar;

extremity of Ithaca, they sailed (September 28) through the channel between Ithaca and Cephalonia, passed the hill of Ætos, on which stood the so-called "Castle of Ulysses," whence Penelope may have "overlooked the wave," and caught sight of "the Lover's refuge" in the distance. Towards the close of the same day they doubled Cape Ducato ("Leucadia's cape," the scene of Sappho's leap), and, sailing under "the ancient mount," the site of the Temple of Apollo, anchored off Prevesa at seven in the evening. Poetry and prose are not always in accord. If, as Byron says, it was "an autumn's eve" when they hailed "Leucadia's cape afar," if the evening star shone over the rock when they approached it, they must have sailed fast to reach Prevesa, some thirty miles to the north, by seven o'clock. But *de minimis*, the Muse is as disregardful as the Law. And, perhaps, after all, it was Hobhouse who misread his log-book. (*Travels in Albania*, i. 4, 5; Murray's *Handbook for Greece*, pp. 40, 46.)]

1. [The meaning of this passage is not quite so obvious as it seems. He has in his mind the words, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save," and, applying this to Sappho, asks, "Why did she who conferred immortality on herself by her verse prove herself mortal?" Without Fame, and without verse the cause and keeper of Fame, there is no heaven, no immortality, for the sons of men. But what security is there for the eternity of verse and Fame? "*Quis custodiet custodes?*"]

A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave:
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
Actium—Lepanto—fatal Trafalgar; [13.B.]
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star) [1]
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight.[i.]

XLI.

But when he saw the Evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hailed the last resort of fruitless love, [14.B.]
He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow:
And as the stately vessel glided slow [2]
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,[ii.]
More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

XLII.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,[3]

i. —— *and looked askance on Mars.*—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *And roused him more from thought than he was wont*
While Pleasure almost seemed to smooth his pallid front.—[*MS. D.*]
While Pleasure almost smiled along ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [For Byron's "star" similes, see Canto III. stanza lxxxviii. line 9.]

2. [Compare the line in Tennyson's song, *Break, break, break*, "And the stately ships go on."]

3. [By "Suli's rocks" Byron means the mountainous

Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer:
Here roams the wolf—the eagle whets his beak—
Birds—beasts of prey—and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu;
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,[1]
Which all admire, but many dread to view:
His breast was armed 'gainst fate, his wants were few;
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet:
The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen Winter's blast, and welcomed Summer's heat.

XLIV.

Here the red Cross, for still the Cross is here,
Though sadly scoffed at by the circumcised,

district in the south of the Epirus. The district of Suli formed itself into a small republic at the close of the last century, and offered a formidable resistance to Ali Pacha. "Pindus' inland peak," Monte Metsovo, which forms part of the ridge which divides Epirus from Thessaly, is not visible from the sea-coast.]

1. ["Shore unknown." (See Byron's note to stanza xxxviii. line 5.)]

Forgets that Pride to pampered priesthood dear;
Churchman and Votary alike despised.
Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol—Saint—Virgin—Prophet—Crescent—Cross—
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
Who from true Worship's gold can separate thy dross?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
A world for Woman, lovely, harmless thing! [i. 1]
In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
Did many a Roman chief and Asian King [15. B.]
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring:
Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose! [2 16. B.]
Now, like the hands that reared them, withering:
Imperial Anarchs, doubling human woes! [ii.]
God! was thy globe ordained for such to win and lose?

i. —— *lovely harmful thing.*—[*MS. pencil.*]
ii. *Imperial wretches, doubling human woes!*
God! was thy globe ere made ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare Byron's *Stanzas written on passing the Ambracian Gulph.*]

2. [Nicopolis, "the city of victory," which Augustus, "the second Cæsar," built to commemorate Actium, is some five miles to the north of Prevesa. Byron and Hobhouse visited the ruins on the 30th of September, and again on the 12th of November (see Byron's letter to Mrs. Byron, November 12, 1809: *Letters*, 1898, i. 251).]

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
Childe Harold passed o'er many a mount sublime,
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales:
Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,
Though classic ground and consecrated most,
To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

XLVII.

He passed bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,[17.B.]
And left the primal city of the land,
And onwards did his further journey take[1]
To greet Albania's Chief, whose dread command[18.B.]
Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold:
Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.[19.B.]

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza![2] from thy shady brow,[20.B.]
Thou small, but favoured spot of holy ground!

1. [The travellers left Prevesa on October 1, and arrived at Janina on October 5. They left Janina on October 11, and reached Zitza at nightfall (Byron at 3 a.m., October 12). They left Zitza on October 13, and arrived at Tepeleni on October 19.]
2. [On the evening of October 11, as the party was

Where'er we gaze—around—above—below,—
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole:
Beneath, the distant Torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed Cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deemed of dignity,
The Convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he,[21.B.]
Nor niggard of his cheer;[1] the passer by
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

approaching Zitza, Hobhouse and the Albanian, Vasilly, rode on, leaving "Lord Byron and the baggage behind." It was getting dark, and just as the luckier Hobhouse contrived to make his way to the village, the rain began to fall in torrents. Before long, "the thunder roared as it seemed without any intermission; for the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains before another crash burst over our heads." Byron, dragoman, and baggage were not three miles from Zitza when the storm began, and they lost their way. After many wanderings and adventures they were finally conducted by ten men with pine torches to the hut; but by that time it was three o'clock in the morning. Hence the "Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm."—Hobhouse's *Travels in Albania*, i. 69–71.]

1. ["The prior of the monastery, a humble, meek-mannered

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,[i]
From Heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untired, the Morn—the Noon—the Eve away.

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight
Nature's volcanic Amphitheatre,[22.B.]
Chimæra's Alps extend from left to right:
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir
Nodding above; behold black Acheron![23.B.]
Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
Pluto! if this be Hell I look upon,
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.[ii]

i. *Here winds, if winds there be, will fan his breast.*—
[*MS. D. erased.*]

ii. *Keep Heaven for better souls, my shade shall seek for none.*—
[*MS. erased.*]

man, entertained us in a warm chamber with grapes and a pleasant white wine. . . . We were so well pleased with everything about us that we agreed to lodge with him."—Hobhouse's *Travels in Albania*, i. 73.]

LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view;
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
Veiled by the screen of hills: here men are few,
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot:
But, peering down each precipice, the goat [i.]
Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote [24.B.]
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the Tempest's short-lived shock.[ii]

LIII.

Oh! where, Dodona![1] is thine agéd Grove,
Prophetic Fount, and Oracle divine?

i. *But frequent is the lamb, the kid, the goat—*
And watching pensive with his browsing flock.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Counting the hours beneath yon skies unerring shock.*—
[*MS. erased.*]

1. [The site of Dodona, a spot "at the foot of Mount Tomaros" (Mount Olytsika) in the valley of Tcharacovista, was finally determined, in 1876, by excavations carried out, at his own expense, by M. Constantin Carapanos, a native of Arta. In his monograph, *Dodone et ses Ruines* (Paris, 1878, 4to), M. Carapanos gives a detailed description of the theatre, the twofold Temenos (I. *L'Enceinte du Temple*, II. *Téménos*, pp. 13–28), including the Temple of Zeus and a sanctuary of Aphrodite, and of the numerous *ex voto* offerings and inscriptions on lead which were brought to light during the excavations, and helped to identify the ruins. An accompanying folio volume of plates contains (Planches, i., ii.) a map of the valley of Tcharacovista, and a lithograph of Mount Tomaros, "d'un aspect majestueux et pittoresque . . . un roc nu sillonné par le lit de nombreux torrents" (p. 8). Behind Dodona, on the summit of the many-named chain of hills which confronts Mount Tomaros, are "bouquets de chêne," sprung it may be from the offspring of the προσήγοροι δρύες (Æsch., *Prom.*, 833), the "talking oaks,"

What valley echoed the response of Jove?
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine?
All, all forgotten—and shall Man repine
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke? [1]
Cease, Fool! the fate of Gods may well be thine:
Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath
the stroke!

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;[2]
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye

which declared the will of Zeus. For the "prophetic fount" (line 2), Servius, commenting on Virgil, *Æneid*, iii. 41–66, seems to be the authority: "Circa hoc templum quercus immanis fuisse dicitur ex cujus radicibus fons manebat, qui suo murmure instinctu Deorum diversis oracula reddebat" (*Virgilii Opera*, Leovardiæ, 1717, i. 548).

Byron and Hobhouse, on one of their excursions from Janina, explored and admired the ruins of the "amphitheatre," but knew not that "here and nowhere else" was Dodona (*Travels in Albania*, i. 53–56).]

1. [The sentiment that man, "whose breath is in his nostrils," should consider the impermanence of all that is stable and durable before he cries out upon his own mortality, may have been drawn immediately from the famous letter of consolation sent by Sulpitius Severus to Cicero, which Byron quotes in a note to Canto IV. stanza xliv., or, in the first instance, from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, xv. 20—

"Giace l'alta Cartago; appena i segni
Dell' alte sue ruini il lido serba.
Muojono le città; muojono i regni:
Copre i fasti, e le pompe, arena ed erba;
E l'uom d'esser mortal par cue si sdegni!"

Compare, too, Addison's "Reflections in Westminster Abbey," *Spectator*, No. 26.]

2. [The six days' journey from Zitza to Tepeleni is compressed into a single stanza. The vale (line 3) may be that of

Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye :[1]
Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
And woods along the banks are waving high,
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
Or with the moonbeam sleep in Midnight's solemn trance.

LV.

The Sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,[25.B.]
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;[26.B.]
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,[2]
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthening glen.

the Kalama, through which the travellers passed (October 13) soon after leaving Zitza, or, more probably, the plain of Deropoli ("well-cultivated, divided by rails and low hedges, and having a river flowing through it to the south"), which they crossed (October 15) on their way from Delvinaki, the frontier village of Illyria, to Libokhovo.]

1. ["Yclad," used as a preterite, not a participle (compare Coleridge's "I wis" [*Christabel*, part i. line 92]), is a Byronism--"archaisme incorrect," says M. Darmesteter.]

2. ["During the fast of the Ramazan, . . . the gallery of each minaret is decorated with a circlet of small lamps. When seen from a distance, each minaret presents a point of light, 'like meteors in the sky;' and in a large city, where they

LVI.

He passed the sacred Haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
Surveyed the dwelling of this Chief of power,
Where all around proclaimed his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the Despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons [1] wait;[i]
Within, a palace, and without, a fort:
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

LVII.

Richly caparisoned, a ready row
Of armèd horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide-extending court below;
Above, strange groups adorned the corridore;
And oft-times through the area's echoing door
Some high-capped Tartar spurred his steed away:
The Turk—the Greek—the Albanian—and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.[ii]

i. —— *guests and vassals wait.*—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *While the deep Tocsin's sound* ——.—[*MS. D. erased.*]

are numerous, they resemble a swarm of fireflies."—H. F. Tozer. (Compare *The Giaour*, i. 449-452—

"When Rhamazan's last sun was set,
And flashing from each minaret.
Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.")]

1. ["A kind of dervish or recluse . . . regarded as a saint."—*Cent. Dict.*, art. "Santon."]

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroidered garments, fair to see;
The crimson-scarféd men of Macedon;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive—the lively, supple Greek
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mixed conspicuous: some recline in groups,[1]
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;

1. ["We were disturbed during the night by the perpetual carousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum, and the voice of the 'muezzinn,' or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret of the mosck attached to the palace. This chanter was a boy, and he sang out his hymn is a sort of loud melancholy recitative. He was a long time repeating the Eraun. The first exclamation was repeated four times, the remaining words twice; and the long and piercing note in which he concluded his confession of faith, by twice crying out the word 'hou!' ['At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"' *Giaour*, i. 734] still rings in my ears."—Hobhouse's *Travels in Albania*, i. 95. D'Ohsonn gives the Eraun at full length: "Most high God! [four times repeated]. I acknowledge that there is no other God except God! I acknowledge that there is no other God except God! I acknowledge that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to prayer! Come to the temple of salvation! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God! great God! There is no God except God!"—*Oriental Antiquities* (Philadelphia, 1788), p. 341.]

Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
Hark! from the Mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
"There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great!"

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast[1]
Through the long day its penance did maintain:
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
Revel and feast assumed the rule again:
Now all was bustle, and the menial train
Prepared and spread the plenteous board within;
The vacant Gallery now seemed made in vain,
But from the chambers came the mingling din,
As page and slave anon were passing out and in.[2]

1. ["The Ramazan, or Turkish Lent, which, as it occurs in each of the thirteen months in succession, fell this year in October. . . . Although during this month the strictest abstinence, even from tobacco and coffee, is observed in the daytime, yet with the setting of the sun the feasting commences."—*Travels in Albania*, i. 66. "The Ramadan or Rhamazan is the ninth month of the Mohammedan year. As the Mohammedans reckon by lunar time, it begins each year eleven days earlier than in the preceding year, so that in thirty-three years it occurs successively in all the seasons." —*Imp. Dictionary.*]

2. [The feast was spread within the courtyard, "in the part farthest from the dwelling," and when the revelry began the "immense large gallery" or corridor, which ran along the front of the palace and was open on one side to the court, was deserted. "Opening into the gallery were the doors of several apartments," and as the servants passed in and out, the travellers standing in the courtyard could hear the sound of voices.—*Travels in Albania*, i. 93.]

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move,[i.]
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:
For, not unhappy in her Master's love,[ii.]
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Blest cares! all other feelings far above!
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears
Who never quits the breast—no meaner passion shares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
Ali reclined, a man of war and woes:[1]
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws[2]
Along that agéd venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

i. —— *even for health to move.*—[*MS.*]
She saves for one ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *For boyish minions of unhallowed love*
The shameless torch of wild desire is lit,
Caressed, preferred even to woman's self above,
Whose forms for Nature's gentler errors fit
All frailties mote excuse save that which they commit.—
[*MS. D. erased.*]

1. [For an account of Ali Pasha (1741–1822), see *Letters*, 1898, i. 246, *note.*]

2. [In a letter to his mother, November 12, 1809, Byron

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to Youth ;[i. 1]
Love conquers Age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth[1]—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,[ii. 2]
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man

i. *Delights to mingle with the lips of youth.*—[*MS. D. erased.*]
ii. *But 'tis those ne'er forgotten acts of ruth.*—[*MS. D.*]

writes, "He [Ali] said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands. . . . He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day." Many years after, in the first letter *On Bowles' Strictures*, February 7, 1821, he introduces a reminiscence of Ali : "I never judge from manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civillest gentleman I ever met with ; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pasha" (*Life*, p. 689).]

1. [Anacreon sometimes bewails, but more often defies old age. (*Vide* Carmina liv., xi., xxxiv.)

The paraphrase "Teian Muse" recurs in the song, "The Isles of Greece," *Don Juan*, Canto III.]

2. [In the first edition the reading (see *var.* ii.) is, "But crimes, those ne'er forgotten crimes of ruth." The mistake was pointed out in the *Quarterly Review* (March, 1812, No. 13, vol. vii. p. 193).

But in Spenser "ruth" means sorrow as well as pity, and three weeks after *Childe Harold* was published, Ali committed a terrible crime, the outcome of an early grief. On March 27, 1812, in revenge for wrongs done to his mother and sister nearly thirty years before, he caused 670 Gardhikiots to be massacred in the khan of Valiare, and followed up the act of treachery by sacking, plundering, and burning the town of Gardiki, and, "in direct violation of the Mohammedan law," carrying off and reducing to slavery the women and children.—Finlay's *Hist. of Greece* (edited by Rev. H. F. Tozer, 1877), vi. 67, 68.]

In years, have marked him with a tiger's tooth;
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.[i. 1]

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye[ii.]
The Pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys.

i. *Those who in blood begin in blood conclude their span.*—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *Childe Harold with that chief held colloquy*
Yet what they spake it boots not to repeat;
Converse may little charm strange ear or eye;
Albeit he rested on that spacious seat,
Of Moslem luxury the choice retreat.—[*MS. D. erased.*]
Four days he rested on that worthy seat.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [This was prophetic. "On the 5th of February, 1822, a meeting took place between Ali and Mohammed Pasha. . . . When Mohammed rose to depart, the two viziers, being of equal rank, moved together towards the door. . . . As they parted Ali bowed low to his visitor, and Mohammed, seizing the moment when the watchful eye of the old man was turned away, drew his hanjar, and plunged it in Ali's heart. He walked on calmly to the gallery, and said to the attendants, 'Ali of Tepalen is dead.' . . . The head of Ali was exposed at the gate of the serai."—Finlay's *Hist. of Greece*, 1877, vi. 94, 95.]

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of War endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their Chief may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their Chieftain's tower
Thronging to War in splendour and success;
And after viewed them, when, within their power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress;
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press:
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheered him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—[27.B.]
In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof!

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,[1]

1. [The travellers left Janina on November 3, and reached Prevesa November 7. At midday November 9 they set sail

When all around was desolate and dark;
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;
Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where Treachery might lurk:
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretched the welcome hand,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,
Kinder than polished slaves though not so bland,
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,

for Patras in a galliot of Ali's, "a vessel of about fifty tons burden, with three short masts and a large lateen sail." Instead of doubling Cape Ducato, they were driven out to sea northward, and, finally, at one o'clock in the morning, anchored off the Port of Phanari on the Suliote coast. Towards the evening of the next day (November 10) they landed in "the marshy bay" (stanza lxviii. line 2) and rode to Volondorako, where they slept. "Here they were well received by the Albanian primate of the place and by the Vizier's soldiers quartered there." Instead of re-embarking in the galliot, they returned to Prevesa by land (November 11). As the country to the north of the Gulf of Arta was up in arms, and bodies of robbers were abroad, they procured an escort of thirty-seven Albanians, hired another galliot, and on Monday, the 13th, sailed across the entrance of the gulf as far as the fortress of Vonitsa, where they anchored for the night. By four o'clock in the afternoon of November 14 they reached Utraikey or Lutraki, "situated in a deep bay surrounded with rocks at the south-east corner of the Gulf of Arta." The courtyard of a barrack on the shore is the scene of the song and dance (stanzas lxx.–lxxii.). Here, in the original MS., the pilgrimage abruptly ends, and in the remaining stanzas the Childe moralizes on the fallen fortunes and vanished heroism of Greece.—*Travels in Albania*, i. 157–165.]

And filled the bowl, and trimmed the cheerful lamp,
And spread their fare; though homely, all they had:
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp:
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
Combined marauders half-way barred egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well-seasoned, and with labours tanned,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.[1]

LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,[2]
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,

1. [The route from Utraikey to Gouria (November 15–18) lay through "thick woods of oak," with occasional peeps of the open cultivated district of Ætolia on the further side of the Aspropotamo, "white Achelous' tide." The Albanian guard was not dismissed until the travellers reached Mesolonghi (November 21).]

2. [With this description Mr. Tozer compares Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 159–165, and Tasso's imitation in *Gerus. Lib.*, canto xv. stanzas 42, 43. The following lines from Hoole's translation (*Jerusalem Delivered*, bk. xv. lines 310, 311, 317, 318) may be cited :—

How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come lightly whispering from the West,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene :—
Here Harold was received a welcome guest;
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,[28.B.]
And he that unawares had there ygazed
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;
For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
The native revels of the troop began;
Each Palikar his sabre from him cast,[29.B.]
And bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.[1]

"Amidst these isles a lone recess is found,
Where circling shores the subject flood resound . . .
Within the waves repose in peace serene;
Black forests nod above, a silvan scene!"]

1. ["In the evening the gates were secured, and preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. A goat was killed and roasted whole, and four fires were kindled in the yard, round which the soldiers seated themselves in parties. After eating and drinking, the greater part of them assembled round the largest of the fires, and, whilst ourselves and the elders of the party were seated on the ground, danced round the blaze to their own songs, in the manner before described, but with

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
And viewed, but not displeased, the revelrie,
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee;
And, as the flames along their faces gleamed,
Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
The long wild locks that to their girdles streamed,
While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half screamed:—[1] 30.B.

astonishing energy. All their songs were relations of some robbing exploits. One of them . . . began thus: 'When we set out from Parga there were sixty of us!' then came the burden of the verse—

'Robbers all at Parga!
Robbers all at Parga!'

'Κλέφτεις ποτὲ Πάργα!
Κλέφτεις ποτὲ Πάργα!'

And as they roared out this stave, they whirled round the fire, dropped, and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round as the chorus was again repeated."—*Travels in Albania*, i. 166, 167.]

1. [This was not Byron's first experience of an Albanian war-song. At Salakhora, on the Gulf of Arta (nine miles north-east of Prevesa), which he reached on October 1, the Albanian guard at the custom-house entertained the travellers by "singing some songs." "The music is extremely monotonous and nasal; and the shrill scream of their voices was increased by each putting his hand behind his ear and cheek, to give more force to the sound."—*Travels in Albania*, i. 28.

Long afterwards, in 1816, one evening, on the Lake of Geneva, Byron entertained Shelley, Mary, and Claire with "an Albanian song." They seem to have felt that such melodies "unheard are sweeter." Hence, perhaps, his *petit nom*, "Albè," that is, the "Albaneser."—*Life of Shelley*, by Edward Dowden, 1896, p. 309.]

1.

TAMBOURGI![1] Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar [i. 31.B.]
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war;
All the Sons of the mountains arise at the note,
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

2.

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
In his snowy camese[2] and his shaggy capote?
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive [ii.]
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego?
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?[3]

i. —— *thy tocsin afar.*—[*MS. D. erased.*]
ii. *Shall the sons of Chimæra* ——.—[*MS. D.*]

1. [Tambourgi, "drummer," a Turkish word, formed by affixing the termination *-gi*, which signifies "one who discharges any occupation," to the French *tambour* (H. F. Tozer, *Childe Harold*, p. 246).]

2. [The *camese* is the *fustanella* or white kilt of the Toska, a branch of the Albanian, or Shkipetar, race. Spenser has the forms "camis," "camus." The Arabic *quamīç* occurs in the Koran, but is thought to be an adaptation of the Latin *camisia, camisa.*—Finlay's *Hist. of Greece*, vi. 39; *N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Camis." (For "capote," *vide post*, p. 181.)]

3. [The Suliotes, after a protracted and often successful resistance, were finally reduced by Ali, in December, 1803.

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase:
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

Then the Pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,[i.]
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,[ii.]
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe;[iii.]
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her Sire.

i. *Shall win the young minions* ——.—[*MS. D.*]
ii. —— *the maid and the youth.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Their caresses shall lull us, their voices shall soothe.*—[*MS. D. erased.*]

They are adjured to forget their natural desire for vengeance, and to unite with the Albanians against their common foe, the Russians.]

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,[1] 32. B.
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell;
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier:
Since the days of our Prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,[2]
Let the yellow-haired[3] Giaours[4] view his horse-tail[5] with dread;

1. [So, too, at Salakhora (October 1): "One of the songs was on the taking of Prevesa, an exploit of which the Albanians are vastly proud; and there was scarcely one of them in which the name of Ali Pasha was not roared out and dwelt upon with peculiar energy."—*Travels in Albania*, i. 29.
Prevesa, which, with other Venetian possessions, had fallen to the French in 1797, was taken in the Sultan's name by Ali, in October, 1798. The troops in the garrison (300 French, 460 Greeks) encountered and were overwhelmed by 5000 Albanians, on the plain of Nicopolis. The victors entered and sacked the town.]
2. [Ali's eldest son, Mukhtar, the Pasha of Berat, had been sent against the Russians, who, in 1809, invaded the trans-Danubian provinces of the Ottoman Empire.]
3. Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.
4. Infidel.
5. The insignia of a Pacha.

When his Delhis [1] come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

II.

Selictar! [2] unsheathe then our chief's Scimitār;
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of War.[i]
Ye Mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as Victors, or view us no more!

LXXIII.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed Worth! [33.B.]
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long accustomed bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The helpless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb? [3]

i. *Tambourgi! thy tocsin* ——.—[*MS. D. erased.*]

1. [The literal meaning of Delhi or Deli, is, says M. Darmesteter, "fou" ["properly madmen" (D'Herbelot)], a title bestowed on Turkish warriors *honoris causâ*. Byron suggests "forlorn hope" as an equivalent; but there is a wide difference between the blood-drunkenness of the Turk and the "foolishness" of British chivalry.]

2. Sword-bearer.

3. [Compare "The Isles of Greece," stanza 7 (*Don Juan*, Canto III.)—

"Earth! render back from out thy heart
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ!"

LXXIV.

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow [34.B.]
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmanned.[i.]

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenchéd beam, lost Liberty![ii.]
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

i. *A fawning feeble race, untaught, enslaved, unmanned.*—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. —— *fair Liberty.*—[*MS. erased, D.*]

The meaning is, "When shall another Lysander spring from Laconia ('Eurotas' banks') and revive the heroism of the ancient Spartans?"]

LXXVI.

Hereditary Bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free *themselves* must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?[1]
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!
True—they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's Altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;[35.B.]
Or Wahab's[2] rebel brood who dared divest
The Prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,[36.B.]
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will Freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

1. [Compare *The Age of Bronze*, vi. lines 39–46.]

2. [The Wahabees, who took their name from the Arab sheik Mohammed ben Abd-el-Wahab, arose in the province of Nedj, in Central Arabia, about 1760. Half-socialists, half-puritans, they insisted on fulfilling to the letter the precepts of the Koran. In 1803–4 they attacked and ravaged Mecca and Medinah, and in 1808 they invaded Syria and took Damascus. During Byron's residence in the East they were at the height of their power, and seemed to threaten the very existence of the Turkish empire.]

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere Lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from Man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.[1]

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
Oh Stamboul! once the Empress of their reign?
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:
(Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
All felt the common joy they now must feign,
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As wooed the eye, and thrilled the Bosphorus along.

1. [Byron spent two months in Constantinople (Stamboul, *i.e.* εἰς τὴν πόλιν)—from May 14 to July 14, 1810. The "Lenten days," which were ushered in by a carnival, were those of the second "great" Lent of the Greek Church, that of St. Peter and St. Paul, which begins on the first Monday after Trinity, and ends on the 29th of June.]

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,[1]
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echoed back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
Till sparkling billows seemed to light the banks they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light Caique along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
No thought had man or maid of rest or home,
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
Or gently prest, returned the pressure still:
Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill![2]

1. [These *al-fresco* festivities must, it is presumed, have taken place on the two days out of the seven when you "might not 'damn the climate' and complain of the spleen." Hobhouse records excursions to the Valley of Sweet Waters; to Belgrade, where "the French minister gave a sort of *fête-champêtre*," when "the carousal lasted four days," and when "night after night is kept awake by the pipes, tabors, and fiddles of these moonlight dances;" and to the grove of Fanar-Baktchesi.—*Travels in Albania*, ii. 242–258.]

2. ["There's nothing like young Love, No! No!
There's nothing like young love at last."]

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,
Even through the closest searment[1] half betrayed?
To such the gentle murmurs of the main
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain:
How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:
Not such as prate of War, but skulk in Peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
Yet with smooth smile his Tyrant can accost,
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:
Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most—
Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record[2]
Of hero Sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

1. [It has been assumed that "searment" is an incorrect form of "cerement," the cloth dipped "in melting wax, in which dead bodies were enfolded when embalmed" (*Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4), but the sense of the passage seems rather to point to "cerecloth," "searcloth," a plaster to cover up a wound. The "robe of revel" does but half conceal the sore and aching heart.]

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's Hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,[1]
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can Man its shattered splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost Gods and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,[37-B.]
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now:
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded *Worth:*[3]

1. *When Athens' children are with arts endued.*—[*MS. D.*]

2. [For the accentuation of the word, compare Chaucer, "The Sompnour's Tale" (*Canterbury Tales*, line 7631)—

"And dronkennesse is eke a foul recórd
Of any man, and namely of a lord."]

3. [Compare *Ecclus.* xliv. 8, 9: "There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been."]

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column [1] mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;[38.B.]
Save where Tritonia's [2] airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff,[3] and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not Oblivion, feebly brave;
While strangers, only, not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh
"Alas!"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,

1. [The "solitary column" may be that on the shore of the harbour of Colonna, in the island of Kythnos (Thermia), or one of the detached columns of the Olympeion.]

2. [Tritonia, or Tritogenia, one of Athena's names of uncertain origin. Hofmann's *Lexicon Universale*, Tooke's *Pantheon*, and Smith's *Classical Dictionary* are much in the same tale. Lucan (*Pharsalia*, lib. ix. lines 350–354) derives the epithet from Lake Triton, or Tritonis, on the Mediterranean coast of Libya—

"Hanc et Pallas amat: patrio quæ vertice nata
Terrarum primum Libyen (nam proxima cœlo est,
Ut probat ipse calor) tetigit, stagnique quietâ
Vultus vidit aquâ, posuitque in margine plantas,
Et se dilectâ Tritonida dixit ab undâ."]

3. [Hobhouse dates the first visit to Cape Colonna, January 24, 1810.]

Thine olive ripe as when Minerva [1] smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus [2] yields;
There the blithe Bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare: [i]
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.[3]

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of Wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athenæ's tower, but spares gray Marathon.[4]

i. —— *Pentelé's marbles glare.*—[*MS. D. erased.*]

1. [Athené's dower of the olive induced the gods to appoint her as the protector and name-giver of Athens. Poseidon, who had proffered a horse, was a rejected candidate. (See note by Rev. E. C. Owen, *Childe Harold*, 1897, p. 175.)]

2. ["The wild thyme is in great abundance; but there are only two stands of bee-hives on the mountains, and very little of the real honey of Hymettus is to be now procured at Athens. . . . A small pot of it was shown to me as a rarity" (*Travels in Albania*, i. 341). There is now, a little way out of Athens, a "honey-farm, where the honey from Hymettus is prepared for sale" (*Handbook for Greece*, p. 500).]

3. [Stanzas lxxxviii.–xc. are not in the *MS.*, but were first included in the seventh edition, 1814.]

4. [Byron and Hobhouse, after visiting Colonna, slept at Keratea, and proceeded to Marathon on January 25, returning to Athens on the following day.]

LXXXIX.

The Sun, the soil—but not the slave, the same;—
Unchanged in all except its foreign Lord,
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame[i.]
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word; [39.B.]
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear[ii.]
The camp, the host, the fight, the Conqueror's career,[iii]

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow—[iv. 1]
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above—Earth's, Ocean's plain below—
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!

i. *Preserve alike its form* ——.—[*MS. L.*]
ii. *When uttered to the listener's eye* ——.—[*MS. L.*]
iii. *The host, the plain, the fight* ——.—[*MS. L.*]
iv. *The shattered Mede who flies with broken bow.*—[*MS. L.*]

1. ["The plain of Marathon is enclosed on three sides by the rocky arms of Parnes and Pentelicus, while the fourth is bounded by the sea." After the first rush, when the victorious wings, where the files were deep, had drawn together and extricated the shallower and weaker centre, which had been repulsed by the Persians and the Sakæ, "the pursuit became general, and the Persians were chased to their ships, ranged in line along the shore. Some of them became involved in the impassable marsh, and there perished." (See *Childe Harold*, edited by H. F. Tozer, 1885, p. 253; Grote's *History of Greece*, iv. 276. See, too, *Travels in Albania*, i. 378–384.)]

Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred Trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?[i.]
The rifled urn, the violated mound,[1]
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy Splendour past[ii.]
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,[2]
Hail the bright clime of Battle and of Song:
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the agéd! lesson of the young!
Which Sages venerate and Bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;
He that is lonely—hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth:
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,

i. *To tell what Asia troubled but to hear.*—[*MS. L.*]
ii. *Long to the remnants* ——.—[*D.*]

1. [See *note* to Canto II. stanzas i.–xv., pp. 99, 100.]
2. [The "Ionian blast" is the western wind that brings the voyager across the Ionian Sea.]

And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.[1]

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated Land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste;
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!
Not for such purpose were these altars placed:
Revere the remnants Nations once revered:
So may our Country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was reared,
By every honest joy of Love and Life endeared!

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hast soothed thine Idlesse with inglorious lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder Minstrels in these later days:
To such resign the strife for fading Bays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen Reproach nor partial Praise,[1]
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve—
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

1. *Which heeds nor stern reproach* ——.—[*D.*]

1. [The original MS. closes with this stanza.]

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!
Whom Youth and Youth's affections bound to me;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my Being! thou hast ceased to be!
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er returned to find fresh cause to roam![i]

XCVI.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.[ii]
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;
The Parent, Friend, and now the more than Friend:
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,[2]
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatched the little joy that Life had yet to lend.

i. *Would I had ne'er returned* ——.—[*D.*]
ii. *But Time the Comforter shall come at last.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. "To Mr. Dallas.

"The 'he' refers to 'Wanderer' and anything is better than *I I I I* always *I*.

"Yours,
"BYRON."

[4th Revise *B.M.*]

2. [Compare Young's *Night Thoughts* ("The Complaint," Night i.). *Vide ante*, p. 95.]

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique:
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on Age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from Life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er Hearts divided and o'er Hopes destroyed:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoyed,[i]
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloyed.

i. *Though Time not yet hath ting'd my locks with snow,*[1]
Yet hath he reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd.—[*D.*]

1. "To Mr. Dallas.

"If Mr. D. wishes me to adopt the former line so be it. I prefer the other I confess, it has less egotism—the first sounds affected.

"Yours,
"B."

[Dallas assented, and directed the printer to let the Roll stand.]

[NOTE.—The MS. closes with stanza xcii. Stanzas xciii.-

xcviii. were added after *Childe Harold* was in the press. Byron sent them to Dallas, October 11, 1811, and, apparently, on the same day composed the *Epistle to a Friend* (F. Hodgson) *in answer to some lines exhorting the Author to be cheerful, and to "Banish Care,"* and the first poem *To Thyrza* ("Without a stone to mark the Spot"). "I have sent," he writes, "two or three additional stanzas for both '*Fyttes*.' I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but 'I have almost forgot the taste of grief,' and 'supped full of horrors' till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered." In one respect he would no longer disclaim identity with Childe Harold. "Death had deprived him of his nearest connections." He had seen his friends "around him fall like leaves in wintry weather." He felt "like one deserted;" and in the "dusky shadow" of that early desolation he was destined to walk till his life's end. It is not without cause when "a man of great spirit grows melancholy."

In connection with this subject, it may be noted that lines 6 and 7 of stanza xcv. do not bear out Byron's contention to Dallas (*Letters*, October 14 and 31, 1811), that in these three *in memoriam* stanzas (ix., xcv., xcvi.) he is bewailing an event which took place *after* he returned to Newstead. The "more than friend" had "ceased to be" before the "wanderer" returned. It is evident that Byron did not take Dallas into his confidence.]

NOTES

TO

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO II.

1.

Despite of War and wasting fire.
Stanza i. line 4.

PART of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

[In 1684, when the Venetian Armada threatened Athens, the Turks removed the Temple of Victory, and made use of the materials for the construction of a bastion. In the autumn of 1687, when the city was besieged by the Venetians under Francesco Morosini (1618–1694; Doge of Venice, 1688), "mortars were planted . . . near the north-east corner of the rock, which threw their shells at a high angle, with a low charge, into the Acropolis. . . . On the 25th of September, a Venetian bomb blew up a small powder-magazine in the Propylæa, and on the following evening another fell in the Parthenon, where the Turks had deposited . . . a considerable quantity of powder. . . . A terrific explosion took place; the central columns of the peristyle, the walls of the cella, and the immense architraves and cornices they supported, were scattered around the remains of the temple. The Propylæa had been partly destroyed in 1656 by the explosion of a magazine which was struck by lightning."—Finlay's *History of Greece*, 1887, i. 185.]

2.

But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire.
Stanza i. lines 6, 7.

We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld: the

reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. "The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon,"[1] were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters[2] contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits. The Parthenon, before its destruction, in part, by fire during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque.[3] In each point of view it is an object of regard: it changed its worshippers; but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrifice. But—

> "Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
> As make the angels weep."
>
> [Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2, lines 117–122.]

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1. ["Owls and serpents" are taken from *Isa.* xiii. 21, 22; "foxes" from *Lam.* v. 18, "Zion is desolate, the foxes walk upon it."]

2. [For Lusieri and Gropius, *vide post*, *note* 6, pp. 168, 171.]

3. [The Parthenon was converted into a church in the sixth century by Justinian, and dedicated to the *Divine Wisdom*. About 1460 the church was turned into a mosque. After the siege in 1687 the Turks erected a smaller mosque within the original enclosure. "The only relic of the mosque dedicated by Mohammed the Conqueror (1430–1481) is the base of the minaret . . . at the south-west corner of the Cella" (*Handbook for Greece*, p. 319).]

3.

Far on the solitary shore he sleeps.
Stanza v. line 2.

It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax, in particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease; and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, etc., and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

4.

Here, son of Saturn! was thy favourite throne.
Stanza x. line 3.

The Temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive; originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

[The Olympieion, or Temple of Zeus Olympius, on the south-east of the Acropolis, some five hundred yards from the foot of the rock, was begun by Pisistratos, and completed seven hundred years later by Hadrian. It was one of the three or four largest temples of antiquity. The cella had been originally enclosed by a double row of twenty columns at the sides, and a triple row of eight columns at each front, making a hundred and four columns in all; but in 1810 only sixteen "lofty Corinthian columns" were standing. Mr. Tozer points out that "'base' is accurate, because Corinthian columns have bases, which Doric columns have not," and notes that the word "'unshaken' implies that the column itself had fallen, but the base remains."—*Childe Harold*, 1888, p. 228.]

5.

And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.
Stanza xi. line 9.

The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.

[The *Mentor*, which Elgin had chartered to convey to England a cargo consisting of twelve chests of antiquities, was wrecked off the Island of Cerigo, in 1803. His secretary, W. R. Hamilton, set divers to work, and rescued four chests; but the remainder were not recovered till 1805.]

6.

To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared.
Stanza xii. line 2.

At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyræus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen—for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri,[1] is the agent of devastation; and like the Greek *finder*[2] of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel,[3] who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it!—has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed

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1. ["Don Battista Lusieri, better known as Don Tita," was born at Naples. He followed Sir William Hamilton "to Constantinople, in 1799, whence he removed to Athens." "It may be said of Lusieri, as of Claude Lorraine, 'If he be not the *poet*, he is the historian of nature.'"—*Travels, etc.*, by E. D. Clarke, 1810–1823, Part II. sect. ii. p. 469, *note*. See, too, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 455.]

2. ["Mirandum in modum (canes venaticos diceres) ita odorabantur omnia et pervestigabant, ut, ubi quidque esset, aliqua ratione invenirent" (Cicero, *In Verrem*, Act. II. lib. iv. 13). Verres had two *finders:* Tlepolemus a worker in wax, and Hiero a painter. (See *Introduction to The Curse of Minerva: Poems*, 1898, i. 455.)]

3. [M. Fauvel was born in Burgundy, circ. 1754. In 1787 he was attached to the suite of the Count Choiseul-Gouffier, French Ambassador at Constantinople, and is said to have prepared designs and illustrations for his patron's *Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*, vol. i. 1787, vol. ii. 1809. He settled at Athens, and was made vice-consul by the French Government. In his old age, after more than forty years' service at Athens, he removed finally to Smyrna, where he was appointed consul-general.—*Biographie des Contemporains* (Rabbe), 1834, art. "(N.) Fauvel."]

as far as Sunium (now Cape Colonna),[1] till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as

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1. In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna.* To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "Isles that crown the Ægean deep:" but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's † shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:—

"Here in the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,[1]
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards, by one of their prisoners, subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Arnaouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual

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i. *Yes, at the dead of night, etc.*—
[*Pleasures of Hope*, lines 149, 150.]

* [This must have taken place in 1811, after Hobhouse returned to England.—*Travels in Albania*, i. 373, *note*.]

† [William Falconer (1732–1769), second mate of a vessel in the Levant trade, was wrecked between Alexandria and Venice. Only three of the crew survived. His poem, *The Shipwreck*, was published in 1762. It was dedicated to the Duke of York, and through his intervention he was "rated as a midshipman in the Royal Navy." Either as author or naval officer, he came to be on intimate terms with John Murray the first, who thought highly of his abilities, and offered him (October 16, 1768) a partnership in his new bookselling business in Fleet Street. In September, 1769, he embarked for India as purser of the *Aurora* frigate, which touched at the Cape, but never reached her destination. See *Memoir*, by J. S. Clarke; *The Shipwreck*, 1804, pp. viii.–xlvi.]

they go, are most beautiful: but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden-speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities: when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go farther than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

On this occasion I speak impartially: I am not a collector or admirer of collections, consequently no rival; but I have some early prepossession in favour of Greece, and do not think the honour of England advanced by plunder, whether of India or Attica.

Another noble Lord [Aberdeen] has done better, because he has done less: but some others, more or less noble, yet "all honourable men," have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and countermining, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed, and wine-shed, which almost ended

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resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

> "The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,
> And makes degraded nature picturesque."
> See Hodgson's *Lady Jane Grey*, etc. * [1809, p. 214].

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist; and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

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* [The quotation is from Hodgson's "Lines on a Ruined Abbey in a Romantic Country," *vide ante*, Canto I., p. 20, *note*.]

in bloodshed![1] Lord E.'s "prig"—see Jonathan Wild for the definition of "priggism"[2]—quarrelled with another, *Gropius*[3] by name (a very good name too for his business), and muttered something about satisfaction, in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Prussian: this was stated at

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1. ["It was, however, during our stay in the place, to be lamented that a war, more than civil, was raging on the subject of Lord Elgin's pursuits in Greece, and had enlisted all the French settlers and the principal Greeks on one side or the other of the controversy. The factions of Athens were renewed."—*Travels in Albania, etc.*, i. 243.]

2. This word, in the cant language, signifies thieving.—Fielding's *History of Jonathan Wild*, i. 3, *note.*

3. This Sr. Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excels: but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that most respectable name, been treading at humble distance in the steps of Sr. Lusieri.—A shipful of his trophies was detained, and I believe confiscated, at Constantinople in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state, that "this was not in his bond;" that he was employed solely as a painter, and that his noble patron disavows all connection with him, except as an artist. If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment's pain, I am very sorry for it: Sr. Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent; and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many, I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed, I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it.—[*Note to Third Edition.*]

[According to Bryant's *Dict. of Painters*, and other biographical dictionaries, Karl Wilhelm Gropius (whom Lamartine, in his *Voyage en Orient*, identifies with the Gropius "injustement accusé par lord Byron dans ses notes mordantes sur Athènes") was born at Brunswick, in 1793, travelled in Italy and Greece, making numerous landscape and architectural sketches, and finally settled at Berlin in 1827, where he opened a diorama, modelled on that of Daguerre, "in connection with a permanent exhibition of painting. . . . He was considered the first wit in Berlin, where he died in 1870." In 1812, when Byron wrote his note to the third edition of *Childe Harold*, Gropius must have been barely of age, and the statement "that he has for years assumed the name of his (a noble Lord's) agent" is somewhat perplexing.]

table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

7.

Her Sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their Mother's pains.
Stanza xii. lines 7 and 8.

I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines :—"When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, Τέλος !—I was present." The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.

[Disdar, or Dizdar, *i.e.* castle-holder—the warden of a castle or fort (*N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Dizdar"). The story is told at greater length in *Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asa, and Africa*, by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D., 1810–14, Part II. sect. ii. p. 483.]

8.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas ! that appalled
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?
Stanza xiv. lines 1 and 2.

According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis : but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See Chandler.

[Zosimus, *Historiæ*, lib. v. cap. 6, *Corp. Scr. Byz.*, 1837, p. 253. As a matter of fact, Alaric, King of the Visigoths, occupied Athens in A.D. 395 without resistance, and carried off the movable treasures of the city, though he did not destroy buildings or works of art.—Note by Rev. E. C. Owen, *Childe Harold*, 1898, p. 162.]

9.

The netted canopy.
Stanza xviii. line 2.

To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

10.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles.
Stanza xxix. line 1.

Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

[Strabo (Paris, 1853), lib. i. cap. ii. 57 and lib. vii. cap. iii. 50, says that Apollodorus blamed the poet Callimachus, who was a grammarian and ought to have known better, for his contention that Gaudus, *i.e.* Gozo, was Calypso's isle. Ogygia (*Odyssey*, i. 50) was

"a sea-girt isle,
"Where is the navel of the sea, a woodland isle."

It was surely as a poet, not as a grammarian, that Callimachus was at fault.]

11.

Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged Nurse of savage men!
Stanza xxxviii. lines 5 and 6.

Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg[1] (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I

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1. [George Castriota (1404–1467) (Scanderbeg, or Scander Bey), the youngest son of an Albanian chieftain, was sent with his four brothers as hostage to the Sultan Amurath II. After his father's death in 1432 he carried on a protracted warfare with the Turks, and finally established the independence of Albania. "His personal strength and address were such as to make his prowess in the field resemble that of a knight of romance." He died at Lissa, in the Gulf of Venice, and when the island was taken by Mohammed II., the Turks are said to have dug up his bones and hung them round their necks, either as charms against wounds or "amulets to transfer his courage to themselves." (Hofmann's *Lexicon Universale;* Gorton's *Biog. Dict.*, art. "Scanderbeg.")]

do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

Of Albania Gibbon remarks that a country "within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America." Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and with the exception of Major Leake,[1] then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress, which he was then besieging: on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his highness's birthplace, and favourite Serai, only one day's distance from Berat; at this juncture the Vizier had made it his head-quarters. After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our return, barely occupied four. On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper.

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him.[2] But some few observations are necessary to the text. The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound; and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians,

1. [William Martin Leake (1777–1860), traveller and numismatist, published (*inter alia*) *Researches in Greece*, in 1814. He was "officially resident" in Albania, February, 1809—March, 1810.]

2. [*A Journey through Albania during the Years* 1809–10, London, 1812.]

or the Turks as Moslems ; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory—all are armed ; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous ;[1] the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation ; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius ; the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri ; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us ; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalonghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When, in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery.[i] I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens ; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization. They had a variety of adventures ; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens ; insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought, however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette. Basili also was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church

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i. *I laughed so much as to induce a violent perspiration to which . . . I attribute my present individuality.*—[*D.*]

1. [The inhabitants of Albania, of the Shkipetar race, consist of two distinct branches : the Gueghs, who belong to the north, and are for the most part Catholics ; and the Tosks of the south, who are generally Mussulmans (Finlay's *History of Greece*, i. 35).]

without crossing himself; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stambol, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "Our church is holy, our priests are thieves:" and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papas" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi[1] of his village. Indeed, a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti,[2] father to the ci-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money in his hand, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "Μ' αφεινει," "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for anything less than the loss of a para (about the fourth of a farthing), melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors—and I verily believe that even Sterne's "foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fish-kettle"[3] to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a female relation "to a milliner's,"[4] I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected; when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity,

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1. [The mayor of the village; in Greek, προεστός.]
2. [The father of the Consulina Teodora Macri, and grandfather of the "Maid of Athens."]
3. [*Tristram Shandy*, 1775, iv. 44.]
4. [See *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1824, p. 64.]

improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer:—"I *have been* a robber; I *am* a soldier; no captain ever struck me; *you* are my master, I have eaten your bread, but by *that* bread! (a usual oath) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog, your servant, and gone to the mountains." So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic: be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika,[1] the dull round-about of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling* the *road* broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman; my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

12.

And passed the barren spot,
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave.
Stanza xxxix. lines 1 and 2.

Ithaca.

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1. [Compare *The Waltz*, line 125—

"O say, shall dull *Romaika's* heavy sound."
Poems, 1898, i. 492.]

13.

Actium—Lepanto—fatal Trafalgar.
Stanza xl. line 5.

Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto [October 7, 1571], equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.

["His [Cervantes'] galley the *Marquesa*, was in the thick of the fight, and before it was over he had received three gun-shot wounds, two in the breast and one on the left hand or arm." In consequence of his wound "he was seven months in hospital before he was discharged. He came out with his left hand permanently disabled; he had lost the use of it, as Mercury told him in the 'Viaje del Parnase,' for the greater glory of the right."—*Don Quixote*, A Translation by John Ormsby, 1885, *Introduction*, i. 13.]

14.

And hailed the last resort of fruitless love.
Stanza xli. line 3.

Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

[Strabo (lib. x. cap. 2, ed. Paris, 1853, p. 388) gives Menander as an authority for the legend that Sappho was the first to take the "Lover's Leap" from the promontory of Leucate. Writers, he adds, better versed in antiquities (ἀρχαιολογικώτεροι), prefer the claims of one Cephalus. Another legend, which he gives as a fact, perhaps gave birth to the later and more poetical fiction. The Leucadians, he says, once a year, on Apollo's day, were wont to hurl a criminal from the rock into the sea by way of expiation and propitiation. Birds of all kinds were attached to the victim to break his fall, and, if he reached the sea uninjured, there was a fleet of little boats ready to carry him to other shores. It is possible that dim memories of human sacrifice lingered in the islands, that in course of time victims were transformed into "lovers," and it is certain that poets and commentators, "prone to lie," are responsible for names and incidents.]

15.

Many a Roman chief and Asian King.
Stanza xlv. line 4.

It is said, that on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.

[Plutarch, in his *Antonius*, gives the names of "six auxiliary kings who fought under his banners," and mentions six other kings who did not attend in person but sent supplies. Shakespeare (*Anthony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 6, lines 68–75), quoting Plutarch almost *verbatim*, enumerates ten kings who were "assembled" in Anthony's train—

"Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres."

Other authorities for the events of the campaign and battle of Actium (Dion Cassius, Appian, and Orosius) are silent as to "kings;" but Florus (iv. 11) says that the wind-tossed waters "vomited back" to the shore gold and purple, the spoils of the Arabians and Sabæans, and a thousand other peoples of Asia.]

16.

Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose.
Stanza xlv. line 6.

Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.

17.

Acherusia's lake.
Stanza xlvii. line 1.

According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina; but Pouqueville is always out.

[The lake of Yanina (Janina or Joannina) was the ancient Pambotis. "At the mouth of the gorge [of Suli], where it

suddenly comes to an end, was the marsh, the Palus Acherusia, in the neighbourhood of which was the Oracle." —*Geography of Greece*, by H. F. Tozer, 1873, p. 121.]

18.

To greet Albania's Chief.

Stanza xlvii. line 4.

The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's *Travels*. [For note on Ali Pasha (1741–1822), see *Letters*, 1898, i. 246.]

19.

Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

Stanza xlvii. lines 7, 8, and 9.

Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years ; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

[Ali Pasha assumed the government of Janina in 1788, but it was not till December 12, 1803, that the Suliotes, who were betrayed by their leaders, Botzaris and Koutsonika and others, finally surrendered.—Finlay's *History of Greece*, 1877, vi. 45–50.]

20.

Monastic Zitza ! etc.

Stanza xlviii. line 1.

The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalick. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Raphti, are very inferior ; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad : I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople ; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

21.

Here dwells the caloyer.
Stanza xlix. line 6.

The Greek monks are so called.

[*Caloyer* is derived from the late Greek καλόγηρος, "good in old age," through the Italian *caloieso*. Hence the accent on the last syllable.—*N. Eng. Dict.*]

22.

Nature's volcanic Amphitheatre.
Stanza li. line 2.

The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

[By "Chimæra's Alps" Byron probably meant the Ceraunian Mountains, which are "woody to the top, but disclose some wide chasms of red rock" (*Travels in Albania*, i. 73) to the north of Jannina,—not the Acroceraunian (Chimariot) Mountains, which run from north to south-west along the coast of Mysia. "The walls of rock (which do not appear to be volcanic) rise in tiers on every side, like the seats and walls of an amphitheatre" (H. F. Tozer). The near distance may have suggested an amphitheatre; but he is speaking of the panorama which enlarged on his view, and uses the word not graphically, but metaphorically, of the entire "circle of the hills."]

23.

Behold black Acheron!
Stanza li. line 6.

Now called Kalamas.

24.

In his white capote.
Stanza lii. line 7.

Albanese cloak.

[The *capote* (feminine of *capot*, masculine diminutive of *cope*, cape) was a long shaggy cloak or overcoat, with a hood, worn by soldiers, etc.—*N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Capote."]

25.

The Sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit.
Stanza lv. line 1.

Anciently Mount Tomarus.

["Mount Tomerit, or Tomohr," says Mr. Tozer, "lies north-east of Tepalen, and therefore the sun could not set behind it" (*Childe Harold*, 1885, p. 272). But, writing to Drury, May 3, 1810, Byron says that "he penetrated as far as Mount Tomarit." Probably by "Tomarit" he does not mean Mount Tomohr, which lies to the north-east of Berat, but Mount Olytsika, ancient Tomaros (*vide ante*, p. 132, *note* 1), which lies to the west of Janina, between the valley of Tcharacovista and the sea. "Elle domine," writes M. Carapanos, "toutes les autres montagnes qui l'entourent." "Laos," Mr. Tozer thinks, "is a mere blunder for Aöus, the Viosa (or Voioussa), which joins the Derapuli a few miles south of Tepaleni, and flows under the walls of the city" (*Dodone et ses Ruines*, 1878, p. 8). (For the Aöus and approach to Tepeleni, see *Travels in Albania*, i. 91.)]

26.

And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by.
Stanza lv. line 2.

The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

27.

And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof.
Stanza lxvi. line 8.

Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

28.

The red wine circling fast.
Stanza lxxi. line 2.

The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others.

29.

Each Palikar his sabre from him cast.
Stanza lxxi. line 7.

Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικαρι [παλληκάρι], a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese, who speak Romaic: it means, properly, "a lad."

30.

While thus in concert, etc.
Stanza lxxii. line 9.

As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, I here insert two of their most popular choral songs, which are generally chanted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages.

1. Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,
Naciarura, popuso.
2. Naciarura na civin
Ha pen derini ti hin.
3. Ha pe uderi escrotini
Ti vin ti mar servetini.
4. Caliriote me surme
Ea ha pe pse dua tive.
5. Buo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,
Gi egem spirta esimiro.
6. Caliriote vu le funde
Ede vete tunde tunde.
7. Caliriote me surme
Ti mi put e poi mi le.
8. Se ti puta citi mora
Si mi ri ni veti udo gia.

1. Lo, Lo, I come, I come; be thou silent.
2. I come, I run; open the door that I may enter.
3. Open the door by halves, that I may take my turban.
4. Caliriotes[1] with the dark eyes, open the gate that I may enter.
5. Lo, Lo, I hear thee, my soul.
6. An Arnaout girl, in costly garb, walks with graceful pride.
7. Caliriot maid of the dark eyes, give me a kiss.
8. If I have kissed thee, what hast thou gained? My soul is consumed with fire.

[1] The Albanese, particularly the women, are frequently termed "Caliriotes," for what reason I inquired in vain.

9. Va le ni il che cadale
Celo more, more celo.
10. Plu hari ti tirete
Plu huron cia pra seti.

9. Dance lightly, more gently, and gently still.
10. Make not so much dust to destroy your embroidered hose.

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator: the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle. The Arnaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Arnaout is not a *written* language: the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

1. Ndi sefda tinde ulavossa
Vettimi upri vi lofsa.

2. Ah vaisisso mi privi lofse
Si mi rini mi la vosse.

3. Uti tasa roba stua
Sitti eve tulati dua.

4. Roba stinori ssidua
Qu mi sini vetti dua.
5. Qurmini dua civileni
Roba ti siarmi tildi eni.

6. Utara pisa vaisisso me
simi rin ti hapti
Eti mi bire a piste si gui
dendroi tiltati.
7. Udi vura udorini udiri
cicova cilti mora
Udorini talti hollna u ede
caimoni mora.

1. I am wounded by thy love, and have loved but to scorch myself.
2. Thou hast consumed me! Ah, maid! thou hast struck me to the heart.
3. I have said I wish no dowry, but thine eyes and eyelashes.
4. The accursed dowry I want not, but thee only.
5. Give me thy charms, and let the portion feed the flames.
6. I have loved thee, maid, with a sincere soul, but thou hast left me like a withered tree.
7. If I have placed my hand on thy bosom, what have I gained? my hand is withdrawn, but retains the flame.

I believe the two last stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed

by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his "ὑποκόλπιοι," Critobulus or Cleobulus, the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after, and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

31.

Tambourgi! Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar.
Song, stanza 1, line 1.

These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian.

32.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell.
Song, stanza 8, line 1.

It was taken by storm from the French [October, 1798].

33.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed Worth! etc.
Stanza lxxiii. line 1.

Some thoughts on this subject will be found in the subjoined papers, pp. 187–208.

34.

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train.
Stanza lxxiv. lines 1 and 2.

Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

[Byron and Hobhouse caught their first glance of Athens from this spot, December 25, 1809. (See Byron's note.) "The ruins," says Hobhouse, "are now called Bigla Castro, or The Watchtower."]

35.

Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest.
Stanza lxxvii. line 4.

When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years. See Gibbon. [From A.D. 1204 to 1261.]

36.

The Prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil.
Stanza lxxvii. line 6.

Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing. [*Vide ante*, p. 151.]

37.

Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow.
Stanza lxxxv. line 3.

On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.

[This feature of Greek scenery, in spring, may, now and again, be witnessed in our own country in autumn—a blue lake, bordered with summer greenery in the foreground, with a rear-guard of "hills of snow" glittering in the October sunshine.]

38.

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave.
Stanza lxxxvi. lines 1 and 2.

Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave, formed by the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.

[Mendeli is the ancient Pentelicus. "The white lines marking the projecting veins" of marble are visible from Athens (*Geography of Greece*, by H. F. Tozer, 1873, p. 129).]

39.

When Marathon became a magic word.
Stanza lxxxix. line 7.

"Siste Viator — heroa calcas!" was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci;[1]—what then must be our feelings

1. [François Mercy de Lorraine, who fought against the Protestants in the Thirty Years' War, was mortally wounded at the battle of Nordlingen, August 3, 1645.]

when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel: few or no relics, as vases, etc.) were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon[1] was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—"Expende[2] —quot *libras* in duce summo—invenies!"—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by *weight*.

Papers referred to by Note 33.

I.[3]

Before I say anything about a city of which every body, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson,[4] when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a "Disdar Aga" (who by the by is not an Aga), the most

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1. [Byron and Hobhouse visited Marathon, January 25, 1810. The unconsidered trifle of the "plain" must have been offered to Byron during his second residence at Athens, in 1811.]

2. ["Expende Annibalem—quot libras," etc. (Juvenal, x. 147), is the motto of the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, which was written April 10, 1814.—*Journal*, 1814; *Life*, p. 325.]

3. [Compare letter to Hodgson, September 25, 1811: *Letters*, 1898, ii. 45.]

4. [Miss Owenson (Sydney, Lady Morgan), 1783–1859, published her *Woman, or Ida of Athens*, in 4 vols., in 1812. Writing to Murray, February 20, 1818, Byron alludes to the "cruel work" which an article (attributed to Croker but, probably, written by Hookham Frere) had made with her *France* in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. xvii. p. 260); and in a note to *The Two Foscari*, act iii. sc. 1, he points out that his description of Venice as an "Ocean-Rome" had been anticipated by Lady Morgan in her "fearless and excellent work upon Italy." The play was completed July 9, 1821, but the work containing the phrase, "Rome of the Ocean," had not been received till August 16 (see, too, his letter to Murray, August 23, 1821). His conviction of the excellence of Lady Morgan's work was, perhaps strengthened by her outspoken eulogium.]

impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny[1] Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman Empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of "Ida of Athens" nearly suffering the bastinado; and because the said "Disdar" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife; so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida." Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida to mention her birthplace.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback: rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might "damn the climate, and complain of spleen," five days out of seven.[2]

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Bœotian winter.[3]

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a "coglioneria."[4] It was impossible to think better of him for this; but, for a Bœotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Chæronea, the

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1. [For the Disdar's extortions, see *Travels in Albania*, i. 244.]

2. ["The poor . . . when once abroad,
Grow sick, and damn the climate like a lord."
Pope, *Imit. of Horace*, Ep. 1, lines 159, 160.]

3. [*Works and Days*, v. 493, *et seq.*; *Hesiod. Carm.*, C. Goettlingius (1843), p. 215.]

4. Nonsense; humbug.

plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill: at least my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce,[1] and any body who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villanous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr. Chandler.[2]

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the Monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country), and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

"Sternitur, et *dulces* moriens reminiscitur Argos."
Æneid, x. 782.

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polynices of Statius, "In mediis audit duo litora campis" (*Thebaidos*, i. 335), did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

"Athens," says a celebrated topographer, "is still the most polished city of Greece."[3] Perhaps it may of *Greece*, but not of the *Greeks;* for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The

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1. [Hobhouse pronounced it to be the Fountain of Ares, the Paraporti Spring, "which serves to swell the scanty waters of the Dirce." The Dirce flows on the west; the Ismenus, which forms the fountain, to the east of Thebes. "The water was tepid, as I found by bathing in it" (*Travels in Albania*, i. 233; *Handbook for Greece*, p. 703).]

2. [*Travels in Grecce*, ch. lxvii.]

3. [Gell's *Itinerary of Greece* (1810), Preface, p. xi.]

Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with the "Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont."

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, etc., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

M. Fauvel, the French Consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated; reasoning on the grounds of their "national and individual depravity!" while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates.

M. Roque,[1] a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity, "Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed *in the days of Themistocles!*" an alarming remark to the "Laudator temporis acti." The ancients banished Themistocles; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque; thus great men have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, etc., of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washerwoman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "nulla virtute redemptum" (Juvenal, lib. i. *Sat.* iv. line 2), of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular. For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude, and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit and honour, and regular common-place books: but, if I may say this, without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost everybody has

1. [For M. Roque, see *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem: Œuvres Chateaubriand*, Paris, 1837, ii. 258–266.]

declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Sonnini[1] have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects; but, on the other hand, De Pauw and Thornton[2] have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

The Greeks will never be independent; they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cudgelled and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth; they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. "They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful!"—this is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them. This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

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1. [William Eton published (1798–1809) *A Survey of the Turkish Empire*, in which he advocated the cause of Greek independence. Sonnini de Manoncourt (1751–1812), another ardent phil-Hellenist, published his *Voyage en Grèce et en Turquie* in 1801.]

2. [Cornelius de Pauw (1739–1799), Dutch historian, published, in 1787, *Recherches philosophiques sur les Grecs*. Byron reflects upon his paradoxes and superficiality in Note II., *post*. Thomas Thornton published, in 1807, a work entitled *Present State of Turkey* (see Note II., *post*).]

II.

FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS, *January* 23, 1811.[1]

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren; but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous: as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after reasserting the sovereignty of Greece: but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state, with a proper guarantee;—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable

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1. [The MSS. of *Hints from Horace* and *The Curse of Minerva* are dated, "Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 12 and March 17, 1811." Proof B of *Hints from Horace* is dated, "Athens, Franciscan Convent, March 12, 1811." Writing to Hodgson, November 14, 1810, he says, "I am living alone in the Franciscan monastery with one 'fri*ar*' (a Capuchin of course) and one 'fri*er*' (a bandy-legged Turkish cook)" (*Letters*, 1898, i. 307).]

deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike; although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will, probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted.[1] But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when that day arrives, Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans; they cannot expect it from the Giaours.

But instead of considering what they have been, and speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are.

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions: some, particularly the merchants, decrying the Greeks in the strongest language; others, generally travellers, turning periods in their eulogy, and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state, which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru.

One very ingenious person terms them the "natural allies of Englishmen;" another no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of anybody, and denies their very descent from the ancients; a third, more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realises (on paper) all the chimeras of Catharine II. As to the question of their descent, what can it import whether the Mainotes[2] are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus, or as the

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1. [The Ionian Islands, with the exception of Corfù and Paxos, fell into the hands of the English in 1809, 1810. Paxos was captured in 1814, but Corfù, which had been blockaded by Napoleon, was not surrendered till the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.]

2. [The Mainotes or Mainates, who take their name from Maina, near Cape Tænaron, were the Highlanders of the Morea, "remarkable for their love of violence and plunder, but also for their frankness and independence." "Pedants have termed the Mainates descendants of the ancient Spartans," but "they must be either descended from the Helots, or from the Perioikoi. . . . To an older genealogy they can have no pretension."—Finlay's *History of Greece*, 1877, v. 113; vi. 26.]

grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of a Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus?

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy; it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them; viz. their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs. Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini; paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera; perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal;[1] and if Mr. Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr. Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Groat's house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men of whom he can know little? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr. Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr. Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation as Mr. Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature; nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence

1. [The Fanal, or Phanár, is to the left, Pera to the right, of the Golden Horn. "The water of the Golden Horn, which flows between the city and the suburbs, is a line of separation seldom transgressed by the Frank residents."—*Travels in Albania*, ii. 208.]

confirmed. The relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors; but till something more can be attained, we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.[1]

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seen nothing of the moderns, such as De Pauw; who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans[2] were

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1. A word, *en passant*, with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish.*

Dr. Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of "*Suleyman Yeyen*," i.e. quoth the Doctor, "*Suleyman the eater of corrosive sublimate.*" "Aha," thinks Mr. Thornton (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time), "have I caught you?"†—Then, in a note, twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote, he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue, and his veracity in his own.—"For," observes Mr. Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than '*Suleyman the eater*,' and quite cashiers the supplementary '*sublimate.*'" Now both are right, and both are wrong. If Mr. Thornton, when he next resides "fourteen years in the factory," will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask any of his Stamboline acquaintance, he will discover that "*Suleyma'n yeyen*," put together discreetly, mean the "*Swallower of sublimate*," without any "*Suleyman*" in the case: "*Suleyma*" signifying "*corrosive sublimate*," and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of *n*. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism, he might have found this out before he sang such pæans over Dr. Pouqueville.

After this, I think "Travellers *versus* Factors" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "hoc genus omne," for mistake and misrepresentation. "Ne Sutor ultra crepidam," "No merchant beyond his bales." N.B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton, "Sutor" is not a proper name.

2. *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Grecs*, 1787, i. 155.

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* [For Pouqueville's story of the "thériakis" or opium-eaters, see *Voyage en Morée*, 1805, ii. 126.]

† [Thornton's *Present State of Turkey*, ii. 173.]

cowards in the field,[1] betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men. His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim to the title of "poetical." It could not be expected that he who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks; and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves.

Let us trust, then, that, in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

III.[2]

ATHENS, FRANCISCAN CONVENT, *March* 17, 1811.

"I must have some talk with this learned Theban."[3]

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city I received the thirty-first number of the *Edinburgh Review*[4] as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis. In that number, Art. 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo,[5] there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a

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1. [De Pauw (*Rech. Phil. sur les Grecs*, 1788, ii. 293), in repeating Plato's statement (*Laches*, 191), that the Lacedæmonians at Platæa first fled from the Persians, and then, when the Persians were broken, turned upon them and won the battle, misapplies to them the term θρασύδειλοι (Arist., *Eth. Nic.*, iii. 9. 7)—men, that is, who affect the hero, but play the poltroon.]

2. [Attached as a note to line 562 *of Hints from Horace* (*MS. M.*).]

3. ["I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban."
Shakespeare, *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4, line 150.]

4. [For April, 1810: vol. xvi. pp. 55, *sq.*]

5. [Diamant or Adamantius Coray (1748–1833), scholar and phil-Hellenist, declared his views on the future of the Greeks in the preface to a translation of Beccaria Bonesani's treatise, *Dei Delitti e delle Pene* (1764), which was published in Paris in 1802. He began to publish his *Bibliothèque Hellénique*, in 17 vols., in 1805. He was of Chian parentage, but was born at Smyrna. Κοραη Αὐτοβιογραφια, Athens, 1891.]

short account of Coray, a co-translator in the French version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations; and the spot where I now write will, I hope, be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was born at Scio (in the *Review*, Smyrna is stated, I have reason to think, incorrectly), and besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the Reviewer, has published a lexicon in Romaic and French, if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris; but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zolikogloou.[1] Coray has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy with M. Gail,[2] a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets, in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates' "Περὶ ὑδάτων," etc., to the disparagement, and consequently displeasure, of the said Gail. To his exertions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due; but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado (merchants settled in Leghorn), who sent him to Paris and maintained him, for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient, and

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1. I have in my possession an excellent lexicon "τρίγλωσσον," which I received in exchange from S. G—, Esq., for a small gem: my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it or forgiven me.

[Λεξικὸν τρίγλωσσον τῆς Γαλλικῆς, Ἰταλικῆς, καὶ Ῥωμαικῆς διαλέκτου, κ.τ.λ., 3 vols., Vienna, 1790. By Georgie Vendoti (Bentotes, or Bendotes) of Joanina. The book was in Hobhouse's possession in 1854.]

2. In Gail's pamphlet against Coray, he talks of "throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows." On this a French critic exclaims, "Ah, my God! throw an Hellenist out of the window! what sacrilege!" It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics: but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries; London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

[Jean Baptiste Gail (1755–1829), Professor of Greek in the Collége de France, published, in 1810, a quarto volume entitled, *Réclamations de J. B. Gail, . . . et observations sur l'opinion en virtu de laquelle le juri—propose de décerner un prix à M. Coray, à l'exclusion de la chasse de Xénophon, du Thucydide, etc., grec-latin-français, etc.*]

adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen. Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries; more particularly Dorotheus of Mitylene,[1] whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius[2] terms him "Μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφῶντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων" (p. 224, *Ecclesiastical History*, iv.).

Panagiotes Kodrikas, the translator of Fontenelle, and Kamarases,[3] who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodoulus,[4] and more particularly Psalida,[5] whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned has published in Romaic and Latin a work on *True Happiness*, dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois,[6] who

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1. [Dorotheus of Mitylene (fl. sixteenth century), Archbishop of Monembasia (Anglicè "Malmsey"), on the south-east coast of Laconia, was the author of a *Universal History* (Βιβλίον Ἱστορικόν, κ.τ.λ.), edited by A. Tzigaras, Venice, 1637, 4to.]

2. [Meletius of Janina (1661–1714) was Archbishop of Athens, 1703–14. His principal work is *Ancient and Modern Geography*, Venice, 1728, fol. He also wrote an Ecclesiastical History, in four vols., Vienna, 1783–95.]

3. [Panagios (Panagiotes) Kodrikas, Professor of Greek at Paris, published at Vienna, in 1794, a Greek translation of Fontenelle's *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*. John Camarases, a Constantinopolitan, translated into French the apocryphal treatise, *De Universi Natura*, attributed to Ocellus Lucanus, a Pythagorean philosopher, who is said to have flourished in Lucania in the fifth century B.C.]

4. [Christodoulos, an Acarnanian, published a work, Περὶ Φιλοσόφου, Φιλοσοφίας, Φυσικῶν, Μεταφυσικῶν, κ.τ.λ., at Vienna, in 1786.]

5. [Athanasius Psalidas published, at Vienna, in 1791, a sceptical work entitled, *True Felicity* (Ἀληθὴς Εὐδαιμονία). "Very learned, and full of quotations, but written in false taste."—*MS. M.* He was a schoolmaster at Janina, where Byron and Hobhouse made his acquaintance—"the only person," says Hobhouse, "I ever saw who had what might be called a library, and that a very small one" (*Travels in Albania, etc.*, i. 508).]

6. [Hobhouse mentions a patriotic poet named Polyzois, "the new Tyrtæus," and gives, as a specimen of his work, "a war-song of the Greeks in Egypt, fighting in the cause of Freedom."—*Travels in Albania, etc.*, i. 507; ii. 6, 7.]

is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic, if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziotes of Yanina, who has published a number of editions in Romaic, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title page, placed there to secure his property in the publication; and he was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name, however, is not uncommon, some other Polyzois may have edited the Epistles of Aristænetus.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications, particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets, are to be met with; their grammars and lexicons of two, three, and four languages are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Blackbey, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant,[1] and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession; to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally unpleasing to the ear of a Frank; the best is the famous "Δεῦτε, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων," by the unfortunate Riga.[2] But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors, now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am intrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotouri to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Barthelemi's *Anacharsis* in Romaic, as he has no other opportunity, unless he dispatches the MS. to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

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1. [By Blackbey is meant Bey of Vlack, *i.e.* Wallachia. (See a *Translation* of this "satire in dialogue"—"Remarks on the Romaic," etc., *Poetical Works*, 1891, p. 793.)]

2. [Constantine Rhigas (born 1753), the author of the original of Byron's "Sons of the Greeks, arise," was handed over to the Turks by the Austrians, and shot at Belgrade in 1793, by the orders of Ali Pacha.]

The Reviewer mentions a school established at Hecatonesi,[1] and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani :[2] he means Cidonies, or, in Turkish, Haivali ; a town on the continent, where that institution for a hundred students and three professors still exists. It is true that this establishment was disturbed by the Porte, under the ridiculous pretext that the Greeks were constructing a fortress instead of a college ; but on investigation, and the payment of some purses to the Divan, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor, named Ueniamin (*i.e.* Benjamin), is stated to be a man of talent, but a freethinker. He was born in Lesbos, studied in Italy, and is master of Hellenic, Latin, and some Frank languages : besides a smattering of the sciences.

Though it is not my intention to enter farther on this topic than may allude to the article in question, I cannot but observe that the Reviewer's lamentation over the fall of the Greeks appears singular, when he closes it with these words : "*The change is to be attributed to their misfortunes rather than to any 'physical degradation.'*" It may be true that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantinople contained on the day when it changed masters as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity ; but ancient history and modern politics instruct us that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a state in vigour and independence ; and the Greeks, in particular, are a melancholy example of the near connexion between moral degradation and national decay.

The Reviewer mentions a plan "*we believe*" by Potemkin[3] for the purification of the Romaic ; and I have endeavoured in vain to procure any tidings or traces of its existence. There was an academy in St. Petersburg for the Greeks ; but it was suppressed by Paul, and has not been revived by his successor.

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1. [The Hecatonnesi are a cluster of islands in the Gulf of Adramyttium, over against the harbour and town of Aivali or Aivalik. Cidonies may stand for ἡ πόλις κυδωνὶς, the quince-shaped city. "At Haivali or Kidognis, opposite to Mytilene, there is a sort of university for a hundred students and three professors, now superintended by a Greek of Mytilene, who teaches not only the Hellenic, but Latin, French, and Italian."—*Travels in Albania, etc.*, i. 509, 510.]

2. [François Horace Bastien, Conte Sebastiani (1772–1851), was ambassador to the Sublime Porte, May, 1806—June, 1807.]

3. [Gregor Alexandrovitch Potemkin (1736–1791), the favourite of the Empress Catherine II.]

There is a slip of the pen, and it can only be a slip of the pen, in p. 58, No. 31, of the *Edinburgh Review*, where these words occur: "We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman*"—It may be presumed that this last word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II.[1] The "ladies of Constantinople," it seems, at that period spoke a dialect, "which would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian." I do not know how that might be, but am sorry to say that the ladies in general, and the Athenians in particular, are much altered; being far from choice either

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1. In a former number of the *Edinburgh Review*, 1808, it is observed: "Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland, where he might have learned that *pibroch* does not mean a *bagpipe*, any more than *duet* means a *fiddle*." Query,—Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the *Edinburgh Review learned* that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II.* any more than *criticism* means *infallibility?*—but thus it is,

"Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis."
Persius, *Sat.* iv. 42.

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great *similarity* of the two words, and the *total absence of error* from the former pages of the literary leviathan) that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the *Edinburgh Review* much facetious exultation on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition; and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The *gentlemen*, having enjoyed many a *triumph* on such victories, will hardly begrudge me a slight *ovation* for the present.

[At the end of the review of *Childe Harold*, February, 1812 (xix., 476), the editor inserted a ponderous retort to this harmless and good-natured "chaff:" "To those strictures of the noble author we feel no inclination to trouble our readers with any reply . . . we shall merely observe that if we viewed with astonishment the immeasurable fury with which the minor poet received the innocent pleasantry and moderate castigation of our remarks on his first publication, we now feel nothing but pity for the strange irritability of temperament which can still cherish a private resentment for such a cause, or wish to perpetuate memory of personalities as outrageous as to have been injurious only to their authors."]

in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb :—

"Ὦ Ἀθῆναι, πρώτη χώρα,
Τί γαϊδάρους τρέφεις τώρα;"[1]

In Gibbon, vol. x. p. 161, is the following sentence :—"The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models." Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the "ladies of Constantinople," in the reign of the last Cæsar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena[2] wrote, three centuries before : and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess γλῶτταν εἶχεν ἈΚΡΙΒΩΣ Ἀττικιζούσαν.[3] In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken : in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece : he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant among the Greeks.

The Reviewer mentions Mr. Wright,[4] the author of the beautiful poem *Horæ Ionicæ*, as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks ; and also of their language : but Mr. Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic ; for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanina, (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest,) although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania, but Epirus ; and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance) they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians. I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is

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1. ["O Athens, first of all lands, why in these latter days dost thou nourish asses?"]

2. [Anna Comnena (1083–1148), daughter of Alexis I., wrote the *Alexiad*, a history of her father's reign.]

3. [Zonaras (*Annales*, B 240), lib. viii. cap. 26, A 4. Venice, 1729.]

4. [See *English Bards, etc.*, line 877 : *Poems*, 1898, i. 366, *note* 1.]

Illyric, and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Vely Pacha[1]) praised for their Greek, but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam[2] of the Morea (which last governs in Vely Pacha's absence), are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolical style, but in the true antique character.

The Reviewer proceeds, after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state, to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to understand the ancient Greek, because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Romaic, as "a powerful auxiliary," not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to every body except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses; and by a parity of reasoning, our own language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by "foreigners" than by ourselves! Now, I am inclined to think, that a Dutch Tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with "Sir Tristram,"[3] or any other given "Auchinleck MS." with or without a grammar or glossary; and to most apprehensions it seems evident that none but a native can acquire a competent, far less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lismahago,[4] who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Coray may err is very possible; but if he does, the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue, which is, as it ought to be, of the greatest aid to the native student.—Here the Reviewer

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1. [For Vely Pacha, the son of Ali Pacha, Vizier of the Morea, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 248, *note* 1.]

2. [The Caimacam was the deputy or lieutenant of the grand Vizier.]

3. [Scott published "*Sir Tristrem, a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century*, by Thomas of Ercildoun," in 1804.]

4. [Captain Lismahago, a paradoxical and pedantic Scotchman, the favoured suitor of Miss Tabitha Bramble, in Smollett's *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*.]

proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks.

Sir W. Drummond, Mr. Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr. Gell, Mr. Walpole,[1] and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt.

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feelings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the *Edinburgh Review;* not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

Additional Note on the Turks.

The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished, of late

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1. [Sir William Drummond (1780?–1828) published, *inter alia*, *A Review of the Government of Athens and Sparta*, in 1795; and *Herculanensia, an Archæological and Philological Dissertation containing a Manuscript found at Herculaneum*, in conjunction with the Rev. Robert Walpole (see letter to Harness, December 8, 1811. See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 79, *note* 3).

For Aberdeen and Hamilton, see *English Bards, etc.*, line 509: *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 336, *note* 2, and *Childe Harold*, Canto II. supplementary stanzas, *ibid.*, ii. 108.

Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. (1769–1822), published *Travels in Various Countries*, 1810–1823 (*vide ante*, p. 172, *note* 7).

For Leake, *vide ante*, p. 174, *note* 1.

For Gell, see *English Bards, etc.*, line 1034, *note* 1: *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 379.

The Rev. Robert Walpole (1781–1856), in addition to his share in *Herculanensia*, completed the sixth volume of Clarke's *Travels*, which appeared in 1823.]

years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility very comfortable to voyagers.

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me, I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Vely Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks" than any dowager in Grosvenor-square.[1]

On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadi[2] of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, etc., etc., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value —a horse, or a shawl.

In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilisation. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country-towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

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1. [Compare *English Bards, etc.*, line 655, *note* 2 : *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 349.]

2. [The judge of a town or village—the Spanish *alcalde*.—*N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Cadi."]

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism may be found in D'Ohsson's[1] French; of their manners, etc., perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal at least to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not:* they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi[2] than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervises; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded as he had been entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which

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1. [Mouradja D'Ohsson (1740–1804), an Armenian by birth, spent many years at Constantinople as Swedish envoy. He published at Paris (1787–90, two vols. fol.) his *Tableau général de l'empire Othoman*, a work still regarded as the chief authority on the subject.]

2. ["Effendi," derived from the Greek αὐθέντης, through the Romaic ἀφέντης, an "absolute master," is a title borne by distinguished civilians.

The Spanish order of St. James of Compostella was founded circ. A.D. 1170.]

are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd);[1] nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacan and the Tefterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to "pray to God their way." The Greeks also—a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth,—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges: no, let them fight their battles, and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans, and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.

Appendix.

Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors as the Greeks of the present century. "Aye," but say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert

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1. [The "Nizam Gedidd," or new ordinance, which aimed at remodelling the Turkish army on a quasi-European system, was promulgated by Selim III. in 1808.

A "mufti" is an expounder, a "molla" or "mollah" a superior judge, of the sacred Moslem law. The "tefterdars" or "defterdars" were provincial registrars and treasurers under the supreme defterdar, or Chancellor of the Exchequer.]

the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well! and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction; if he doubts he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography; and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on anything but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius' *Ecclesiastical History*.

[The above forms a preface to an Appendix, headed "Remarks on the Romaic or Modern Greek Language, with Specimens and Translations," which was printed at the end of the volume, after the "Poems," in the first and successive editions of *Childe Harold*. It contains (1) a "List of Romaic Authors;" (2) the "Greek War-Song," Δεῦτε, Παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων; (3) "Romaic Extracts," of which the first, "a Satire in dialogue" (*vide* Note III. *ante*), is translated (see *Epigrams, etc.*, of the present issue); (4) scene from Ὁ Καφενὲς (the Café), translated from the Italian of Goldoni by Spiridion Vlanti, with a "Translation;" (5) "Familiar Dialogues" in Romaic and English; (6) "Parallel Passages from St. John's Gospel;" (7) "The Inscriptions at Orchomenos from Meletius" (see *Travels in Albania, etc.*, i. 224); (8) the "Prospectus of a Translation of Anacharsis into Romaic, by my Romaic master, Marmarotouri, who wished to publish it in England;" (9) "The Lord's Prayer in Romaic" and in Greek.

The Excursus, which is remarkable rather for the evidence which it affords of Byron's industry and zeal for acquiring knowledge, than for the value or interest of the subject-matter, has been omitted from the present issue. The "Remarks," etc., are included in the "Appendix" to *Lord Byron's Poetical Works*, 1891, pp. 792–797. (See, too, letter to Dallas, September 21, 1811: *Letters*, ii. 43.)]

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE THIRD.

"Afin que cette application vous forçât à penser à autre chose. Il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps."—*Lettres du Roi de Prusse et de M. D'Alembert.*[1] [*Lettre* cxlvi. *Sept.* 7, 1776.]

1. [D'Alembert (Jean-le-Rond, philosopher, mathematician, and belletrist, 1717–1783) had recently lost his friend, Mlle. (Claire Françoise) L'Espinasse, who died May 23, 1776. Frederick prescribes *quelque problème bien difficile à résoudre* as a remedy for vain regrets (*Œuvres de Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse*, 1790, xiv. 64, 65).]

INTRODUCTION TO THE THIRD CANTO.

THE Third Canto of *Childe Harold* was begun early in May, and finished at Ouchy, near Lausanne, on the 27th of June, 1816. Byron made a fair copy of the first draft of his poem, which had been scrawled on loose sheets, and engaged the services of "Claire" (Jane Clairmont) to make a second transcription. Her task was completed on the 4th of July. The fair copy and Claire's transcription remained in Byron's keeping until the end of August or the beginning of September, when he consigned the transcription to "his friend Mr. Shelley," and the fair copy to Scrope Davies, with instructions to deliver them to Murray (see Letters to Murray, October 5, 9, 15, 1816). Shelley landed at Portsmouth, September 8, and on the 11th of September he discharged his commission.

"I was thrilled with delight yesterday," writes Murray (September 12), "by the announcement of Mr. Shelley with the MS. of *Childe Harold.* I had no sooner got the quiet possession of it than, trembling with auspicious hope, . . . I carried it . . . to Mr. Gifford. . . He says that what you have heretofore published is nothing to this effort. . . . Never, since my intimacy with Mr. Gifford, did I see him so heartily pleased, or give one fiftieth part of the praise, with one thousandth part of the warmth."

The correction of the press was undertaken by Gifford, not without some remonstrance on the part of Shelley, who maintained that "the revision of the proofs, and the retention or alteration of certain particular passages had been entrusted to his discretion" (Letter to Murray, October 30, 1816).

When, if ever, Mr. Davies, of "inaccurate memory" (Letter to Murray, December 4, 1816), discharged his trust is a matter of uncertainty. The "original MS." (Byron's "fair copy") is not forthcoming, and it is improbable that Murray, who had stipulated (September 20) "for all the original MSS., copies, and scraps," ever received it. The "scraps" were sent (October 5) in the first instance to Geneva, and, after many wanderings, ultimately fell into the possession of Mrs. Leigh, from whom they were purchased by the late Mr. Murray. (But see *Memoir, etc.*, 1891, ii. 420.)

The July number of the *Quarterly Review* (No. xxx.) was still in the press, and, possibly, for this reason it was not till October 29 that Murray inserted the following advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle:* "Lord Byron's New Poems. On the 23^{d} of November will be published The Prisoners (*sic*) of Chillon, a Tale and other Poems. A Third Canto of Childe Harold. . . ." But a rival was in the field. The next day (October 30), in the same print, another advertisement appeared: "*The R. H. Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.* . . . Printed for J. Johnston, Cheapside. . . . Of whom may be had, by the same author, a new ed. (the third) of *Farewell to England: with three other poems.* . . ." It was, no doubt, the success of his first venture which had stimulated the "Cheapside impostor," as Byron called him, to forgery on a larger scale.

The controversy did not end there. A second advertisement (*Morning Chronicle*, November 15) of "Lord Byron's Pilgrimage," etc., stating that "the copyright of the work was consigned" to the Publisher "exclusively by the Noble Author himself, and for which he gives 500 guineas," precedes Murray's second announcement of *The Prisoners of Chillon*, and the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, in which he informs "the public that the poems lately advertised are not written by Lord Byron. The only bookseller at present authorised to print Lord Byron's poems is Mr. Murray. . . ." Further precautions were deemed necessary. An injunction in Chancery was applied for by Byron's agents and representatives (see, for a report of the case in the *Morning Chronicle*, November 28, 1816, *Letters*, vol. iv., Letter to Murray, December 9, 1816, *note*), and granted by the Chancellor,

Lord Eldon. Strangely enough, Sir Samuel Romilly, whom Byron did not love, was counsel for the plaintiff.

In spite of the injunction, a volume entitled "*Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, a Poem in Two Cantos. To which is attached a fragment, *The Tempest*," was issued in 1817. It is a dull and, apparently, serious production, suggested by, but hardly an imitation of, *Childe Harold*. The notes are descriptive of the scenery, customs, and antiquities of Palestine. *The Tempest*, on the other hand, is a parody, and by no means a bad parody, of Byron at his worst; *e.g.*—

> "There was a sternness in his eye,
> Which chilled the soul—one knew not why—
> But when returning vigour came,
> And kindled the dark glare to flame,
> So fierce it flashed, one well might swear,
> A thousand souls were centred there."

It is possible that this *Pilgrimage* was the genuine composition of some poetaster who failed to get his poems published under his own name, or it may have been the deliberate forgery of John Agg, or Hewson Clarke, or C. F. Lawler, the *pseudo* Peter Pindar—"Druids" who were in Johnston's pay, and were prepared to compose pilgrimages to any land, holy or unholy, which would bring grist to their employer's mill. (See the *Advertisements* at the end of *Lord Byron's Pilgrimage, etc.*)

The Third Canto was published, not as announced, on the 23rd, but on the 18th of November. Murray's "auspicious hope" of success was amply fulfilled. He "wrote to Lord Byron on the 13th of December, 1816, informing him that at a dinner at the Albion Tavern, he had sold to the assembled booksellers 7000 of his Third Canto of *Childe Harold*. . . ." The reviews were for the most part laudatory. Sir Walter Scott's finely-tempered eulogium (*Quart. Rev.*, No. xxxi., October, 1816 [published February 11, 1817]), and Jeffrey's balanced and cautious appreciation (*Edin. Rev.*, No. liv., December, 1816 [published February 14, 1817]) have been reprinted in their collected works. Both writers conclude with an aspiration—Jeffrey, that

> "This puissant spirit
> Yet shall reascend,
> Self-raised, and repossess its native seat!"

Scott, in the "tenderest strain" of Virgilian melody—

"I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fatis!"

Note on MSS. of the Third Canto.

[The following memorandum, in Byron's handwriting, is prefixed to the Transcription :—

"This copy is to be printed from—subject to comparison with the original MS. (from which this is a transcription) in such parts as it may chance to be difficult to decypher in the following. The notes in this copy are more complete and extended than in the former—and there is also *one stanza more* inserted and added to this, viz. the 33d. B.
Byron. July 10th, 1816.
Diodati, near ye Lake of Geneva."

The "original MS." to which the memorandum refers is not forthcoming (*vide ante*, p. 212), but the "scraps" (*MS.*) are now in Mr. Murray's possession. Stanzas i.–iii., and the lines beginning, "The castled Crag of Drachenfels," are missing.

Claire's Transcription (C.) occupies the first 119 pages of a substantial quarto volume. Stanzas xxxiii. and xcix.–cv. and several of the notes are in Byron's handwriting. The same volume contains *Sonnet on Chillon*, in Byron's handwriting ; a transcription of the *Prisoners* (*sic*) *of Chillon* (so, too, the advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle*, October 29, 1816) ; *Sonnet*, "Rousseau," etc., in Byron's handwriting, and transcriptions of *Stanzas to* ——, "Though the day of my destiny's over ;" *Darkness ; Churchill's Grave ; The Dream ; The Incantation* (*Manfred*, act ii. sc. 1) ; and *Prometheus*.]

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!

ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?[1]

1. ["If you turn over the earlier pages of the Huntingdon peerage story, you will see how common a name Ada was in the early Plantagenet days. I found it in my own pedigree in the reigns of John and Henry. . . . It is short, ancient, vocalic, and had been in my family; for which reasons I gave it to my daughter."—Letter to Murray, Ravenna, October 8, 1820.

The Honourable Augusta Ada Byron was born December 10, 1815; was married July 8, 1835, to William King Noel (1805–1893), eighth Baron King, created Earl of Lovelace, 1838; and died November 27, 1852. There were three children of the marriage—Viscount Ockham (d. 1862), the present Earl of Lovelace, and the Lady Anna Isabella Noel, who was married to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Esq., in 1869.

"The Countess of Lovelace," wrote a contributor to the *Examiner*, December 4, 1852, "was thoroughly original, and the poet's temperament was all that was hers in common with her father. Her genius, for genius she possessed, was not poetic, but metaphysical and mathematical, her mind having been in the constant practice of investigation, and with rigour and exactness." Of her devotion to science, and her original powers as a mathematician, her translation and explanatory notes of F. L. Menabrea's *Notices sur la machine Analytique de Mr. Babbage*, 1842, a defence of the famous "calculating machine," remain as evidence.

"Those who view mathematical science not merely as a vast body of abstract and immutable truths, . . . but as possessing a yet deeper interest for the human race, when it

When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—
Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.[i]

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more![1]
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

i. —— *could grieve my gazing eye.*—[*C. erased.*]

is remembered that this science constitutes the language through which alone we can adequately express the great facts of the natural world . . . those who thus think on mathematical truth as the instrument through which the weak mind of man can most effectually read his Creator's works, will regard with especial interest all that can tend to facilitate the translation of its principles into explicit practical forms." So, for the moment turning away from algebraic formulæ and abstruse calculations, wrote Ada, Lady Lovelace, in her twenty-eighth year. See "Translator's Notes," signed A. A. L., to *A Sketch of the Analytical Engine invented by Charles Babbage, Esq.*, London, 1843.

It would seem, however, that she "wore her learning lightly as a flower." "Her manners [*Examiner*], her tastes, her accomplishments, in many of which, music especially, she was proficient, were feminine in the nicest sense of the word." Unlike her father in features, or in the bent of her mind, she inherited his mental vigour and intensity of purpose. Like him, she died in her thirty-seventh year, and at her own request her coffin was placed by his in the vault at Hucknall Torkard. (See, too, *Athenæum*, December 4, 1852, and *Gent. Mag.*, January, 1853.)]

1. [Compare *Henry V.*, act iii. sc. 1, line 1—

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more."]

That knows his rider.[1] Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,[i]
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme,[2] then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind

i. *And the rent canvass tattering* ——.—[*C.*]

1. [Compare *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (now attributed to Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Massinger), act ii. sc. 1, lines 73, *seq.*—

"Oh, never
Shall we two exercise like twins of Honour
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us."

"Out of this somewhat forced simile," says Moore, in a footnote to a letter (August 23, 1821), *Life*, p. 524, "by a judicious transposition of the comparison, and by the substitution of the more definite *waves* for *seas*, Lord Byron's clear and noble thought has been produced." But the literary artifice, if such there be, is subordinate to the emotion of the writer. It is in movement, progress, flight, that the sufferer experiences a relief from the poignancy of his anguish.]

2. ["The metaphor is derived from a torrent-bed, which, when dried up, serves for a sandy or shingly path."—*Note* by H. F. Tozer, *Childe Harold*, 1885, p. 257. Or, perhaps, the imagery has been suggested by the action of a flood, which ploughs a channel for itself through fruitful soil, and, when the waters are spent, leaves behind it "a sterile track" (*vide post*, line 7), which does, indeed, permit the traveller to survey the desolation, but serves no other purpose of use or beauty.]

Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain—
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string—
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing:[i]
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V.

He, who grown agèd in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years,[1] piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him—nor below
Can Love or Sorrow, Fame, Ambition, Strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance—he can tell

i. *I would essay of all I sang to sing.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *Manfred*, act ii. sc. 1, lines 51, 52—

"Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs."]

Why Thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired, though old, in the Soul's haunted cell.[i.]

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live [1]
A being more intense that we endow [ii.]
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now—
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,

i. *Still unimpaired though worn* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *A brighter being that we thus endow*
With form our fancies ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [It is the poet's fond belief that he can find the true reality in "the things that are not seen."

"Out of these create he can
Forms more real than living man—
Nurslings of Immortality."

"Life is but thought," and by the power of the imagination he thinks to "gain a being more intense," to add a cubit to his spiritual stature. Byron professes the same faith in *The Dream* (stanza i. lines 19–22), which also belongs to the summer of 1816—

"The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh."

At this stage of his poetic growth, in part converted by Shelley, in part by Wordsworth as preached by Shelley, Byron, so to speak, "got religion," went over for a while to the Church of the mystics. There was, too, a compulsion from within. Life had gone wrong with him, and, driven from memory and reflection, he looks for redemption in the new earth which Imagination and Nature held in store.]

Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings' dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I *have* thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:[i.]
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned.[1] 'Tis too late!
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what Time can not abate,[ii.]
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal—[2]

i. *A dizzy world* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *To bear unbent what Time cannot abate.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *The Dream*, viii. 6, *seq.*—

" Pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him, until
. . . . . .
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment."]

2. [Of himself as distinct from Harold he will say no more. On the tale or spell of his own tragedy is set the seal of silence; but of Harold, the idealized Byron, he once more takes up the parable. In stanzas viii.–xv. he puts the reader in possession of some natural changes, and unfolds the

Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,[1]
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;
Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And Life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

IX.

His had been quaffed too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood; but he filled again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deemed its spring perpetual—but in vain!
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which galled for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clanked not; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

1. *He of the breast that strove no more to feel,*
Scarred with the wounds ——.—[*MS.*]

development of thought and feeling which had befallen the Pilgrim since last they had journeyed together. The youthful Harold had sounded the depth of joy and woe. Man delighted him not—no, nor woman neither. For a time, however, he had cured himself of this trick of sadness. He had drunk new life from the fountains of natural beauty and antique lore, and had returned to take his part in the world, inly armed against dangers and temptations. And in the world he had found beauty, and fame had found him. What wonder that he had done as others use, and then discovered that he could not fare as others fared? Henceforth there remained no comfort but in nature, no refuge but in exile!]

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mixed [i.]
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deemed his spirit now so firmly fixed
And sheathed with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked behind;
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit speculation—such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.[ii.]

XI.

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek [iii.]
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old? [iv.]
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star [1] which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?

i. *Secure in curbing coldness* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Shines through the wonder-works—of God and Nature's hand.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Who can behold the flower at noon, nor seek*
To pluck it? who can stedfastly behold.—[*MS.*]
iv. *Nor feel how Wisdom ceases to be cold.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [The Temple of Fame is on the summit of a mountain; "Clouds overcome it;" but to the uplifted eye the mists dispel, and behold the goddess pointing to her star—the star of glory!]

Harold, once more within the vortex, rolled
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his Youth's fond prime.[i. 1]

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit[ii.]
Of men to herd with Man, with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quelled
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompelled,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To Spirits against whom his own rebelled,
Proud though in desolation—which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;[iii.]
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;

i. *Yet with a steadier step than in his earlier time.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Fool he not to know.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Where there were mountains there for him were friends.*
Where there was Ocean—there he was at home.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *Manfred*, act ii. sc. 2, lines 50–58—

"From my youth upwards
My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;
. . . . . .
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh."

Compare, too, with stanzas xiii., xiv., *ibid.*, lines 58–72.]

Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,[i.]
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.[ii.]

XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing[iii.]
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,

i. *Like the Chaldean he could gaze on stars.*—[*MS.*]
——*adored the stars.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *That keeps us from that Heaven on which we love to think.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *But in Man's dwelling—Harold was a thing*
Restless and worn, and cold and wearisome.—[*MS.*]

Drooped as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage—so the heat
Of his impeded Soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,[1]
With nought of Hope left—but with less of gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plundered wreck
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?[2]
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?

1. [In this stanza the mask is thrown aside, and "the real Lord Byron" appears *in propriâ personâ*.]
2. [The mound with the Belgian lion was erected by William I. of Holland, in 1823.]

None; but *the moral's truth* tells simpler so.—[i. 1]
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—[ii.]
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of Fields! king-making Victory?

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo![iii.]
How in an hour the Power which gave annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!—
In "pride of place" here last the Eagle flew,[1. B.]
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,[iv.]

i. *None; but the moral truth tells simpler so.*—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *and still must be.*—[*MS.*]
iii. —— *the fatal Waterloo.*—[*MS.*]
iv. *Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew.*—[*MS.*]
Then bit with bloody beak the rent plain.—[*MS. erased.*]
Then tore with bloody beak ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [Stanzas xvii., xviii., were written after a visit to Waterloo. When Byron was in Brussels, a friend of his boyhood, Pryse Lockhart Gordon, called upon him and offered his services. He escorted him to the field of Waterloo, and received him at his house in the evening. Mrs. Gordon produced her album, and begged for an autograph. The next morning Byron copied into the album the two stanzas which he had written the day before. Lines 5–8 of the second stanza (xviii.) ran thus—

"Here his last flight the haughty Eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain,
Pierced with the shafts of banded nations through . . ."

The autograph suggested an illustration to an artist, R. R. Reinagle (1775–1863), "a pencil-sketch of a spirited chained eagle, grasping the earth with his talons." Gordon showed the vignette to Byron, who wrote in reply, "Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am; eagles and

Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labours all were vain—
He wears the shattered links of the World's broken chain.[i]

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?[1]

i. *And Gaul must wear the links of her own broken chain.*—[*MS.*]

all birds of prey attack with their talons and not with their beaks, and I have altered the line thus—

"'Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain.'"

(See *Personal Memoirs of Pryse Lockhart Gordon*, 1830, ii. 327, 328.)]

1. [With this "obstinate questioning" of the final import and outcome of "that world-famous Waterloo," compare the *Ode from the French*, "We do not curse thee, Waterloo," written in 1815, and published by John Murray in *Poems* (1816). Compare, too, *The Age of Bronze*, v. 93, "Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo!" and *Don Juan*, Canto VIII. stanzas xlviii.–l., etc. Shelley, too, in his sonnet on the *Feelings of a Republican on the Fall of Bonaparte* (1816), utters a like lament (Shelley's *Works*, 1895, ii. 385)—

"I know
Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,
That Virtue owns a more eternal foe
Than Force or Fraud: old Custom, legal Crime,
And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of Time."

Even Wordsworth, after due celebration of this "victory sublime," in his sonnet *Emperors and Kings, etc.* (*Works*, 1889, p. 557), solemnly admonishes the "powers"—

"Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's creed
Reviving heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed."

But the Laureate had no misgivings, and in *The Poet's Pilgrimage*, iv. 58, celebrates the national apotheosis—

"Peace hath she won . . . with her victorious hand
Hath won thro' rightful war auspicious peace;

Did nations combat to make *One* submit?
Or league to teach all Kings true Sovereignty?[i]
What! shall reviving Thraldom again be
The patched-up Idol of enlightened days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to Thrones? No! *prove* before ye praise!

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen Despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain, years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a Sword,
Such as Harmodius [a.b.] drew on Athens' tyrant Lord.

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,[1]
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then

i. *Or league to teach their kings* ——.—[*MS.*]

Nor this alone, but that in every land
The withering rule of violence may cease.
Was ever War with such blest victory crowned!
Did ever Victory with such fruits abound!"]

1. [The most vivid and the best authenticated account of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, which took place June 15,

The Duchess of Richmond

from a miniature by R. Cosway R. A.

in the possession of the Duke of Richmond & Gordon.

Her Beauty and her Chivalry—and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;[1]
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;[3.B.]
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

XXII.

Did ye not hear it?—No—'twas but the Wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

1. *The lamps shone on lovely dames and gallant men.*—[*MS.*]
The lamps shone on ladies ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

the eve of the Battle of Quatrebras, in the duke's house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, is to be found in Lady de Ros's (Lady Georgiana Lennox) *Personal Recollections of the Great Duke of Wellington*, which appeared first in *Murray's Magazine*, January and February, 1889, and were republished as *A Sketch of the Life of Georgiana, Lady de Ros*, by her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. J. R. Swinton (John Murray, 1893). "My mother's now famous ball," writes Lady de Ros (*A Sketch, etc.*, pp. 122, 123), "took place in a large room on the ground-floor on the left of the entrance, connected with the rest of the house by an ante-room. It had been used by the coachbuilder, from whom the house was hired, to put carriages in, but it was papered before we came there; and I recollect the paper—a trellis pattern with roses. . . . When the duke arrived, rather late, at the ball, I was dancing, but at once went up to him to ask about the rumours. 'Yes, they are true; we are off to-morrow.' This terrible news was circulated directly, and while some of the officers hurried away, others remained at the ball, and actually had not time to change their clothes, but fought in evening costume."]

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer—clearer—deadlier than before![i.]
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar![ii.]

XXIII.

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated Chieftain; he did hear[1]
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

i. *With a slow deep and dread-inspiring roar.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Arm! arm, and out! it is the opening cannon's roar.*—[*MS.*]
Arm—arm—and out—it is—the cannon's opening roar.—[*C.*]

1. [Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick (1771–1815), brother to Caroline, Princess of Wales, and nephew of George III., fighting at Quatrebras in the front of the line, "fell almost in the beginning of the battle." His father, Charles William Ferdinand, born 1735, the author of the fatal manifesto against the army of the French Republic (July 15, 1792), was killed at Auerbach, October 14, 1806. In the plan of the Duke of Richmond's house, which Mrs. Swinton included in *A Sketch, etc.*, the actual spot is marked (the door of the ante-room leading to the ball-room) where Lady Georgiana Lennox took leave of the Duke of Brunswick. "It was a dreadful evening," she writes, "taking leave of friends and acquaintances, many never to be seen again. The Duke of Brunswick, as he took leave of me . . . made me a civil speech as to the Brunswickers being sure to distinguish themselves after 'the honour' done them by my having accompanied the Duke of Wellington to their review! I remember being quite provoked with poor Lord Hay, a dashing, merry youth, full of military ardour, whom I knew very well, for his delight at the idea of going into action . . . and the first news we had on the 16th was that he and the Duke of Brunswick were killed."—*A Sketch, etc.*, pp. 132, 133.]

And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well [i.]
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro—
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,[ii.]
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness—
And there were sudden partings, such as press [iii.]
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise! [iv]

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste—the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war—

i. *His heart replying knew that sound too well.*—[*MS.*]
And the hoped vengeance for a Sire so dear
As him who died on Jena—whom so well
His filial heart had mourned through many a year
Roused him to valiant fury nought could quell.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *tremors of distress.*—[*MS.*]
iii. —— *which did press*
Like death upon young hearts ——.—[*MS.*]
iv. *Oh that on night so soft, such heavy morn should rise.*—[*MS.*]

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the Morning Star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,[i.]
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's—Donald's [4.B.] fame rings in each clansman's ears!

XXVII.

And Ardennes [5.B.] waves above them her green leaves,[ii.]
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass—
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!

i. *And wakening citizens with terror dumb*
Or whispering with pale lips—"The foe—They come, they come."—[*MS.*]
Or whispering with pale lips—"The Desolation's come."—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *And Soignies waves above them* ——.—[*MS.*]
And Ardennes ——.—[*C.*]

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living Valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high Hope, shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;—
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The Midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The Morn the marshalling in arms,—the Day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend,—foe,—in one red burial blent!

XXIX.

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his Sire some wrong,[1]
And partly that bright names will hallow song;[i]
And his was of the bravest, and when showered

i. *But chiefly* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [*Vide ante, English Bards, etc.*, line 726, *note: Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 354.]

The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of War's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant
Howard![1]

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring[2]
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.[6.B.]

1. [The Hon. Frederick Howard (1785–1815), third son of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, fell late in the evening of the 18th of June, in a final charge of the left square of the French Guard, in which Vivian brought up Howard's hussars against the French. Neither French infantry nor cavalry gave way, and as the Hanoverians fired but did not charge, a desperate combat ensued, in which Howard fell and many of the 10th were killed.—*Waterloo: The Downfall of the First Napoleon*, G. Hooper, 1861, p. 236.

Southey, who had visited the field of Waterloo, September, 1815, in his *Poet's Pilgrimage* (iii. 49), dedicates a pedestrian stanza to his memory—

"Here from the heaps who strewed the fatal plain
Was Howard's corse by faithful hands conveyed;
And not to be confounded with the slain,
Here in a grave apart with reverence laid,
Till hence his honoured relics o'er the seas
Were borne to England, where they rest in peace."]

2. [Autumn had been beforehand with spring in the work of renovation.

XXXI.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honoured but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length—and, smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;[1]
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;

1. *And dead within behold the Spring return.*—[*MS. erased.*]

"Yet Nature everywhere resumed her course;
Low pansies to the sun their purple gave,
And the soft poppy blossomed on the grave."
Poet's Pilgrimage, iii. 36.

But the contrast between the continuous action of nature and the doom of the unreturning dead, which does not greatly concern Southey, fills Byron with a fierce desire to sum the price of victory. He flings in the face of the vain-glorious mourners the bitter reality of their abiding loss. It was this prophetic note, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," which sounded in and through Byron's rhetoric to the men of his own generation.]

The bars survive the captive they enthral;
The day drags through though storms keep out the sun;[i]
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on:[1]

XXXIII.

Even as a broken Mirror,[2] which the glass
In every fragment multiplies—and makes

i. *It still is day though clouds keep out the Sun.*—[*MS.*]

1. [So, too, Coleridge. "Have you never seen a stick broken in the middle, and yet cohering by the rind? The fibres, half of them actually broken and the rest sprained, and, though tough, unsustaining? Oh, many, many are the broken-hearted for those who know what the moral and practical heart of the man is."—*Anima Poetæ*, 1895, p. 303.]

2. [According to Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p. 177), Byron maintained that the image of the broken mirror had in some mysterious way been suggested by the following quatrain which Curran had once repeated to him:—

"While Memory, with more than Egypt's art
Embalming all the sorrows of the heart,
Sits at the altar which she raised to woe,
And feeds the source whence tears eternal flow."

But, as M. Darmesteter points out, the true source of inspiration was a passage in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*—"the book," as Byron maintained, "in my opinion most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well-read with the least trouble" (*Life*, p. 48). Burton is discoursing on injury and long-suffering. "'Tis an Hydra's head, Contention; the more they strive, the more they may; and as Praxiteles did by his glass [see Girolamo Cardan, *De Consolatione*, lib. iii.], when he saw a scurvy face in it, break it in pieces; but for that one, he saw many more as bad in a moment; for one injury done, they provoke another *cum fœnore*, and twenty enemies for one."—*Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1893, ii. 228. Compare, too, Carew's poem, *The Spark*, lines 23–26—

"And as a looking-glass, from the aspect,
Whilst it is whole doth but one face reflect,
But being crack'd or broken, there are shewn
Many half-faces, which at first were one."
Anderson's *British Poets*, 1793, iii. 703.]

A thousand images of one that was,
The same—and still the more, the more it breaks;
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shattered guise; and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison,—a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were
As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,[7-8]
All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name threescore?

XXXV.

The Psalmist numbered out the years of man:
They are enough; and if thy tale be *true*,[i]
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,[1]
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!

i. *But not his pleasure—such might be a task.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [The "tale" or reckoning of the Psalmist, the span of threescore years and ten, is contrasted with the tale or

Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
"Here, where the sword united nations drew,[i.]
Our countrymen were warring on that day!"
And this is much—and all—which will not pass away.

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose Spirit, antithetically mixed,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixed;[ii.]
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For Daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st[iii.] [1]
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,[2]
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

i. *Here where the sword united Europe drew*
I had a kinsman warring on that day.—[*MS.*]
ii. *On little thoughts with equal firmness fixed.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *For thou hast risen as fallen—even now thou seek'st*
An hour ——.—[*MS.*]

reckoning of the age of those who fell at Waterloo. A "fleeting span" the Psalmist's; but, reckoning by Waterloo, "more than enough." Waterloo grudges even what the Psalmist allows.]

1. [Byron seems to have been unable to make up his mind about Napoleon. "It is impossible not to be dazzled and overwhelmed by his character and career," he wrote to Moore (March 17, 1815), when his Héros de Roman, as he called him, had broken open his "captive's cage" and was making victorious progress to the capital. In the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, which was written in April, 1814,

XXXVII.

Conqueror and Captive of the Earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name[1]
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,

1. —— *and thy dark name*
Was ne'er more rife within men's mouths than now.—[*MS.*]

after the first abdication at Fontainebleau, the dominant note is astonishment mingled with contempt. It is the lamentation over a fallen idol. In these stanzas (xxxvi.–xlv.) he bears witness to the man's essential greatness, and, with manifest reference to his own personality and career, attributes his final downfall to the peculiar constitution of his genius and temper. A year later (1817), in the Fourth Canto (stanzas lxxxix.–xcii.), he passes a severe sentence. Napoleon's greatness is swallowed up in weakness. He is a "kind of bastard Cæsar," self-vanquished, the creature and victim of vanity. Finally, in *The Age of Bronze*, sections iii.–vi., there is a reversion to the same theme, the tragic irony of the rise and fall of the "king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave."

As a schoolboy at Harrow, Byron fought for the preservation of Napoleon's bust, and he was ever ready, in defiance of national feeling and national prejudice, to celebrate him as "the glorious chief;" but when it came to the point, he did not "want him here," victorious over England, and he could not fail to see, with insight quickened by self-knowledge, that greatness and genius possess no charm against littleness and commonness, and that the "glory of the terrestrial" meets with its own reward. The moral is obvious, and as old as history; but herein lay the secret of Byron's potency, that he could remint and issue in fresh splendour the familiar coinage of the world's wit. Moreover, he lived in a great age, when great truths are born again, and appear in a new light.]

2. [The stanza was written while Napoleon was still under the guardianship of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, and before Sir Hudson Lowe had landed at St. Helena; but complaints were made from the first that imperial honours which were paid to him by his own suite were not accorded by the British authorities.]

Who wooed thee once, thy Vassal, and became [i.]
The flatterer of thy fierceness—till thou wert
A God unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low—
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An Empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of War,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest Star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it Wisdom, Coldness, or deep Pride,[ii.]
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled [iii.]

i. *Who tossed thee to and fro till ——.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Which be it wisdom, weakness ——.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *To watch thee shrinking calmly hadst thou smiled.*—[*MS.*]
With a sedate tho' not unfeeling eye.—[*MS. erased.*]

With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When Fortune fled her spoiled and favourite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them[1]
Ambition steeled thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn, which could contemn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turned unto thine overthrow:
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had helped to brave the shock;
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,
Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
The part of Philip's son was thine—not then
(Unless aside thy Purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men:
For sceptred Cynics Earth were far too wide a den.[2,3]

1. *Greater than in thy fortunes; for in them*
Ambition lured thee on too far to show
That true habitual scorn ——.—[*MS.*]

XLII.

But Quiet to quick bosoms is a Hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the Soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire[i.]
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,[ii.]
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school [1]
Which would unteach Mankind the lust to shine or rule:

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,

i. *Feeds on itself and all things* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Which stir too deeply* ——.—[*MS.*]
Which stir the blood too boiling in its springs.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare Tacitus, *Ann.*, vi. 6, "Si recludantur tyrannorum mentes."]

And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast[i.]
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.[ii.]
Though high *above* the Sun of Glory glow,
And far *beneath* the Earth and Ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,[iii.]
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be[iv.]
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,[v.]
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?

i. —— *they rave overcast.*—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *the hate of all below.*—[*MS.*]
iii. —— *on his single head.*—[*MS.*]
iv. —— *the wise man's World will be.*—[*MS.*]
v. —— *for what teems like thee.*—[*MS.*]

There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.[i]

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying Wind,
Or holding dark communion with the Cloud
There was a day when they were young and proud;
Banners on high, and battles [1] passed below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,[ii]
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armèd halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate

i. *From gray and ghastly walls—where Ruin kindly dwells.*—[*MS.*]

ii. —— *are shredless tatters now.*—[*MS.*]

1. [For the archaic use of "battles" for "battalions," compare *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 4, line 4; and Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, vi. 10—

"In battles four beneath their eye,
The forces of King Robert lie."]

Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have[i. 9.B.]
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space—an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.[ii.]

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,[1]
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow[iii.]
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see

i *What want these outlaws that a king should have*
But History's vain page ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *their hearts were far more brave.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Nor mar it frequent with an impious show*
Of arms or angry conflict ——.—[*MS.*]
1. [The most usual device is a bleeding heart.]

Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know [1]
Earth paved like Heaven—and to seem such to me,[i]
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be.

LI.

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed away,
And Slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks:
Their very graves are gone, and what are they? [2]
Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glassed, with its dancing light, the sunny ray;[ii]
But o'er the blackened Memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and passed along,
Yet not insensible to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile dear:

i. *Earth's dreams of Heaven—and such to seem to me*
But one thing wants thy stream ——.—[*MS.*]

ii. *Glassed with its wonted light, the sunny ray;*
But o'er the mind's marred thoughts—though but a dream.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Moore's lines, *The Meeting of the Waters*—
"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the wide waters meet."]

2. [Compare Lucan's *Pharsalia*, ix. 969, "Etiam periere ruinæ;" and the lines from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, xv. 20, quoted in illustration of Canto II. stanza liii.]

Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en the place
Of feelings fierier far but less severe—
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

LIII.

Nor was all Love shut from him, though his days
Of Passion had consumed themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though Disgust[h]
Hath weaned it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
For there was soft Remembrance, and sweet Trust
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.[1]

LIV.

And he had learned to love,—I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange of mood,—
The helpless looks of blooming Infancy,
Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know;

h. *Repose itself on kindness* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [Two lyrics, entitled *Stanzas to Augusta*, and the *Epistle to Augusta*, which were included in *Domestic Pieces*, published in 1816, are dedicated to the same subject—the devotion and faithfulness of his sister.]

But thus it was; and though in solitude
Small power the nipped affections have to grow,
In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to glow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,[i]
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal; and—though unwed,
That love was pure—and, far above disguise,[ii]
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;[1]
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour![iii]

i. *But there was one* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Yet was it pure* ——.—[*MS.*]
iii. *Thus to that heart did his its thoughts in absence pour.*—[*MS.*]
—— *its absent feelings pour.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [It has been supposed that there is a reference in this passage, and again in *Stanzas to Augusta* (dated July 24, 1816), to "the only important calumny"—to quote Shelley's letter of September 29, 1816—"that was even ever advanced" against Byron. "The poems to Augusta," remarks Elze (*Life of Lord Byron*, p. 174), "prove, further, that she too was cognizant of the calumnious accusations; for under no other supposition is it possible to understand their allusions." But the mere fact that Mrs. Leigh remained on terms of intimacy and affection with her brother, when he was under the ban of society, would expose her to slander and injurious comment, "peril dreaded most in female eyes;" whereas to other calumnies, if such there were, there could be no other reference but silence, or an ecstasy of wrath and indignation.]

1.

The castled Crag of Drachenfels [1] [10.B.]
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

2.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this Paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3.

I send the lilies given to me—
Though long before thy hand they touch,

1. [Written on the Rhine bank, May 11, 1816.—*MS. M.*]

I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

4.

The river nobly foams and flows—
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty's varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To Nature and to me so dear—
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple Pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are Heroes' ashes hid—

Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb [i.]
Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant Spirit's bright repose;—
For he was Freedom's Champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept [1]
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul—and thus men o'er him wept.[11.B.]

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein,[12.B.] with her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:—
A Tower of Victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:

i. *A sigh for Marceau* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [Marceau (*vide post*, *note* 2, p. 296) took part in crushing the Vendean insurrection. If, as General Hoche asserts in his memoirs, six hundred thousand fell in Vendée, Freedom's charter was not easily overstepped.]

But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.[1]

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey[i]
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,[ii]
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.[2]

LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;

i. *And could the sleepless vultures* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Rustic not rude, sublime yet not austere.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Gray's lines in *The Fatal Sisters*—

"Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air."]

2. [Lines 8 and 9 may be cited as a crying instance of Byron's faulty technique. The collocation of "awful" with "austere," followed by "autumn" in the next line, recalls the afflictive assonance of "high Hymettus," which occurs in the beautiful passage which he stole from *The Curse of Minerva* and prefixed to the third canto of *The Corsair*. The sense of the passage is that, as in autumn, the golden mean between summer and winter, the year is at its full, so in the varied scenery of the Rhine there is a harmony of opposites, a consummation of beauty.]

The mind is coloured by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,[i.]
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days,

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom[1]
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,—
The wild rocks shaped, as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall.

i. *More mighty scenes may rise—more glaring shine*
But none unite in one enchanted gaze
The fertile—fair—and soft—the glories of old days.—[*MS.*]

1. [The "negligently grand" may, perhaps, refer to the glories of old days, now in a state of neglect, not to the unstudied grandeur of the scene taken as a whole; but the phrase is loosely thrown out in order to convey a general impression, "an attaching maze," an engaging attractive combination of images, and must not be interrogated too closely.]

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The Palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,[1]
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold Sublimity, where forms and falls[1]
The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
There is a spot should not be passed in vain,—
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,

1. *Around in chrystal grandeur to where falls*
The avalanche—the thunder-clouds of snow.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare the opening lines of Coleridge's *Hymn before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni*—

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!"

The "thunderbolt" (line 6) recurs in *Manfred*, act i. sc. 1—

"Around his waist are forests braced,
The Avalanche in his hand;
But ere its fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command."]

A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument;[1]—the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roamed, and shrieked each wandering ghost.[i. 2 13.B.]

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,[3]
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand

i. *Unsepulchred they roam, and shriek* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [The inscription on the ossuary of the Burgundian troops which fell in the battle of Morat, June 14, 1476, suggested this variant of *Si monumentum quæris*—

"Deo Optimo Maximo.

"Inclytissimi et fortissimi Burgundiæ ducis exercitus, Moratum obsidens, ab Helvetiis cæsus, hoc sui monumentum reliquit."]

2. [The souls of the suitors when Hermes "roused and shepherded them followed gibbering" (τρίζουσαι).—*Od.*, xxiv. 5. Once, too, when the observance of the *dies Parentales* was neglected, Roman ghosts took to wandering and shrieking.

"Perque vias Urbis, Latiosque ululasse per agros
Deformes animas, vulgus inane ferunt."
Ovid, *Fasti*, ii. lines 553, 554.

The Homeric ghosts gibbered because they were ghosts; the Burgundian ghosts because they were confined to the Stygian coast, and could not cross the stream. For once the "classical allusions" are forced and inappropriate.]

3. [Byron's point is that at Morat 15,000 men were slain in a righteous cause—the defence of a republic against an invading tyrant; whereas the lives of those that fell at Cannæ and at Waterloo were sacrificed to the ambition of rival powers fighting for the mastery.]

Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entailed Corruption; they no land[i]
Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making Kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levelled Aventicum,[14-B.] hath strewed her subject lands.

LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—
Julia—the daughter—the devoted—gave
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in—but the Judge was just—

i. —— *their proud land*
Groan'd not beneath ——.—[*MS.*]

And then she died on him she could not save.[i.]
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,[ii.]
And held within their urn one mind—one heart—one dust.[15.B.]

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the Earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved—their death and birth;
The high, the mountain-majesty of Worth
Should be—and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality, look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,[16.B.]
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:[iii.]
There is too much of Man here,[1] to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;

i. *And thus she died* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *And they lie simply* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *The clear depths yield* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. ["Haunted and hunted by the British tourist and gossip-monger, Byron took refuge, on June 10, at the Villa Diodati; but still the pursuers strove to win some wretched consolation by waylaying him in his evening drives, or directing the

But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold.

telescope upon his balcony, which overlooked the lake, or upon the hillside, with its vineyards, where he lurked obscure" (Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, 1896, p. 309). It is possible, too, that now and again even Shelley's companionship was felt to be a strain upon nerves and temper. The escape from memory and remorse, which could not be always attained in the society of a chosen few, might, he hoped, be found in solitude, face to face with nature. But it was not to be. Even nature was powerless to "minister to a mind diseased." At the conclusion of his second tour (September 29, 1816), he is constrained to admit that "neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me" (*Life*, p. 315). Perhaps Wordsworth had this confession in his mind when, in 1834, he composed the lines, "Not in the Lucid Intervals of Life," of which the following were, he notes, "written with Lord Byron's character as a poet before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences :"—

"Nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake ;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.
But who is innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature ! are we thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy."

The Works of W. Wordsworth, 1889, p. 729.

Wordsworth seems to have resented Byron's tardy conversion to "natural piety," regarding it, no doubt, as a fruitless and graceless endeavour without the cross to wear the crown. But if Nature reserves her balms for "the

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil[i. 1]
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.[ii.]

LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years[2]
In fatal penitence, and in the blight

i. *In its own deepness* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *One of a worthless world—to strive where none are strong.*—[*MS.*]

innocent," her quality of inspiration is not "strained." Byron, too, was Nature's priest—

"And by that vision splendid
Was on his way attended."]

1. [The metaphor is derived from a hot spring which appears to boil over at the moment of its coming to the surface. As the particles of water, when they emerge into the light, break and bubble into a seething mass; so, too, does passion chase and beget passion in the "hot throng" of general interests and individual desires.]

2. [The thought which underlies the whole of this passage is that man is the creature and thrall of fate. In society, in the world, he is exposed to the incidence of passion, which he can neither resist nor yield to without torture. He is overcome by the world, and, as a last resource, he turns to nature and solitude. He lifts up his eyes to the hills, unexpectant of Divine aid, but in the hope that, by claiming

Of our own Soul turn all our blood to tears,
And colour things to come with hues of Night;
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness: on the sea
The boldest steer but where their ports invite—
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity [i. 1]
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be.

LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?

i. —— *through Eternity.*—[*MS.*]

kinship with Nature, and becoming "a portion of that around" him, he may forego humanity, with its burden of penitence, and elude the curse. There is a further reference to this despairing recourse to Nature in *The Dream*, viii. 10, *seq.*—

"... he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues! and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries."]

1. [Shelley seems to have taken Byron at his word, and in the *Adonais* (xxx. 3, *seq.*) introduces him in the disguise of—

"The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument."

Notwithstanding the splendour of Shelley's verse, it is difficult to suppress a smile. For better or for worse, the sense of the ludicrous has asserted itself, and "brother" cannot take "brother" quite so seriously as in "the brave days of old." But to each age its own humour. Not only did Shelley and Byron worship at the shrine of Rousseau, but they took delight in reverently tracing the footsteps of St. Preux and Julie.]

By the blue rushing of the arrowy[1] Rhone,[17.R.]
Or the pure bosom of its nursing Lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—[i.]
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to inflict or bear?

LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me ; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum[2]
Of human cities torture : I can see[ii.]

i. *To its young cries and kisses all awake.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Of peopled cities* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [The name "Tigris" is derived from the Persian *tîr* (Sanscrit *Tigra*), "an arrow." If Byron ever consulted Hofmann's *Lexicon Universale*, he would have read, "*Tigris*, a velocitate dictus quasi *sagitta;*" but most probably he neither had nor sought an authority for his natural and beautiful simile.]

2. [Compare *Tintern Abbey*. In this line, both language and sentiment are undoubtedly Wordsworth's—

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours, and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a *feeling*, and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm."

But here the resemblance ends. With Wordsworth the mood passed, and he learned

"To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

He would not question Nature in search of new and

Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be [i.]
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky—the peak—the heaving plain [ii.]
Of Ocean, or the stars, mingle—and not in vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life :—
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last [iii.]
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the Blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling. [iv.] [1]

i. —— *but to be*
A link reluctant in a living chain
Classing with creatures ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *And with the air* ——.—[*MS.*]
iii. *To sink and suffer* ——.—[*MS.*]
iv. —— *which partly round us cling.*—[*MS.*]

untainted pleasure, but rests in her as inclusive of humanity. The secret of Wordsworth is acquiescence; "the still, sad music of humanity" is the key-note of his ethic. Byron, on the other hand, is in revolt. He has the ardour of a pervert, the rancorous scorn of a deserter. The "hum of human cities" is a "torture." He is "a link reluctant in a fleshly chain." To him Nature and Humanity are antagonists, and he cleaves to the one, yea, he would take her by violence, to mark his alienation and severance from the other.]

1. [Compare Horace, *Odes*, iii. 2. 23, 24—

"Et udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ."]

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,[i.]
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
When Elements to Elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see less dazzling but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?[ii.]
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?[1]

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part[iii.]
Of me and of my Soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego

i. —— *in this degrading form.*—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *the Spirit in each spot.*—[*MS.*]
iii. [*Is not*] *the universe a breathing part?*—[*MS.*]

1. [The "bodiless thought" is the object, not the subject, of his celestial vision. "Even now," as through a glass darkly, and with eyes

"Whose half-beholdings through unsteady tears
Gave shape, hue, distance to the inward dream,"

his soul "had sight" of the spirit, the informing idea, the essence of each passing scene; but, hereafter, his bodiless spirit would, as it were, encounter the place-spirits face to face. It is to be noted that warmth of feeling, not clearness or fulness of perception, attends this spiritual recognition.]

Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?[i. 1]

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return[ii.]
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,—
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,[iii.]
The apostle of Affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over Passion, and from Woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew

i. *And gaze upon the ground with sordid thoughts and slow.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *But this is not a time—I must return.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Here the reflecting Sophist* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Coleridge's *Dejection. An Ode*, iv. 4–9—

"And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd;
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth."]

The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make Madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue [i.]
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was Passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.[ii.]
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal Beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss [18.B.]
Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast

i. *O'er sinful deeds and thoughts the heavenly hue*
With words like sunbeams dazzling as they passed
The eye that o'er them shed deep tears which flowed too fast.—[*MS.*]
O'er deeds and thoughts of error the bright hue.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Like him enamoured were to die the same.*—[*MS.*]

Flashed the thrilled Spirit's love-devouring heat;[i.]
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest.

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banished;[1] for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,[ii.]
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which Skill could never find;[iii.]
But he was phrensied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired,[2] and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,

i. —— *self-consuming heat.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *For its own cruel workings the most kind.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Since cause might be yet leave no trace behind.*—[*MS.*]

1. [As, for instance, with Madame de Warens, in 1738; with Madame d'Epinay; with Diderot and Grimm, in 1757; with Voltaire; with David Hume, in 1766 (see "Rousseau in England," *Q. R.*, No. 376, October, 1898); with every one to whom he was attached or with whom he had dealings, except his illiterate mistress, Theresa le Vasseur. (See *Rousseau*, by John Morley, 2 vols., 1888, *passim.*)]

2. ["He was possessed, as holier natures than his have been, by an enthusiastic vision, an intoxicated confidence, a mixture of sacred rage and prodigious love, an insensate but absolutely disinterested revolt against the stone and iron of a reality which he was bent on melting in a heavenly blaze of splendid aspiration and irresistibly persuasive expression."—*Rousseau*, by John Morley, 1886, i. 137.]

Those oracles which set the world in flame,[1]
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
Did he not this for France? which lay before
Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years?[2]
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
Roused up to too much wrath which follows o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,[i]
Breathed from the birth of Time: the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.[ii]

i. —— *thoughts which grew*
Born with the birth of Time ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *even let me view*
But good alas ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [Rousseau published his *Discourses* on the influence of the sciences, on manners, and on inequality (*Sur l'Origine . . . de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes*) in 1750 and 1753; *Émile, ou, de l'Éducation*, and *Du Contrat Social* in 1762.]

2. ["What Rousseau's Discourse [*Sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité, etc.*] meant . . . is not that all men are born equal. He never says this. . . . His position is that the artificial differences, springing from the conditions of the social union, do not coincide with the differences in capacity springing from original constitution; that the tendency of the social union as now organized is to deepen the artificial inequalities, and make the gulf between those endowed with privileges and wealth, and those not so endowed, ever wider and wider. . . . It was . . . [the influence of Rousseau . . . and those whom he inspired] which, though it certainly did not produce, yet did as certainly give a deep and remarkable bias, first to the American Revolution, and a dozen years afterwards to the French Revolution."—*Rousseau*, 1888, i. 181, 182.]

But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refilled,
As heretofore, because Ambition was self-willed.

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.
They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
On one another; Pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they,
Who in Oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourished with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquished, bear
Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fixed Passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need despair:
It came—it cometh—and will come,—the power
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.[i] [1]

i. —— *in both we shall be slower.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [The substitution of "one" for "both" (see *var.* i.) affords

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn Ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura,[1] whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

conclusive proof that the meaning is that the next revolution would do its work more thoroughly and not leave things as it found them.]

1. [After sunset the Jura range, which lies to the west of the Lake, would appear "darkened" in contrast to the afterglow in the western sky.]

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes [i]
His life an infancy, and sings his fill; [ii] [1]
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy—for the Starlight dews
All silently their tears of Love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.[iii]

LXXXVIII.

Ye Stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A Beauty and a Mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That Fortune,—Fame,—Power,—Life, have named themselves a Star.[2]

i. *He is an endless reveller* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Him merry with light talking with his mate.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Deep into Nature's breast the existence which they lose.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Anacreon (Εἰς τέττιγα), *Carm.* xliii. line 15—
Τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὔ σε τείρει.]

2. [For the association of "Fortune" and "Fame" with a star, compare stanza xi. lines 5, 6—

XXXIX.

All Heaven and Earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;[1]
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All Heaven and Earth are still: From the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of Being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and Defence.[2]

"Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The *star* which rises o'er her steep," etc.?

And the allusion to Napoleon's "star," stanza xxxviii. line 9—

"Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest *Star*."

Compare, too, the opening lines of the *Stanzas to Augusta* (July 24, 1816)—

"Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the *star* of my fate has declined."

"Power" is symbolized as a star in *Numb.* xxiv. 17, "There shall come a *star* out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel;" and in the divine proclamation, "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning *star*" (*Rev.* xxii. 16).

The inclusion of "life" among star similes may have been suggested by the astrological terms, "house of life" and "lord of the ascendant." Wordsworth, in his Ode (*Intimations of Immortality, etc.*) speaks of the soul as "our life's *star*." Mr. Tozer, who supplies most of these "comparisons," adds a line from Shelley's *Adonais*, 55. 8 (Pisa, 1821)—

"The soul of Adonais, like a *star*."]

1. [Compare Wordsworth's sonnet, "It is a Beauteous," etc.—

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration."]

2. [Here, too, the note is Wordsworthian, though Byron

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt [i]
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of Music, which makes known [ii]
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,[1]
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make [2]
His altar the high places, and the peak

i. *It is a voiceless feeling chiefly felt.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Of a most inward music* ——.—[*MS.*]

represents as inherent in Nature, that "sense of something far more deeply interfused," which Wordsworth (in his *Lines* on Tintern Abbey) assigns to his own consciousness.]

1. [As the cestus of Venus endowed the wearer with magical attraction, so the immanence of the Infinite and the Eternal in "all that formal is and fugitive," binds it with beauty and produces a supernatural charm which even Death cannot resist.]

2. [Compare Herodotus, i. 131, Οἱ δὲ νομίζουσι Διὶ μὲν, ἐπὶ τὰ ὑψηλότατα τῶν οὐρέων ἀναβαίνοντες, θυσίας ἔρδειν, τὸν κύκλον πάντα τοῦ οὐρανοῦ Δία καλέοντες. Perhaps, however, "early Persian" was suggested by a passage in "that drowsy, frowsy poem, *The Excursion*"—

"The Persian—zealous to reject
Altar and image and the inclusive walls
And roofs and temples built by human hands—
To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops
With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,
Presented sacrifice to moon and stars."

The Excursion, iv. (*The Works of Wordsworth*, 1889, p. 461).]

Of earth-o'ergazing mountains,[19.B.] and thus take
A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings—Goth or Greek—
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air—
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

XCII.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh Night,[20.B.]
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in Woman![1] Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

XCIII.

And this is in the Night:—Most glorious Night![i]
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be

i. —— *Oh glorious Night*
That art not sent ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare the well-known song which forms the prelude of the *Hebrew Melodies*—

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."]

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee![i]
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,[ii]
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young Earthquake's birth.[iii]

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted[iv. 1]
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted:
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage

i. *A portion of the Storm—a part of thee.*—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *a fiery sea.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *As they had found an heir and feasted o'er his birth.*—
[*MS. erased.*]
iv. *Hills which look like brethren with twin heights*
Of a like aspect ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [There can be no doubt that Byron borrowed this metaphor from the famous passage in Coleridge's *Christabel* (ii. 408–426), which he afterwards prefixed as a motto to *Fare Thee Well.*

The latter half of the quotation runs thus—

"But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."]

Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage:[i]

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as Desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

XCVI.

Sky—Mountains—River—Winds—Lake—Lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder—and a Soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll[1]
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.

i. *Of separation drear* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [There are numerous instances of the use of "knoll" as an alternative form of the verb "to knell." "Knoll," as a substantive, is rare; but Byron might have quoted Wordsworth as an authority. See *Excursion*, vi. 801 (*N. E. D.*, art. "Knoll").]

But where of ye, O Tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul — heart — mind — passions — feelings—strong or weak—
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel—and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

XCVIII.

The Morn is up again, the dewy Morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom—
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens [1] birthplace of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate Thought;
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above,[i]
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,

i. *The trees have grown from Love* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [For Rousseau's description of Vevey, see *Julie; ou, La Nouvelle Héloïse*, Partie I. Lettre xxiii., *Œuvres de J. J. Rousseau*, 1836, ii. 36: "Tantôt d'immenses roches pendoient en ruines au-dessus de ma tête. Tantôt de hautes et bruyantes cascades m'inondoient de leur épais brouillard: tantôt un torrent éternel ouvroit à mes côtés un abîme dont les yeux n'osoient sonder la profondeur. Quelquefois je me perdois dans l'obscurité d'un bois touffu. Quelquefois, en sortant d'un gouffre, une agréable prairie, réjouissoit tout-à-coup mes regards. Un mélange étonnant de la nature sauvage et de la nature cultivée, montroit partout la main des hommes, où l'on eût cru qu'ils n'avoient jamais pénétré: a côté d'une caverne on trouvoit des maisons; on voyoit des pampres secs où l'on n'eût cherché que des ronces, des vignes dans des terres éboulées, d'excellens fruits sur des rochers, et des champs dans des précipices." See, too, Lettre xxxviii. p. 56; Partie IV. Lettre xi. p. 238 (the description of Julie's Elysium); and Partie IV. Lettre xvii. p. 260 (the excursion to Meillerie).

Byron infuses into Rousseau's accurate and charming compositions of scenic effects, if no the "glory," yet "the freshness of a dream." He belonged to the new age, with its new message from nature to man, and, in spite of theories and prejudices, listened and was convinced. He extols Rousseau's recognition of nature, lifting it to the height of his own argument; but, consciously or unconsciously, he desires to find, and finds, in nature a spring of imagination undreamt of by the Apostle of Sentiment. There is a whole world of difference between Rousseau's persuasive and delicate patronage of Nature, and Byron's passionate, though somewhat belated, surrender to her inevitable claim. With Rousseau, Nature is a means to an end, a conduct of refined and heightened fancy; whereas, to Byron, "her reward was with her," a draught of healing and refreshment.]

And Sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought [21.B.]
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,[i.]
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the Soul with Hope that woos, then mocks.

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—[ii.]
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the God
Is a pervading Life and Light,—so shown [iii.]
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power [iv.]
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

CI.

All things are here of *Him;* from the black pines,[1]
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar

i. *By rays which twine there* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Clarens—sweet Clarens—thou art Love's abode—*
Undying Love's—who here hath made a throne.—[*MS.*]
iii. *And girded it with Spirit which is shown*
From the steep summit to the rushing Rhone.—[*MS. erased.*]
iv. —— *whose searching power*
Surpasses the strong storm in its most desolate hour.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, Partie IV. Lettre xvii., *Œuvres, etc.*, ii. 262: "Un torrent, formé par la fonte des neiges, rouloit à vingt pas de nous une eau bourbeuse, et charrioit avec bruit du limon, du sable et des pierres. . . . Des forêts de noirs sapins nous ombrageoient tristement à droite. Un grand bois de chênes étoit à gauche au-delà du torrent."]

Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bowed Waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the Wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,[i]
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed and many-coloured things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,[ii]
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of Beauty, here extend
Mingling—and made by Love—unto one mighty end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,[1]
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows

i. *But branches young as Heaven* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *with sweeter voice than words.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare the *Pervigilium Veneris*—

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,
Quique amavit cras amet."
("Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.")
Parnell's *Vigil of Venus: British Poets*, 1794, vii. 7.]

That tender mystery, will love the more;
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,[i]
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which Passion must allot
To the Mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,[1]
And hallowed it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne.

CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of Names which unto you bequeathed a name;[22.B.]
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of Fame:

i. —— *have driven him to repose.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *Confessions of J. J. Rousseau*, lib. iv., *passim.*]

They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of Heaven again assailed—if Heaven, the while,
On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness,[1] a child
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;[i]
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: But his own

i. *Coping with all and leaving all behind*
Within himself existed all mankind—
And laughing at their faults betrayed his own
His own was ridicule which as the Wind.—[*MS.*]

1. [In his appreciation of Voltaire, Byron, no doubt, had in mind certain strictures of the lake school—"a school, as it is called, I presume, from their education being still incomplete." Coleridge, in *The Friend* (1850, i. 168), contrasting Voltaire with Erasmus, affirms that "the knowledge of the one was solid through its whole extent, and that of the other extensive at a chief rate in its superficiality," and characterizes "the wit of the Frenchman" as being "without imagery, without character, and without that pathos which gives the magic charm to genuine humour;" and Wordsworth, in the second book of *The Excursion* (*Works of Wordsworth*, 1889, p. 434), "unalarmed" by any consideration of wit or humour, writes down Voltaire's *Optimist* (*Candide, ou L'Optimisme*), which was accidentally discovered by the "Wanderer" in the "Solitary's" pent-house, "swoln with scorching damp," as "the dull product of a scoffer's pen." Byron reverts to these contumelies in a note to the Fifth Canto of *Don Juan* (see *Life*, Appendix, p. 809), and lashes "the school" *secundum artem*.]

Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.[1]

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,[i]
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt—with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,

i. —— *concentering thought*
And gathering wisdom ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [In his youth Voltaire was imprisoned for a year (1717–18) in the Bastille, by the regent Duke of Orleans, on account of certain unacknowledged lampoons (*Regnante Puero, etc.*); but throughout his long life, so far from "shaking thrones," he showed himself eager to accept the patronage and friendship of the greatest monarchs of the age—of Louis XV., of George II. and his queen, Caroline of Anspach, of Frederick II., and of Catharine of Russia. Even the Pope Benedict XIV. accepted the dedication of *Mahomet* (1745), and bestowed an apostolical benediction on "his dear son." On the other hand, his abhorrence of war, his protection of the oppressed, and, above all, the questioning spirit of his historical and philosophical writings (*e.g. Les Lettres sur les Anglais*, 1733; *Annales de l'Empire depuis Charlemagne*, 1753, etc.) were felt to be subversive of civil as well as ecclesiastical tyranny, and, no doubt, helped to precipitate the Revolution.

The first half of the line may be illustrated by his quarrel with Maupertuis, the President of the Berlin Academy, which resulted in the production of the famous *Diatribe of Doctor Akakia, Physician to the Pope* (1752), by a malicious attack on Maupertuis's successor, Le Franc de Pompignan, and by his caricature of the critic Elie Catharine Fréron, as *Frélon* ("Wasp"), in *L'Ecossaise*, which was played at Paris in 1760. —*Life of Voltaire*, by F. Espinasse, 1892, pp. 94, 114, 144.]

Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear[i. 1]
And doomed him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all,—or hope and dread allayed
By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,[ii.]
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decayed;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,[2]
'Twill be to be forgiven—or suffer what is just.

i. *Which stung his swarming foes with rage and fear.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *In sleep upon one pillow* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [The first three volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, contrary to the author's expectation, did not escape criticism and remonstrance. The Rev. David Chetsum (in 1772 and (enlarged) 1778) published *An Examination of, etc.*, and Henry Edward Davis, in 1778, *Remarks on* the memorable Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters. Gibbon replied by a *Vindication*, issued in 1779. Another adversary was Archdeacon George Travis, who, in his *Letter*, defended the authenticity of the text on "Three Heavenly Witnesses" (1 *John* v. 7), which Gibbon was at pains to deny (ch. xxxvii. *note* 120). Among other critics and assailants were Joseph Milner, Joseph Priestley, and Richard Watson afterwards Bishop of Llandaff. (For Porson's estimate of Gibbon, see preface to *Letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis, etc.*, 1790.)]

2. [There is no reason to suppose that this is to be taken ironically. He is not certain whether the "secrets of all hearts shall be revealed," or whether all secrets shall be kept in the silence of universal slumber; but he looks to the possibility of a judgment to come. He is speaking for

CIX.

But let me quit Man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er [1]
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

CX.

Italia too! Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the Soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the Chiefs and Sages
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still,[2]

mankind generally, and is not concerned with his own beliefs or disbeliefs.]

1. [The poet would follow in the wake of the clouds. He must pierce them, and bend his steps to the region of their growth, the mountain-top, where earth begets and air brings forth the vapours. Another interpretation is that the Alps must be pierced in order to attain the great and ever-ascending regions of the mountain-tops ("greater and greater as we proceed"). In the next stanza he pictures himself looking down from the summit of the Alps on Italy, the goal of his pilgrimage.]

2. [The Roman Empire engulfed and comprehended the great empires of the past—the Persian, the Carthaginian, the Greek. It fell, and kingdoms such as the Gothic (A.D. 493–554), the Lombardic (A.D. 568–774) rose out of its ashes, and in their turn decayed and passed away.]

The fount at which the panting Mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
Renewed with no kind auspices:—to feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be,—and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—
Which is the tyrant Spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.[1]

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—[i]
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,[ii]
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile

i. *They are but as a self-deceiving wile.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *The shadows of the things that pass along.*—[*MS.*]

1. [The task imposed upon his soul, which dominates every other instinct, is the concealment of any and every emotion—"love, or hate, or aught," not the concealment of the particular emotion "love or hate," which may or may not be the "master-spirit" of his thought. He is anxious to conceal his feelings, not to keep the world in the dark as to the supreme feeling which holds the rest subject.]

My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not [1]
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;—
I stood and stand alone,—remembered or forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the World, nor the World me;
I have not flattered its rank breath,[1] nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coined my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo: in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such—I stood
Among them, but not of them [2]—in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.[23 B.]

1. *Fame is the dream of boyhood—I am not*
So young as to regard the frown or smile
Of crowds as making an immortal lot.—[*MS.* (*lines* 6, 7 *erased*).]

1. [Compare Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 1, lines 66, 67—

"For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter."]

2. [Compare *Manfred*, act ii. sc. 2, lines 54–57—

"My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine."]

CXIV.

I have not loved the World, nor the World me,—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
And Virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing; I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve— [i.]
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That Goodness is no name—and Happiness no dream.

CXV.[1]

My daughter! with thy name this song begun!
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end!—
I see thee not—I hear thee not—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; Thou art the Friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

i. *O'er misery unmixedly some grieve.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Byron was at first in some doubt whether he should or should not publish the "concluding stanzas of *Childe Harold* (those to my *daughter*);" but in a letter to Murray, October 9, 1816, he reminds him of his later determination to publish them with "the rest of the Canto."]

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's developement,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me—
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,[1]
I know that thou wilt love me: though my name

1. ["His allusions to me in *Childe Harold* are cruel and cold, but with such a semblance as to make *me* appear so, and to attract sympathy to himself. It is said in this poem that hatred of him will be taught as a lesson to his child. I might appeal to all who have ever heard me speak of him, and still more to my own heart, to witness that there has been no moment when I have remembered injury otherwise than affectionately and sorrowfully. It is not my duty to give way to hopeless and wholly unrequited affection, but so long as I live my chief struggle will probably be not to remember him too kindly."—(*Letter of Lady Byron to Lady Anne Lindsay*, extracted from Lord Lindsay's letter to the *Times*, September 7, 1869.)

According to Mrs. Leigh (see her letter to Hodgson, Nov., 1816, *Memoirs of Rev. F. Hodgson*, 1878, ii. 41), Murray paid Lady Byron "the compliment" of showing her the transcription of the Third Canto, a day or two after it came into his possession. Most probably she did not know or recognize Claire's handwriting, but she could not fail to remember that but one short year ago she had herself been engaged in transcribing *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* for the press. Between the making of those two "fair copies," a tragedy had intervened.]

Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation, and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us,—'twere the same,
I know that thou wilt love me—though to drain [1]
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou would'st love me, still that more than life retain.

CXVIII.

The child of Love! [2] though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in Convulsion! Of thy sire
These were the elements,—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher!
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As—with a sigh—I deem thou might'st have been to me! [1]

1. *End of Canto Third.*
Byron. July 4, 1816, *Diodati.*—[*C.*]

1. [The Countess Guiccioli is responsible for the statement that Byron looked forward to a time when his daughter "would know her father by his works." "Then," said he, "shall I triumph, and the tears which my daughter will then shed, together with the knowledge that she will have the feelings with which the various allusions to herself and me have been written, will console me in my darkest hours. Ada's mother may have enjoyed the smiles of her youth and childhood, but the tears of her maturer age will be for me."—*My Recollections of Lord Byron*, by the Countess Guiccioli, 1869, p. 172.]

2. [For a biographical notice of Ada Lady Lovelace, including letters, elsewhere unpublished, to Andrew Crosse, see *Ada Byron*, von E. Kölbing, *Englische Studien*, 1894, xix. 154–163.]

NOTES

TO

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO III.

1.

In "pride of place" here last the Eagle flew.
Stanza xviii. line 5.

"PRIDE of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See *Macbeth*, etc.—

"An eagle towering in his pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed."

["A falcon towering in her pride of place," etc.
Macbeth, act ii. sc. 4, line 12.]

2.

Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant Lord.
Stanza xx. line 9.

See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogeiton. The best English translation is in Bland's *Anthology*, by Mr. Denman—

"With myrtle my sword will I wreathe," etc.

[*Translations chiefly from the Greek Anthology, etc.*, 1806, pp. 24, 25. The *Scholium*, attributed to Callistratus (*Poetæ Lyrici Græci*, Bergk. Lipsiæ, 1866, p. 1290), begins thus—

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ὥσπερ Ἁρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην
Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.

"Hence," says Mr. Tozer, "'the sword in myrtles drest' (Keble's *Christian Year*, Third Sunday in Lent) became the emblem of assertors of liberty."—*Childe Harold*, 1885, p. 262.]

3.

And all went merry as a marriage bell.
Stanza xxi. line 8.

On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels. [See notes to the text.]

4.

And Evan's—Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!
Stanza xxvi. line 9.

Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant, Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

[Sir Evan Cameron (1629–1719) fought against Cromwell, finally yielding on honourable terms to Monk, June 5, 1658, and for James II. at Killiecrankie, June 17, 1689. His grandson, Donald Cameron of Lochiel (1695–1748), celebrated by Campbell, in *Lochiel's Warning*, 1802, was wounded at Culloden, April 16, 1746. His great-great-grandson, John Cameron, of Fassieferne (b. 1771), in command of the 92nd Highlanders, was mortally wounded at Quatre-Bras, June 16, 1815. Compare Scott's stanzas, *The Dance of Death*, lines 33, *sq.*—

"Where through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fassiefern.

. . . .

And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Ben Nevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell."

Compare, too, Scott's *Field of Waterloo*, stanza xxi. lines 14, 15—

"And Cameron, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel."]

5.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves.
Stanza xxvii. line 1.

The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Bojardo's *Orlando*, and immortal in Shakspeare's *As You Like It*. It is also celebrated in Tacitus, as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

[It is a far cry from Soignies in South Brabant to Ardennes in Luxembourg. Possibly Byron is confounding the "saltus quibus nomen Arduenna" (Tacitus, *Ann.*, 3. 42), the scene of the revolt of the Treviri, with the "saltus Teutoburgiensis" (the Teutoburgen or Lippische Wald, which divides Lippe Detmold from Westphalia), where Arminius defeated the Romans (Tacitus, *Ann.*, 1. 60). (For Boiardo's "Ardenna," see *Orlando Innamorato*, lib. i. canto 2, st. 30.) Shakespeare's Arden, the "immortal" forest, in *As You Like It*, "favours" his own Arden in Warwickshire, but derived its name from the "forest of Arden" in Lodge's *Rosalynd*.]

6.

I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.
Stanza xxx. line 9.

My guide from Mount St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down, or shivered in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished; the guide said, "Here Major Howard lay: I was near him when wounded." I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though

this may be mere imagination : I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon ; and the field around Mount St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned.

[For particulars of the death of Major Howard, see *Personal Memoirs, etc.*, by Pryse Lockhart Gordon, 1830, ii. 322, 323.]

7.

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore.
Stanza xxxiv. line 6.

The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltites were said to be fair without, and, within, ashes.

[Compare Tacitus, *Histor.*, lib. v. 7, "Cuncta sponte edita, aut manu sata, sive herbæ tenues, aut flores, ut solitam in speciem adolevere, atra et inania velut in cinerem vanescunt." See, too, *Deut.* xxxii. 32, "For their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah : their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter."

They are a species of gall-nut, and are described by Curzon (*Visits to Monasteries of the Levant*, 1897, p. 141), who met with the tree that bears them, near the Dead Sea, and, mistaking the fruit for a ripe plum, proceeded to eat one, whereupon his mouth was filled "with a dry bitter dust."

"The apple of Sodom . . . is supposed by some to refer to the fruit of *Solanum Sodomeum* (allied to the tomato), by others to the *Calotropis procera*" (*N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Apple").]

8.

For sceptred Cynics Earth were far too wide a den.
Stanza xli. line 9.

The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them ; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals ; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to

Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.

9.

What want these outlaws conquerors should have?
Stanza xlviii. line 6.

"What wants that knave that a king should have?" was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements. See the Ballad.

[Johnie Armstrong, the laird of Gilnockie, on the occasion of an enforced surrender to James V. (1532), came before the king somewhat too richly accoutred, and was hanged for his effrontery—

"There hang nine targats at Johnie's hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
'What wants that knave a king suld have
But the sword of honour and the crown'?"
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1821, i. 127.]

10.

The castled Crag of Drachenfels.
Song, stanza 1, line 1.

The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river: on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross, commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

[The castle of Drachenfels (Dragon's Rock) stands on the summit of one, but not the highest, of the Siebengebirge, an isolated group of volcanic hills on the right bank of the Rhine between Remagen and Bonn. The legend runs that in one of the caverns of the rock dwelt the dragon which was slain by Siegfried, the hero of the Nibelungen Lied. Hence the *vin du pays* is called *Drachenblut*.]

II.

The whiteness of his soul—and thus men o'er him wept.
Stanza lvii. line 9.

The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French Republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough; France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, *he* had not the good fortune to die there: his death was attended by suspicions of poison.

A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine [April 18, 1797]. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing.

"The Army of the Sambre and Meuse
to its Commander-in-Chief
Hoche."

This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Buonaparte monopolised her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

[The tomb of François Sévérin Desgravins Marceau (1769–1796, general of the French Republic) bears the following epitaph and inscription:—

"'Hic cineres, ubique nomen.'

"Ici repose Marceau, né à Chartres, Eure-et-Loir, soldat à seize ans, général à vingtdeux ans. Il mourut en combattant pour sa patrie, le dernier jour de l'an iv. de la République française. Qui que tu sois, ami ou ennemi de ce jeune héros, respecte ces cendres."

A bronze statue at Versailles, raised to the memory of General Hoche (1768–1797) bears a very similar record—

"A Lazare Hoche, né à Versailles le 24 juin, 1768, sergent à seize ans, général en chef à vingt-cinq, mort à vingt-neuf, pacificateur de la Vendée."]

12.

Here Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall.
Stanza lviii. line 1.

Ehrenbreitstein, *i.e.* "the broad stone of honour," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time, and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

[Ehrenbreitstein, which had resisted the French under Marshal Boufflers in 1680, and held out against Marceau (1795–96), finally capitulated to the French after a prolonged siege in 1799. The fortifications were dismantled when the French evacuated the fortress after the Treaty of Lunéville in 1801. The Treaty of Leoben was signed April 18, 1797.]

13.

Unsepulchred they roamed, and shrieked each wandering ghost.
Stanza lxiii. line 9.

The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian Legion in the service of France; who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles; a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

[Charles the Bold was defeated by the Swiss at the Battle of Morat, June 22, 1476. It has been computed that more than twenty thousand Burgundians fell in the battle. At first, to avoid the outbreak of a pestilence, the bodies were

thrown into pits. "Nine years later . . . the mouldering remains were unearthed, and deposited in a building . . . on the shore of the lake, near the village of Meyriez. . . . During three succeeding centuries this depository was several times rebuilt. . . . But the ill-starred relics were not destined even yet to remain undisturbed. At the close of the last century, when the armies of the French Republic were occupying Switzerland, a regiment consisting mainly of Burgundians, under the notion of effacing an insult to their ancestors, tore down the 'bone-house' at Morat, covered the contents with earth, and planted on the mound 'a tree of liberty.' But the tree had no roots; the rains washed away the earth; again the remains were exposed to view, and lay bleaching in the sun for a quarter of a century. Travellers stopped to gaze, to moralize, and to pilfer; postilions and poets scraped off skulls and thigh-bones. . . . At last, in 1822, the vestiges were swept together and re-sepulchred, and a simple obelisk of marble was erected, to commemorate a victory well deserving of its fame as a military exploit, but all unworthy to be ranked with earlier triumphs, won by hands pure as well as strong, defending freedom and the right."—*History of Charles the Bold*, by J. F. Kirk, 1868, iii. 404, 405.

Mr. Murray still has in his possession the parcel of bones —the "quarter of a hero"—which Byron sent home from the field of Morat.]

14.

Levelled Aventicum, hath strewed her subject lands.
Stanza lxv. line 9.

Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

[Avenches (Wiflisburg) lies due south of the Lake of Morat, and about five miles east of the Lake of Neuchâtel. As a Roman colony it bore the name of *Pia Flavia Constans Emerita*, and circ. 70 A.D. contained a population of sixty thousand inhabitants. It was destroyed first by the Alemanni and, afterwards, by Attila. "The Emperor Vespasian—son of the banker of the town," says Suetonius (lib. viii. 1)—"surrounded the city by massive walls, defended it by semicircular towers, adorned it with a capitol, a theatre, a forum, and granted it jurisdiction over the outlying dependencies. . . .

"To-day plantations of tobacco cover the forgotten streets of Avenches, and a single Corinthian column ['the lonelier column,' the so-called *Cicognier*], with its crumbling arcade,

remains to tell of former grandeur."—*Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy*, by General Meredith Read, 1897, i. 16.]

15.

And held within their urn one mind—one heart—one dust.
Stanza lxvi. line 9.

Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago;—it is thus:—"Julia Alpinula: Hic jaceo. Infelicis patris, infelix proles. Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fatis illi erat. Vixi annos XXIII."—I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

[A mutinous outbreak among the Helvetii, which had been provoked by the dishonest rapacity of the twenty-first legion, was speedily quelled by the Roman general Aulus Cæcina. Aventicum surrendered (A.D. 69), but Julius Alpinus, a chieftain and supposed ring-leader, was singled out for punishment and put to death. "The rest," says Tacitus, "were left to the ruth or ruthlessness of Vitellius" (*Histor.*, i. 67, 68). Julia Alpinula and her epitaph were the happy inventions of a sixteenth-century scholar. "It appears," writes Lord Stanhope, "that this inscription was given by one Paul Wilhelm, a noted forger (*falsarius*), to Lipsius, and by Lipsius handed over to Gruterus. Nobody, either before or since Wilhelm, has even pretended to have seen the stone . . . as to any son or daughter of Julius Alpinus, history is wholly silent" (*Quarterly Review*, June, 1846, vol. lviii. p. 61; *Historical Essays*, by Lord Mahon, 1849, pp. 297, 298).]

16.

In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow.
Stanza lxvii. line 8.

This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3rd, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine.—(July 20th.) I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of

Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles;

[The first lines of the note dated June 3, 1816, were written at "Dejean's Hôtel de l'Angleterre, at Sécheron, a small suburb of Geneva, on the northern side of the lake." On the 10th of June Byron removed to the Campagne Diodati, about two miles from Geneva, on the south shore of the lake (*Life of Shelley*, by Edward Dowden, 1896, pp. 307–309).]

17.

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.
Stanza lxxi. line 3.

The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

[The blueness of the Rhone, which has been attributed to various causes, is due to the comparative purity of the water. The yellow and muddy stream, during its passage through the lake, is enabled to purge itself to a very great extent of the solid matter held in suspension—the glacial and other detritus—and so, on leaving its vast natural filtering-bed, it flows out clear and blue: it has regained the proper colour of pure water.]

18.

This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss.
Stanza lxxix. line 3.

This refers to the account, in his *Confessions*, of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation; a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

[Here is Rousseau's "passionate, yet not impure," description of his sensations: "J'ai dit qu'il y avoit loin de l'Hermitage à Eaubonne; je passois par les coteaux d'Andilly qui sont charmans. Je rêvois en marchant à celle que j'allois voir, à l'accueil caressant qu'elle me feroit, au baiser qui m'attendoit à mon arrivée. Ce seul baiser, ce baiser funeste avant même

de le recevoir, m'embrasoit le sang à tel point, que ma tête se troubloit, un éblouissement m'aveugloit, mes genoux tremblants ne pouroient me soutenir ; j'étois forcé de m'arrêter, de m'asseoir, toute ma machine étoit dans un désordre inconcevable ; j'étois prêt à m'évanouir. . . . A l'instant que je la voyois, tout étoit réparé ; je ne sentois plus auprès d'elle que l'importunité d'une vigueur inépuisable et toujours inutile." —*Les Confessions*, Partie II. livre ix. ; *Œuvres Complètes de J. J. Rousseau*, 1837, i. 233.

Byron's mother "would have it" that her son was like Rousseau, but he disclaimed the honour antithetically and with needless particularity (see his letter to Mrs. Byron, and a quotation from his *Detached Thoughts*, *Letters*, 1898, i. 192, *note*). There was another point of unlikeness, which he does not mention. Byron, on the passion of love, does not "make for morality," but he eschews nastiness. The loves of Don Juan and Haidée are chaste as snow compared with the unspeakable philanderings of the elderly Jean Jacques and the "mistress of St. Lambert."

Nevertheless, his mother was right. There was a resemblance, and consequently an affinity, between Childe Burun and the "visionary of Geneva"—delineated by another seer or visionary as "the dreamer of love-sick tales, and the spinner of speculative cobwebs ; shy of light as the mole, but as quick-eared too for every whisper of the public opinion ; the teacher of Stoic pride in his principles, yet the victim of morbid vanity in his feelings and conduct."—*The Friend ; Works* of S. T. Coleridge, 1853, ii. 124.]

19.

Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take.
Stanza xci. line 3.

It is to be recollected, that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the *Temple*, but on the *Mount*. To waive the question of devotion, and turn to human eloquence,—the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers, may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the *Iliad* at Sigæum and on the tumuli, or by the springs with Mount Ida above, and the plain and rivers and

Archipelago around you; and another to trim your taper over it in a snug library—*this* I know. Were the early and rapid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed to any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement faith and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume neither to canvass nor to question), I should venture to ascribe it to the practice of preaching in the *fields*, and the unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers. The Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accustomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, wherever they may be, at the stated hours—of course, frequently in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry for the purpose of a bed or cushion as required); the ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally absorbed, and only living in their supplication: nothing can disturb them. On me the simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general rite which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun; including most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahometan. Many of the negroes, of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites; some of these I had a distant view of at Patras; and, from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator.

[For this profession of "natural piety," compare Rousseau's *Confessions*, Partie II. livre xii. (*Œuvres Complètes*, 1837, i. 341)—

"Je ne trouve pas de plus digne hommage à la Divinité que cette admiration muette qu' excite la contemplation de ses œuvres, et qui ne s'exprime point par des actes développés. Je comprends comment les habitants des villes, qui ne voient que des murs, des rues et des crimes, ont peu de foi; mais je ne puis comprendre comment des campagnards, et surtout des solitaires, peuvent n'en point avoir. Comment leur âme ne s'élève-t-elle pas cent fois le jour avec extase à l'Auteur des merveilles qui les frappent? . . . Dans ma chambre je prie plus rarement et plus sèchement; mais à l'aspect d'un beau paysage je me sens ému sans pouvoir dire de quoi."

Compare, too, Coleridge's lines "To Nature"—

"So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,

And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields,
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,
Thee only, God! and Thou shalt not despise
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice."
Poetical Works, 1893, p. 190.]

20.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh Night!
Stanza xcii. line 1.

The thunder-storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June, 1816, at midnight. I have seen, among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimari, several more terrible, but none more beautiful.

21.

And Sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought.
Stanza xcix. line 5.

Rousseau's *Héloïse*, Lettre 17, Part IV., note. "Ces montagnes sont si hautes, qu'une demi-heure après le soleil couché, leurs sommets sont éclairés de ses rayons, dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes blanches *une belle couleur de rose*, qu'on aperçoit de fort loin."[1] This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie.—"J'allai à Vévay loger à la Clef;[2] et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne,

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1. [*Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse: Œuvres Complètes de J. J. Rousseau*, Paris, 1837, ii. 262.]

2. [The Clef, is now a café on the Grande Place, and still distinguished by the sign of the Key. But Vevey had other associations for Rousseau, more powerful and more persuasive than a solitary visit to an inn. "Madame Warens," says General Read, "possessed a charming country resort midway between Vevey and Chillon, just above the beautiful village of Clarens. It was situated at the Bassets, amid scenery whose exquisite features inspired some of the fine imagery of Rousseau. It is now called the Bassets de Pury. . . . The exterior of the older parts has not been changed. . . . The stairway leads to a large *salon*, whose windows command a view of Meillerie, St. Gingolph, and Bouveret, beyond the lake. Communicating with this *salon* is a large dining-room.

"These two rooms open to the east, upon a broad terrace.

je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirois volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles : Allez à Vévay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire,[1] et pour un St. Preux ; mais ne les y cherchez pas."—*Les Confessions*, [P. I. liv. 4, *Œuvres, etc.*, 1837, i. 78].—In July [June 23–27], 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva ;[2] and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his *Héloïse*, I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Bôveret, St. Gingo,[3] Meillerie, Evian, and the entrances of the Rhone) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all ; the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion ; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of

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At a corner of the terrace is a large summer-house, and through the chestnut trees one sees as far as Les Crêtes, the hillocks and bosquets described by Rousseau. Near by is a dove-cote filled with cooing doves. . . . In the last century this site (Les Crêtes) was covered with pleasure-gardens, and some parts are even pointed out as associated with Rousseau and Madame de Warens."—*Historic Sketches of Vaud, etc.*, by General Meredith Read, 1897, i. 433–437. There was, therefore, some excuse for the guide (see Byron's *Diary*, September 18, 1816) "confounding Rousseau with St. Preux, and mixing the man with the book."]

1. [Claire, afterwards Madame Orbe, is Julie's cousin and confidante. She is represented as whimsical and humorous. It is not impossible that "Claire," in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, "bequeathed her name" to Claire, otherwise Jane Clairmont.]

2. [Byron and Shelley sailed round the Lake of Geneva towards the end of June, 1816. Writing to Murray, June 27, he says, "I have traversed all Rousseau's ground with the *Héloïse* before me ;" and in the same letter announces the completion of a third canto of *Childe Harold*. He revisited Clarens and Chillon in company with Hobhouse in the following September (see extracts from a Journal, September 18, 1816, *Life*, pp. 311, 312).]

3. [Bouveret, St. Gingolph.]

our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole.—If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them.—I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie[1] (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo during a lake storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore at St. Gingo, I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height of Clarens is a château[2] [Château des Crêtes]. The

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1. [Byron mentions the "squall off Meillerie" in a letter to Murray, dated Ouchy, near Lausanne, June 27, 1816. Compare, too, Shelley's version of the incident: "The wind gradually increased in violence until it blew tremendously; and as it came from the remotest extremity of the lake, produced waves of a frightful height, and covered the whole surface with a chaos of foam. . . . I felt in this near prospect of death a mixture of sensations, among which terror entered, though but subordinately. My feelings would have been less painful had I been alone; but I know that my companion would have attempted to save me, and I was overcome with humiliation, when I thought that his life might have been risked to preserve mine."—*Letters from Abroad, etc.; Essays*, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Mrs. Shelley, 1840, ii. 68, 69.]

2. [Byron and Shelley slept at Clarens, June 26, 1816. The windows of their inn commanded a view of the *Bosquet de Julie*. "In the evening we walked thither. It is, indeed, Julia's wood . . . the trees themselves were aged but vigorous. . . . We went again (June 27) to the *Bosquet de Julie*, and found that the precise spot was now utterly obliterated, and a heap of stones marked the place where the little chapel had once stood. Whilst we were execrating the author of this brutal folly, our guide informed us that

hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the "Bosquet de Julie;" and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the "local habitations" he has given to "airy nothings." The Prior of Great St. Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one; but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made, that "La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs."]

22.

Of Names which unto you bequeathed a name.
Stanza cv. line 2.

Voltaire and Gibbon.

[François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694–1778) lived on his estate at Fernex, five miles north of Geneva, from 1759 to 1777. "In the garden at Fernex is a long *berceau* walk, closely arched over with clipped horn-beam—a verdant cloister, with gaps cut here and there, admitting a glimpse of the prospect. Here Voltaire used to walk up and down, and dictate to his secretary."—*Handbook for Switzerland*, p. 174.

Previous to this he had lived for some time at Lausanne, at "Monrepos, a country house at the end of a suburb," at Monrion, "a square building of two storeys, and a high garret, with wings, each fashioned like the letter L," and

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the land belonged to the Convent of St. Bernard, and that this outrage had been committed by their orders. I knew before that if avarice could harden the hearts of men, a system of prescriptive religion has an influence far more inimical to natural sensibility. I know that an isolated man is sometimes restrained by shame from outraging the venerable feelings arising out of the memory of genius, which once made nature even lovelier than itself; but associated man holds it as the very sacrament of this union to forswear all delicacy, all benevolence, all remorse; all that is true, or tender, or sublime."—*Essays, etc.*, 1840, ii. 75.]

afterwards, in the spring of 1757, at No. 6, Rue du Grand Chêne.—*Historic Studies*, ii. 210, 218, 219.

Edward Gibbon (1737–1794) finished (1788) *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* at "La Grotte, an ancient and spacious mansion behind the church of St. Francis, at Lausanne," which was demolished by the Swiss authorities in 1879. Not only has the mansion ceased to exist, but the garden has been almost entirely changed. The wall of the Hôtel Gibbon occupies the site of the famous wooden pavilion, or summer-house, and of the "berceau of plum trees, which formed a verdant gallery completely arched overhead," and which "were called after Gibbon, La Gibbonière." —*Historic Studies*, i. 1 ; ii. 493.

In 1816 the pavilion was "utterly decayed," and the garden neglected, but Byron gathered "a sprig of *Gibbon's acacia*," and some rose leaves from his garden and enclosed them in a letter to Murray (June 27, 1816). Shelley, on the contrary, "refrained from doing so, fearing to outrage the greater and more sacred name of Rousseau ; the contemplation of whose imperishable creations had left no vacancy in my heart for mortal things. Gibbon had a cold and unimpassioned spirit."—*Essays, etc.*, 1840, ii. 76.]

23.

Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.
Stanza cxiii. line 9.

"—— If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I *filed* my mind."
Macbeth, [act iii. sc. 1, line 64].

24.

O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve.
Stanza cxiv. line 7.

It is said by Rochefoucault, that "there is *always* something in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them."

["Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas."—*Appendice aux Maximes de La Rochefoucauld, Panthéon Littéraire*, Paris, 1836, p. 460.]

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

"Visto ho Toscana Lombardia Romagna,
Quel monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia, e un mare e l' altro che la bagna."
Ariosto, Satira iv. lines 58–60.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FOURTH CANTO.

THE first draft of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, which embodies the original and normal conception of the poem, was the work of twenty-six days. On the 17th of June, 1817, Byron wrote to Murray: "You are out about the Third Canto: I have not done, nor designed, a line of continuation to that poem. I was too short a time at Rome for it, and have no thought of recommencing." But in spite of this assertion, "the numbers came," and on June 26 he made a beginning. Thirty stanzas "were roughened off" on the 1st of July, fifty-six were accomplished by the 9th, "ninety and eight" by the 15th, and on July 20 he announces "the completion of the fourth and ultimate canto of *Childe Harold*. It consists of 126 stanzas." One stanza (xl.) was appended to the fair copy. It suggested a parallel between Ariosto "the Southern Scott," and Scott "the Northern Ariosto," and excited some misgiving.

In commending his new poem to Murray (July 20, August 7), Byron notes three points in which it differed from its predecessors: it is "the longest of the four;" "it treats more of works of art than of nature;" "there are no metaphysics in it—at least, I think not." In other words, "The Fourth Canto is not a continuation of the Third. I have parted company with Shelley and Wordsworth. Subject-matter and treatment are alike new."

The poem as it stood was complete, and, as a poem, it lost as well as gained by the insertion of additional stanzas and groups of stanzas, "purple patch" on "purple patch," each by itself so attractive and so splendid. The pilgrim finds himself at Venice, on the "Bridge of Sighs." He

beholds in a vision the departed glories of "a thousand years." The "long array of shadows," the "beings of the mind," come to him "like truth," and repeople the vacancy. But he is an exile, and turns homeward in thought to "the inviolate island of the sage and free." He is an exile and a sufferer. He can and will endure his fate, but "ever and anon" he feels the prick of woe, and with the sympathy of despair would stand "a ruin amidst ruins," a desolate soul in a land of desolation and decay. He renews his pilgrimage. He passes Arquà, where "they keep the dust of Laura's lover," lingers for a day at Ferrara, haunted by memories of "Torquato's injured shade," and, as he approaches "the fair white walls" of Florence, he re-echoes the "Italia! oh, Italia!" of Filicaja's impassioned strains. At Florence he gazes, "dazzled and drunk with beauty," at the "goddess in stone," the Medicean Venus, but forbears to "describe the indescribable," to break the silence of Art by naming its mysteries. Santa Croce and the other glories "in Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine," he passes by unsung, if not unseen; but Thrasymene's "sheet of silver," the "living crystal" of Clitumnus' "gentlest waters," and Terni's "matchless cataract," on whose verge "an Iris sits," and "lone Soracte's ridge," not only call forth his spirit's homage, but receive the homage of his Muse.

And now the Pilgrim has reached his goal, "Rome the wonderful," the sepulchre of empire, the shrine of art.

Henceforth the works of man absorb his attention. Pompey's "dread statue;" the Wolf of the Capitol; the Tomb of Cecilia Metella; the Palatine; the "nameless column" of the Forum; Trajan's pillar; Egeria's Grotto; the ruined Colosseum, "arches on arches," an "enormous skeleton," the Colosseum of the poet's vision, a multitudinous ring of spectators, a bloody Circus, and a dying Gladiator; the Pantheon; S. Nicola in Carcere, the scene of the Romana Caritas; St. Peter's "vast and wondrous dome,"—are all celebrated in due succession. Last of all, he "turns to the Vatican," to view the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere, the counterfeit presentments of ideal suffering and ideal beauty. His "shrine is won;" but ere he bids us farewell he climbs the Alban Mount, and as the Mediterranean once

more bursts upon his sight, he sums the moral of his argument. Man and all his works are as a drop of rain in the Ocean, "the image of eternity, the throne of the Invisible"!

Byron had no sooner completed "this fourth and ultimate canto," than he began to throw off additional stanzas. His letters to Murray during the autumn of 1817 announce these successive lengthenings; but it is impossible to trace the exact order of their composition. On the 7th of August the canto stood at 130 stanzas, on the 21st at 133; on the 4th of September at 144, on the 17th at 150; and by November 15 it had reached 167 stanzas. Of nineteen stanzas which were still to be added, six—on the death of the Princess Charlotte (died November 6, 1817)—were written at the beginning of December, and two stanzas (clxxvii., clxxviii.) were forwarded to Murray in the early spring of 1818.

Of these additions the most notable are four stanzas on Venice (including stanza xiii. on "The Horses of St. Mark"); "The sunset on the Brenta" (stanzas xxvii.–xxix.); The tombs in Santa Croce,—the apostrophe to "the all Etruscan three," Petrarch, Dante, Boccaccio (stanzas liv.–lx.); "Rome a chaos of ruins—antiquarian ignorance" (stanzas lxxx.–lxxxii.); "The nothingness of Man—the hope of the future—Freedom" (stanzas xciii.–xcviii.); "The Tarpeian Rock—the Forum—Rienzi" (stanzas cxii.–cxiv.); "Love, Life, and Reason" (stanzas cxx.–cxxvii.); "The Curse of Forgiveness" (stanzas cxxxv.–cxxxvii.); "The Mole of Hadrian" (stanza clii.); "The death of the Princess Charlotte" (stanzas clxvii.–clxxii.); "Nemi" (stanzas clxxiii., clxxiv.); "The Desert and one fair Spirit" (stanzas clxxvii., clxxviii.).

Some time during the month of December, 1817, Byron wrote out a fair copy of the entire canto, numbering 184 stanzas (*MS. D.*); and on January 7, 1818, Hobhouse left Venice for England, with the "whole of the MSS.," viz. *Beppo* (begun October, 1817), and the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, together with a work of his own, a volume of essays on Italian literature, the antiquities of Rome, etc., which he had put together during his residence in Venice (July—December, 1817), and proposed to publish as an appendix to *Childe Harold*. In his preface to *Historical Illustrations*,

etc., 1818, Hobhouse explains that on his return to England he considered that this "appendix to the Canto would be swelled to a disproportioned bulk," and that, under this impression, he determined to divide his material into two parts. The result was that "such only of the notes as were more immediately connected with the text" were printed as "Historical Notes to Canto the Fourth," and that his longer dissertations were published in a separate volume, under his own name, as *Historical Illustrations to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.* To these "Historical Notes" an interest attaches apart from any consideration of their own worth and importance; but to understand the relation between the poem and the notes, it is necessary to retrace the movements of the poet and his annotator.

Byron and Hobhouse left the Villa Diodati, October 5, 1816, crossed the Simplon, and made their way together, *via* Milan and Verona, to Venice. Early in December the friends parted company. Byron remained at Venice, and Hobhouse proceeded to Rome, and for the next four months devoted himself to the study of Italian literature, in connection with archæology and art. Byron testifies (September 14, 1817) that his researches were "indefatigable," that he had "more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon." Hobhouse left Rome for Naples, May 21; returned to Rome, June 9; arrived at Terni, July 2; and early in July joined Byron on the Brenta, at La Mira. The latter half of the year (July—December, 1817) was occupied in consulting "the best authorities" in the Ducal Library at Venice, with a view to perfecting his researches, and giving them to the world as an illustrative appendix to *Childe Harold.* It is certain that Byron had begun the fourth canto, and written some thirty or more stanzas, before Hobhouse rejoined him at his villa of La Mira on the banks of the Brenta, in July, 1817; and it would seem that, although he had begun by saying "that he was too short a time in Rome for it," he speedily overcame his misgivings, and accomplished, as he believed, the last "fytte" of his pilgrimage. The first draft was Byron's unaided composition, but the "additional stanzas" were largely due to Hobhouse's suggestions in the course of

conversation, if not to his written "researches." Hobhouse himself made no secret of it. In his preface (p. 5) to *Historical Illustrations* he affirms that both "illustrations" and notes were "for the most part written while the noble author was yet employed in the composition of the poem. They were put into the hands of Lord Byron much in the state in which they now appear;" and, writing to Murray, December 7, 1817, he says, "I must confess I feel an affection for it [Canto IV.] more than ordinary, as part of it was begot as it were under my own eyes; for although your poets are as shy as elephants and camels . . . yet I have, not unfrequently, witnessed his lordship's coupleting, and some of the stanzas owe their birth to our morning walk or evening ride at La Mira." Forty years later, in his revised and enlarged "Illustrations" (*Italy: Remarks made in Several Visits from the year* 1816 *to* 1854, by the Right Hon. Lord Broughton, G.C.B., 1859, i. p. iv.), he reverts to this collaboration: "When I rejoined Lord Byron at La Mira . . . I found him employed upon the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, and, later in the autumn, he showed me the first sketch of the poem. It was much shorter than it afterwards became, and it did not remark on several objects which appeared to me peculiarly worthy of notice. I made a list of these objects, and in conversation with him gave him reasons for the selection. The result was the poem as it now appears, and he then engaged me to write the notes."

As the "delicate spirit" of Shelley suffused the third canto of *Childe Harold*, so the fourth reveals the presence and co-operation of Hobhouse. To his brother-poet he owed a fresh conception, perhaps a fresh appreciation of nature; to his lifelong friend, a fresh enthusiasm for art, and a host of details, "dry bones . . . which he awakened into the fulness of life."

The Fourth Canto was published on Tuesday, April 28, 1818. It was reviewed by [Sir] Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxvii., April, 1818, and by John Wilson in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 59, June, 1818. Both numbers were published on the same day, September 26, 1818.

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV.

ORIGINAL DRAFT. [*MS. M.*]

[June 26—July 19. 1817.]

Stanza i. "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,"—

„ iii.–xi. "In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,"—"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her Lord,"—

„ xv. "Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file,"—

„ xviii.–xxvi. "I loved her from my boyhood—she to me,"—"The Commonwealth of Kings—the Men of Rome!"—

„ xxx.–xxxix. "There is a tomb in Arqua;—reared in air,"—"Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his,"—

„ xlii.–xlvi. "Italia! oh, Italia! thou who hast,"—"That page is now before me, and on mine,"—

„ xlviii.–l. "But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,"—"We gaze and turn away, and know not where,"—

„ liii. "I leave to learnéd fingers, and wise hands,"—

„ lxi.–lxxix. "There be more things to greet the heart and eyes,"—"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,"—

„ lxxxiii. "Oh, thou, whose chariot rolled on Fortune's wheel,"—

„ lxxxiv. "The dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine,"—

„ lxxxvii.–xcii. "And thou, dread Statue! yet existent in,"—"And would be all or nothing—nor could wait,"—

„ xcix.–cviii. "There is a stern round tower of other days,"—"There is the moral of all human tales,"—

Stanza cx. "Tully was not so eloquent as thou,"—

„ cxi. "Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,"—

„ cxv.–cxix. "Egeria! sweet creation of some heart,"—"And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,"—

„ cxxviii.–cxxxiv. "Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,"—"And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now,"—

„ cxxxviii.–cli. "The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread Power!"—"The starry fable of the Milky Way,"—

„ cliii.–clxvi. "But lo! the Dome—the vast and wondrous Dome,"—"And send us prying into the abyss,"—

„ clxxv. "But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,"—

„ clxxvi. "Upon the blue Symplegades: long years,"—

„ clxxix. "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!"—

„ clxxx. "His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields,"—

„ clxxxiii.–clxxxvi. "Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form,"—"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been,"—

Additional Stanza.

Stanza xl. "Great as thou art, yet paralleled by those,"—

(127 stanzas.)

Additions bound up with *MS. M.*

Stanza ii. "She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from Ocean,"—

„ xii.–xiv. "The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns,"—(November 10, 1817.)—"In youth She was all glory,—a new Tyre,"—

„ xvi. "When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,"—

„ xvii. "Thus, Venice! if no stronger claim were thine,"—

„ xxvii.–xxix. "The Moon is up, and yet it is not night,"—"Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,"—

„ xlvii. "Yet, Italy! through every other land,"—

Stanza li. "Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?"—
„ lii. "Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,"—
„ liv.–lx. "In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie,"—"What is her Pyramid of precious stones?"—
„ lxxx.–lxxxii. "The Goth, the Christian—Time—War—Flood, and Fire,"—"Alas! the lofty city! and alas!"—
„ lxxxv. "Sylla was first of victors; but our own,"—
„ lxxxvi. "The third of the same Moon whose former course,"—
„ xciii.–xcvi. "What from this barren being do we reap?"—"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,"—
„ cix. "Admire—exult—despise—laugh—weep,—for here,"—
„ cxii.–cxiv. "Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place,"—"Then turn we to her latest Tribune's name,"—
„ cxxiii. "Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure,"—
„ cxxv.–cxxvii. "Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,"—"Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base,"—
„ cxxxv.–cxxxvii. "That curse shall be Forgiveness,—Have I not,"—"But I have lived, and have not lived in vain,"—
„ clii. "Turn to the Mole which Hadrian reared on high,"—
„ clxvii.–clxxii. "Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,"—(On the death of the Princess Charlotte, November 6, 1817.)—"These might have been her destiny—but no,"—
„ clxxiii. "Lo, Nemi! navelled in the woody hills,"—
„ clxxiv. "And near, Albano's scarce divided waves,"—
„ clxxvii. "Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,"—(1818.)
„ clxxviii. "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,"—(1818.)
„ clxxxi. "The armaments which thunderstrike the walls,"—

Stanza clxxxii. "Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,"—

(52 stanzas.)

ADDITIONS INCLUDED IN *MS. D.*,[1] BUT NOT AMONG *MSS. M.*

Stanza xli. "The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust,"—
„ xcvii. "But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,"—
„ xcviii. "Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,"—
„ cxx. "Alas! our young affections run to waste,"—
„ cxxi. "Oh, Love! no habitant of earth thou art,"—
„ cxxii. "Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,"—
„ cxxiv. "We wither from our youth, we gasp away,"—

(Seven stanzas.)

1. *MS. D.*, Byron's final fair copy, is in the possession of the Lady Dorchester.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S.,

&c., &c., &c.

VENICE, *January* 2, 1818.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of *Childe Harold*, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend,[1] it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to *Childe Harold*, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting ;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth ; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not

1. [Compare Canto IV. stanza clxiv.—

"But where is he, the Pilgrim of my Song. . . .
He is no more—these breathings are his last."]

for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,[1] but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

1. [His marriage. Compare the epigram, "On my Wedding-Day," sent in a letter to Moore, January 2, 1820—

"Here's a happy new year!—but with reason
I beg you'll permit me to say—
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
But as *few* as you please of the *day*."]

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*,[1] whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject are *now* a matter of indifference: the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections: and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself,[2] and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us,—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst

1. ["Some fancy me no Chinese, because I am formed more like a man than a monster; and others wonder to find one born five thousand miles from England, endued with common sense. . . . He must be some Englishman in disguise."—*The Citizen of the World; or a Series of Letters from a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his Friends in the East*, 1762, Letter xxxiii.]

2. [*Vide ante*, Introduction to Canto IV., p. 315.]

whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—"Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l' antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still—Canova,[1] Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzofanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne

1. [Antonio Canova, sculptor, 1757–1822; Vincenzo Monti, 1754–1828; Ugo Foscolo, 1776–1827 (see *Life*, p. 456, etc.); Ippolito Pindemonte, 1753–1828 (see Letter to Murray, June 4, 1817), poets; Ennius Quirinus Visconti, 1751–1818, the valuer of the Elgin marbles, archæologist; Giacomo Morelli, 1745–1819, bibliographer and scholar (the architect Cosimo Morelli, born 1732, died in 1812); Leopoldo Conte de Cicognara, 1767–1834, archæologist; the Contessa Albrizzi, 1769?–1836, authoress of *Ritratti di Uomini Illustri* (see *Life*, pp. 331, 413, etc.); Giuseppe Mezzofanti, 1774–1849, linguist; Angelo Maï (cardinal), 1782–1854, philologist; Andreas Moustoxides, 1787–1860, a Greek archæologist, who wrote in Italian; Francesco Aglietti (see *Life*, p. 378, etc.), 1757–1836; Andrea Vacca Berlinghieri, 1772–1826 (see *Life*, p. 339).

For biographical essays on Monti, Foscolo, and Pindemonte, see "Essay on the Present Literature of Italy" (Hobhouse's *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, 1818, pp. 347, *sq.*). See, too, *Italian Literature*, by R. Garnett, C.B., LL.D., 1898, pp. 333–337, 337–341, 341–342.]

sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*,[1] the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched "longing after immortality,"[2]—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers' chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima!"[3] it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean,[4] and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world,

1. [Shelley (notes M. Darmesteter), in his preface to the *Prometheus Unbound*, "emploie le mot sans demander pardon." "The mass of capabilities remains at every period materially the same; the circumstances which awaken it to action perpetually change." "Capability" in the sense of "undeveloped faculty or property; a condition physical or otherwise, capable of being converted or turned to use" (*N. Eng. Dict.*), appertains rather to material objects. To apply the term figuratively to the forces inherent in national character savoured of a literary indecorum. Hence the apology.]

2. [Addison, *Cato*, act v. sc. 1, line 3—

> "It must be so—*Plato*, thou reason'st well!—
> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after immortality?"]

3. [Shelley chose this refrain as the motto to his unfinished lines addressed to his infant son—

> "My lost William, thou in whom
> Some bright spirit lived——"]

4. [Scott commented severely on this opprobrious designation of "the great and glorious victory of Waterloo," in his critique on the Fourth Canto, *Q. R.*, No. xxxvii., April, 1818.]

by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history.[1] For me,—

"Non movero mai corda
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda."

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to enquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus;[2] it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, "Verily they *will have* their reward," and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged
And affectionate friend,
BYRON.

1. [*The substance of some letters written by an Englishman resident in Paris during the last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon.* 1816. 2 vols.]
2. [In 1817.]

[illegible], del. Walker & Boutall, ph. sc.

Lord Byron.

CANTO THE FOURTH.[1]

I.

I STOOD in Venice, on the "Bridge of Sighs;"[2] [2 I.H.]
A Palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the Enchanter's wand:[3]

1. [Venice and La Mira on the Brenta.
Copied, August, 1817.
Begun, June 26. Finished, July 29th. *MS. M.*]

2. [Byron sent the first stanza to Murray, July 1, 1817, "the shaft of the column as a specimen." Gifford, Frere, and many more to whom Murray "ventured to show it," expressed their approval (*Memoir of John Murray*, i. 385).

"'The Bridge of Sighs,'" he explains (i.e. *Ponte de' Sospiri*), "is that which divides, or rather joins, the palace of the Doge to the prison of the state." Compare *The Two Foscari*, act iv. sc. 1—

"In Venice '*but*'s' a traitor.
But me no '*buts*,' unless you would pass o'er
The Bridge which few repass."

This, however, is an anachronism. The Bridge of Sighs was built by Antonio da Ponte, in 1597, more than a century after the death of Francesco Foscari. "It is," says Mr. Ruskin, "a work of no merit and of a late period, owing the interest it possesses chiefly to its pretty name, and to the ignorant sentimentalism of Byron" (*Stones of Venice*, 1853, ii. 304; iii. 359).]

3. [Compare *Mysteries of Udolpho*, by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, 1794, ii. 35, 36—

"Its terraces crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics . . .

A thousand Years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the wingéd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles![1]

II.

She looks a sea Cybele,[1] fresh from Ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A Ruler of the waters and their powers:

1. —— *throned on her Seventy Isles.*—[*MS. M. altern. reading, D.*]

appeared as if they had been called up from the Ocean by the wand of an enchanter."]

1. Sabellicus, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true.—"Quo fit ut qui supernè [ex specula aliqua eminentiore] urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere." [*De Venetæ Urbis situ Narratio*, lib. i. *Ital. Ill. Script.*, 1600, p. 4. Marcus Antonius Coccius Sabellicus (1436–1506) wrote, *inter alia*, a *History of Venice*, published in folio in 1487, and *Rhapsodiæ Historiarum Enneades, a condito mundo, usque ad* A.C. 1504. His description of Venice (*vide supra*) was published after his death in 1527. Hofmann does not give him a good character: "Obiit A.C. 1506, turpi morbo confectus, ætat. 70, relicto filio notho." But his Αὐτοεπιτάφιον implies that he was satisfied with himself.

"Quem non res hominum, non omnis ceperat ætas,
Scribentem capit hæc Coccion urna brevis."
Lexicon Universale, art. "Marcus," etc.

Cybele (sometimes written Cybelle and Cybēle), the "mother of the Goddesses," was represented as wearing a mural crown — "coronamque turritam gestare dicitur" (Albricus Phil., *De Imag. Deor.*, xii.). Venice with her tiara of proud towers is the earth-goddess Cybele, having "suffered a sea-change."]

And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East [i.]
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.[1]
In purple was she robed,[2] and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.[ii.]

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,[2.H.]
And silent rows the songless Gondolier;[3]
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And Music meets not always now the ear:

i. *From spoils of many nations and the East.*—[*MS. M., D. erased.*]
ii. *Monarchs sate down* ——.—[*D. erased.*]

1. ["Gems wrought into drinking-vessels, among which the least precious were framed of turquoise, jasper, or amethyst . . . unnumbered jacinths, emeralds, sapphires, chrysolites, and topazes, and, lastly, those matchless carbuncles which, placed on the High Altar of St. Mark's, blazed with intrinsic light, and scattered darkness by their own beams;—these are but a sample of the treasures which accrued to Venice" (Villehardouin, lib. iii. p. 129). (See *Sketches from Venetian History*, 1831, i. 161.)]

2. [After the fall of Constantinople, in 1204, "the illustrious Dandolo . . . was permitted to tinge his buskins in the purple hue distinctive of the Imperial Family, to claim exemption from all feudal service to the Emperor, and to annex to the title of Doge of Venice the proud style of Despot of Romania, and Lord of One-fourth and One-eighth of the Roman Empire" (*ibid.*, 1831, i. 167).]

3. [The gondoliers (see Hobhouse's note ii.) used to sing alternate stanzas of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, capping each other like the shepherds in the *Bucolics*. The rival reciters were sometimes attached to the same gondola; but often the response came from a passing gondolier, a stranger to the singer who challenged the contest. Rogers, in his

Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall—Arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,[i]
The Revel of the earth—the Masque of Italy!

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway;

i. *The pleasure-place of all festivity.*—[*MS. M.*]

Italy, laments the silence which greeted the swan-song of his own gondolier—

"He sung,
As in the time when Venice was Herself,
Of Tancred and Erminia. On our oars
We rested; and the verse was verse divine!
We could not err—Perhaps he was the last—
For none took up the strain, none answer'd him;
And, when he ceased, he left upon my ear
A something like the dying voice of Venice!"
The Gondola (*Poems*, 1852, ii. 79).

Compare, too, Goethe's "Letters from Italy," October 6, 1786: "This evening I bespoke the celebrated *song* of the mariners, who chaunt Tasso and Ariosto to melodies of their own. This must actually be ordered, as it is not to be heard as a thing of course, but rather belongs to the half-forgotten traditions of former times. I entered a gondola by moonlight, with one *singer* before and the other behind me. They *sing* their *song*, taking up the verses alternately. . . .

"Sitting on the shore of an island, on the bank of a canal, or on the side of a boat, a gondolier will sing away with a loud penetrating voice—the multitude admire force above everything—anxious only to be heard as far as possible. Over the silent mirror it travels far."—*Travels in Italy*, 1883, p. 73.]

Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto;[1] Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre,[2] can not be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the Arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

1. [The Rialto, or Rivo alto, "the middle group of islands between the shore and the mainland," on the left of the Grand Canal, was the site of the original city, and till the sixteenth century its formal and legal designation. The Exchange, or Banco Giro, was held in the piazza opposite the church of San Giacomo, which stands at the head of the canal to the north of the Ponte di Rialto. It was on the Rialto that Antonio rated Shylock about his "usances." "What news on the Rialto?" asks Solanio (*Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 3, line 102; act iii. sc. 1, line 1). Byron uses the word symbolically for Venetian commerce.]

2. [Pierre is the hero of Otway's *Venice Preserved*. Shylock and the Moor stand where they did, but what of Pierre? If the name of Otway—"master of the tragic art"—and the title of his masterpiece—*Venice Preserved, or The Plot Discovered* (first played 1682)—are not wholly forgotten, Pierre and Monimia and Belvidera have "decayed," and are memorable chiefly as favourite characters of great actors and actresses. Genest notes twenty revivals of the *Venice Preserved*, which was played as late as October 27, 1837, when Macready played "Pierre," and Phelps "Jaffier." "No play that I know," says Hartley Coleridge (*Essays*, 1851, ii. 56), gains so much by acting as *Venice Preserved*. . . . Miss O'Neill, I well remember, made me weep with Belvidera; but she would have done the same had she spoken in an unknown tongue." Byron, who professed to be a "great admirer of Otway," in a letter to Hodgson, August 22, 1811 (*Letters*, 1898, i. 339, *note* 1), alludes to some lines from *Venice Preserved* (act ii. sc. 3), which seem to have taken his fancy. Two lines spoken by Belvidera (act ii.), if less humorous, are more poetical—

"Oh, the day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our sorrow;
Come, come to bed, and bid thy cares Good night!"]

V.

The Beings of the Mind are not of clay:
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence:[1] that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life in this our state[i]
Of mortal bondage, by these Spirits supplied,
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age—
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;[2]

i. *Denies to the dull trick of life* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare *The Dream*, i.—

"The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh."

The ideal personages of the poet's creations have the promise of immortality. The ideal forms which people his imagination transfigure and supplant the dull and grievous realities of his mortal being and circumstance; but there are "things" more radiant, more enchanting still, the "strong realities" of the heart and soul—hope, love, joy. But they pass! We wake, and lo! it was a dream.]

2. ["In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull."
Don Juan, Canto XIV. stanza x.

In youth the poet takes refuge, in the ideal world, from the crowd and pressure of blissful possibilities; and in age, when hope is beyond hope, he peoples the solitude with beings of the mind.]

And this wan feeling peoples many a page—[i]
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye: [ii]
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues [iii]
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the Muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

VII.

I saw or dreamed of such,—but let them go,—
They came like Truth—and disappeared like dreams;
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so:
I could replace them if I would; still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
Let these too go—for waking Reason deems
Such over-weening phantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find

i. *And this worn feeling* ——.—[*Editions* 1816–1891.]
ii. *And, may be, that which* { *springs* / *spreads* } ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iii. *Outshines our Fairies—things in shape and hue.*—[*MS. M.*]

A country with—aye, or without mankind;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,—
Not without cause; and should I leave behind [i.]
The inviolate Island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,[ii.]

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well; and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My Spirit shall resume it—if we may [iii.]
Unbodied choose a sanctuary.[1] I twine
My hopes of being remembered in my line
With my land's language: if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,—
If my Fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

i. —— *and though I leave behind.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *And make myself a home beside a softer sea.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. —— *to pine*
Albeit is not my nature, and I twine.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [In another mood he wrote to Murray (June 7, 1819), "I trust they won't think of 'pickling, and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall' [see *The Rivals*, act v. sc. 3]. I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country." In this half-humorous outburst he deprecates, or pretends to deprecate, the fate which actually awaited his remains—burial in the family vault at Hucknall Torkard. There is, of course, no reference to a public funeral and a grave in Westminster Abbey. In the next stanza (x. line 1) he assumes the possibility of his being excluded from the Temple of Fame; but there is, perhaps, a tacit reference to burial in the Abbey. If the thought, as is probable, occurred to him, he veils it in a metaphor.]

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honoured by the Nations—let it be—
And light the Laurels on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."[1]
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need—
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such
a seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her Lord,[i]
And annual marriage now no more renewed—
The Bucentaur[2] lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!

i. *The widowed Adriatic mourns her Doge.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

[Βρασίδας γὰρ ἦν μὲν ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς, πολλοὶ δ' ἐκείνου κρείσσονες ἐν τῇ Σπάρτῃ. Plutarchi *Moralia*, *Apophthegmata Laconica* (Tauchnitz, 1820), ii. 127.]

2. [The Bucentaur, "the state barge in which, on Ascension Day, the Doge of Venice used to wed the Adriatic by dropping a ring into it," was broken up and rifled by the French in 1797 (*note*, by Rev. E. C. Owen, *Childe Harold*, 1897, p. 197).

Compare Goethe's "Letters from Italy," October 5, 1786: "To give a notion of the Bucentaur in one word, I should say that it is a state-galley. The older one, of which we still have drawings, justified this appellation still more than

St. Mark yet sees his Lion [1] where he stood [3.H.]
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,[i. 2]
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a Queen with an unequalled dower.

i. *Even on the pillar* ——.—[*MS. M., D. erased.*]

the present one, which, by its splendour, makes us forget the original. . . .

"The vessel is all ornament; we ought to say, it is overladen with ornament; it is altogether one piece of gilt carving, for no other use. . . . This state-galley is a good index to show what the Venetians were, and what they considered themselves."—*Travels in Italy*, 1883, p. 68.

Compare, too, Wordsworth's sonnet "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic"—

"She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea."
Works, 1888, p. 180.]

1. [For "Lion," see Hobhouse's note iii. The "Horses of St. Mark" (*vide post*, stanza xiii. line 1), which, according to history or legend, Augustus "conveyed" from Alexandria to Rome, Constantine from Rome to Constantinople, Dandolo, in 1204, from Constantinople to Venice, Napoleon, in 1797, from Venice to Paris, and which were restored to the Venetians by the Austrians in 1815, were at one time supposed to belong to the school of Lysippus. Haydon, who published, in 1817, a curious etching of "The Elgin Horse's Head," placed side by side with the "Head of one of the Horses . . . now at Venice," subscribes the following critical note: "It is astonishing that the great principles of nature should have been so nearly lost in the time between Phidias and Lysippus. Compare these two heads. The Elgin head is all truth, the other all manner." Hobhouse pronounces the "Horses" to be "irrevocably Chian," but modern archæologists regard both "school" and exact period as uncertain.]

2. [According to Milman (*Hist. of Lat. Christianity*, v 144), the humiliation of Barbarossa at the Church of St. Mark took place on Tuesday, July 24, 1177. *À propos* of the return of the Pope and Emperor to the ducal palace, he quotes "a curious passage from a newly recovered poem,

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns— [4.H.]
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; Nations melt
From Power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like Lauwine loosened from the mountain's belt;
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo! [1 5.H.]
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.[i. 2]

i. —— *who quelled the imperial foe.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
—— *empire's all-conquering foe.*—[*MS. M.*]

by Godfrey of Viterbo, an attendant on the Emperor. So great was the press in the market that the aged Pope was thrown down—

"Jam Papa perisset in arto,
Cæsar ibi vetulum ni relevasset eum."

"This," he remarks, "is an odd contrast of real life with romance."]

1. ["Oh, for one hour of Dundee!" was the exclamation of a Highland chieftain at the battle of Sheriff-muir, November 13, 1715 (Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, III. Series, chap. x.; *Prose Works*, Paris, 1830, vii. 768). Wordsworth makes the words his own in the sonnet, "In the Pass of Killicranky (an Invasion being expected, October, 1803)" (*Works*, 1888, p. 201)—

"O for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave!"

And Coleridge, in a letter to Wordsworth (February 8, 1804), thinking, perhaps, less of the chieftain than the sonnet, exclaims, "'Oh for one hour of Dundee!' How often shall I sigh, 'Oh for one hour of *The Recluse!*'"—an aspiration which Byron would have worded differently.]

2. [Compare *Marino Faliero*, act iv. sc. 2, lines 157, 158—

"Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers,
To vanquish empires, and refuse their crown."

"The vessels that bore the bishops of Soissons and

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his Steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace [1] come to pass? [6.H.]
Are they not bridled?—Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, unto whence she rose! [i. 2]

i. —— *into whence she rose.*—[*Editions* 1818–1891.]

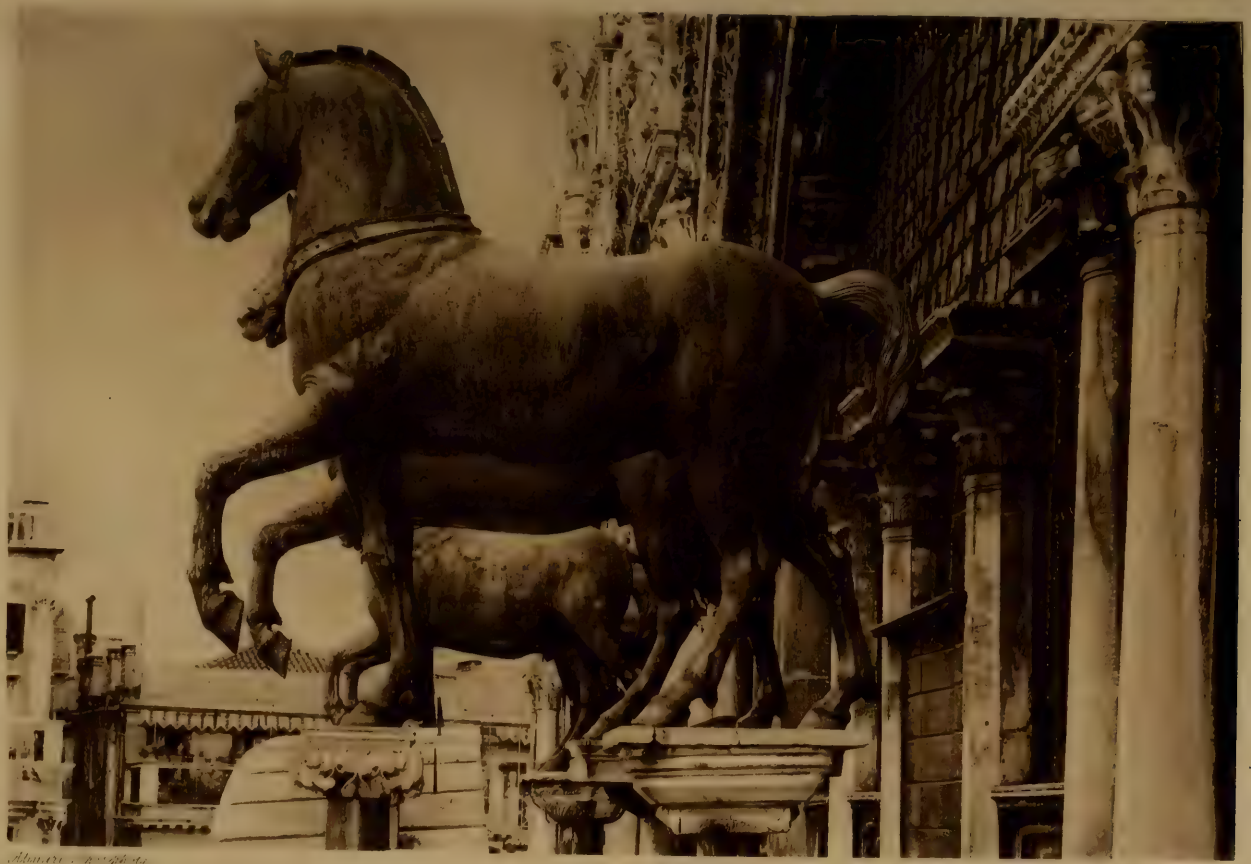
Troyes, the *Paradise* and the *Pilgrim*, were the first which grappled with the Towers of Constantinople [April, 1204]. . . . The bishops of Soissons and of Troyes would have placed the blind old Doge Dandolo on the imperial throne; his election was opposed by the Venetians. . . . But probably the wise patriotism of Dandolo himself, and his knowledge of the Venetian mind, would make him acquiesce in the loss of an honour so dangerous to his country. . . . Venice might have sunk to an outpost, as it were, of the Eastern Empire."—Milman's *Hist. of Lat. Christianity*, v. 350, 353, 354.]

1. [Hobhouse's version (see *Hist. Notes*, No. vi.) of the war of Chioggia is not borne out by modern research. For example, the long speech which Chinazzo attributes to the Genoese admiral, Pietro Doria, is probably mythical. The actual menace of the "bitting and bridling the horses of St. Mark" is assigned by other historians to Francesco Carrara. Doria was not killed by a stone bullet from the cannon named The Trevisara, but by the fall of the Campanile in Chioggia, which had been struck by the bullet. (*Venice, an Historical Sketch of the Republic*, by Horatio F. Brown, 1893, pp. 225–234.)]

2. [Compare the opening lines of Byron's *Ode on Venice*—

"Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!"

Shelley, too, in his *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*, bewailed the approaching doom of the "sea-girt city." But threatened cities, like threatened men, live long, and



The Horses of Saint Mark.

Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in Destruction's depth, her foreign foes,[i.]
From whom Submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth She was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
Her very by-word sprung from Victory,
The "Planter of the Lion," [1] which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject Earth and Sea;

i. *Even in Destruction's heart* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

since its annexation to Italy, in 1866, a revival of trade and the re-establishment of the arsenal have brought back a certain measure of prosperity.]

1. That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

[The Venetians were nicknamed Pantaloni. Byron, who seems to have relied on the authority of a Venetian glossary, assumes that the "by-word" may be traced to the patriotism of merchant-princes "who were reputed to hoist flags with the Venetian lion waving to the breeze on every rock and barren headland of Levantine waters" (*Memoirs of Count Carlo Gozzi*, translated by J. Addington Symonds, 1890, Introd. part ii. p. 44), and that in consequence of this spread-eagleism the Venetians were held up to scorn by their neighbours as "planters of the lion"—a reproach which conveyed a tribute to their prowess. A more probable explanation is that the "by-word," with its cognates "Pantaleone," the typical masque of Italian comedy—progenitor of our "Pantaloon;" and "pantaloni," "pantaloons," the typical Venetian costume—derive their origin from the baptismal name "Pantaleone," frequently given to Venetian children, in honour of St. Pantaleon of Nicomedia, physician and martyr, whose cult was much in vogue in Northern Italy, and especially in Venice, where his relics, which "coruscated with miracles," were the object of peculiar veneration.

St. Pantaleon was known to the Greek Church as Παντελεήμων, that is, the "all-pitiful;" and in Latin his name is spelled *Pantaleymon* and *Pantaleemon*. Hagiologists seem to have been puzzled, but the compiler of the *Acta Sanctorum*,

Though making many slaves, Herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;[1]
Witness Troy's rival, Candia![2] Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight![3]
For ye are names no Time nor Tyranny can blight.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,

for July 27, St. Pantaleon's Day in the Roman calendar (xxxiii. 397–426), gives the preference to Pantaleon, and explains that he was hailed as Pantaleemon by a divine voice at the hour of his martyrdom, which proclaimed "eum non amplius esse vocandum Pantaleonem, sed Pantaleemonem."

The accompanying woodcut is the reproduction of the frontispiece of a black-letter tract, composed by Augustinus de Cremâ, in honour of the "translation" of one of the sainted martyr's arms to Crema, in Lombardy. It was printed at Cremona, in 1493.]

1. Shakespeare is my authority for the word "Ottomite" for Ottoman. "Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites" (see *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3, line 161).—[*MS. D.*]

2. ["On 29th September (1669) Candia, and the island of Candia, passed away from Venice, after a defence which had lasted twenty-five years, and was unmatched for bravery in the annals of the Republic."—*Venice, an Historical Sketch*, by Horatio F. Brown, 1893, p. 378.]

3. ["The battle of Lepanto [October 7, 1571] lasted five hours. . . . The losses are estimated at 8000 Christians and 30,000 Turks. . . . The chief glory of the victory rests with Sebastian Veniero and the Venetians."—*Venice, etc.*, 1893, p. 368.]

(*From a Woodcut published at Cremona in* 1493.)

[*To face p.* 340.

Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,[7. H.]
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,[1]
Her voice their only ransom from afar :[i.]
See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermastered Victor stops—the reins
Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the Bard for Freedom and his strains.[ii.]

XVII.

Thus, Venice ! if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot—

i. *And won her hopeless children from afar.*—[*MS. M., D. erased.*]
ii. *And sends him ransomeless to bless his poet's strains.*—[*MS. M.*] or, *And sends him home to bless the poet for his strains.*—[*MS. D. erased.*]

1. [The story is told in Plutarch's *Life of Nicias*, cap. xxix. (*Plut. Vit.*, Lipsiæ, 1813, v. 154). "The dramas of Euripides were so popular throughout all Sicily, that those Athenian prisoners who knew . . . portions of them, won the affections of their masters. . . . I cannot refrain from mentioning this story, though I fear its trustworthiness . . . is much inferior to its pathos and interest."—Grote's *History of Greece*, 1869, vii. 186.]

Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot[i]
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee:[1] the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.[ii]

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea—
Of Joy the sojourn, and of Wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,[iii. 2]
Had stamped her image in me, and even so,

i. *Thy love of Tasso's verse should cut the knot.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. —— *for come it will and shall.*—[*MS. M., D. erased.*]
iii. *And Otway's—Radcliffe's—Schiller's—Shakspeare's art.*—[*MS. M., D.*]

1. [By the Treaty of Paris, May 3, 1814, Lombardy and Venice, which since the battle of Austerlitz had formed part of the French kingdom of Naples, were once more handed over to Austria. Great Britain was represented by "a bungler even in its disgusting trade" (*Don Juan*, Dedication, stanza xiv.), Lord Castlereagh.]

2. Venice Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho; The Ghost-Seer, or Armenian; The Merchant of Venice; Othello.

[For *Venice Preserved*, *vide ante*, stanza iv. line 7, *note*. To the *Mysteries of Udolpho* Byron was indebted for more than one suggestion, *vide ante*, stanza i. line 4, *note*, and *Mysteries, etc.*, London, 1794, 2. 39: "The air bore no sounds, but those of sweetness echoing along each margin of the canal and from gondolas on its surface, while groups of masks were seen dancing on the moonlit terraces, and seemed almost to realize the romance of fairy-land." The scene of Schiller's

Although I found her thus, we did not part;[i.]
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chastened down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice![1] have their colours caught:
There are some feelings Time can not benumb,[ii.]
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

i. *Though I have found her thus we will not part.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *The Past at least is mine—whate'er may come.*
But when the heart is full the lips must needs be dumb.—
[*MS. M. erased.*]
—— *or else mine now were cold and dumb.*—[*MS. M.*]

Der Geisterseher (*Werke*, 1819, x. 97, *sq.*) is laid at Venice. "This [the Doge's palace] was the thing that most struck my imagination in Venice—more than the Rialto, which I visited for the sake of Shylock; and more, too, than Schiller's *Armenian*, a novel which took a great hold of me when a boy. It is also called the *Ghost Seer*, and I never walked down St. Mark's by moonlight without thinking of it, and 'at nine o'clock he died!' [For allusion to the same incident, see Rogers's *Italy* (*Poems*, 1852, ii. 73).] But I hate things *all fiction;* and therefore the *Merchant* and *Othello* have no great associations for me: but *Pierre* has."—Letter to Murray, Venice, April 2, 1817. (For an earlier reference to the *Ghost-seer*, see *Oscar of Alva: Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 131, *note.*)]

1. [Shelley, in his *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*,

XX.

But from their nature will the Tannen[1] grow[i.]
Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,[ii.]
And grew a giant tree;—the Mind may grow the same.

i. *But there are minds which as the Tannen grow.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Of shrubless granite* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

allows to Venice one lingering glory "one remembrance more sublime"—

"That a tempest-cleaving swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion,
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit,
Chastening terror."]

1. *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

[Byron did not "know German" (Letter to Murray, June 7, 1820), and he may, as Mr. Tozer suggests, have supposed that the word "tannen" denoted not "fir trees" generally, but a particular kind of fir tree. He refers, no doubt, to the Edeltanne (*Abies pectinata*), which is not a native of this country, but grows at a great height on the Swiss Alps and throughout the mountainous region of Central Europe.]

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute [i]
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence—not bestowed
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroyed,[1]
Even by the sufferer—and, in each event,
Ends:—Some, with hope replenished and rebuoyed,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,

i. *In rocks and unsupporting places* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Cicero, *De Finibus*, II. xxix., controverts the maxim of Epicurus, that a great sorrow is necessarily of short duration, a prolonged sorrow necessarily light: "Quod autem magnum dolorem brevem longinquum levem esse dicitis, id non intelligo quale sit, video enim et magnos et eosdem bene longinquos dolores." But the sentiment is adopted by Montaigne (I. xiv.), ed. 1580, p. 66: "Tu ne la sentiras guiere long temps, si tu la sens trop; elle mettra fin à soy ou à toy; l'un et l'autre revient a un." ("Si tu ne la portes; elle t'emportera," *note.*) And again by Sir Thomas Brown, "Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves" (see Darmesteter, *Childe Harold*, 1882, p. 193). Byron is not refining upon these conceits, but is drawing upon his own experience. Suffering which does not kill is subject to change, and "continueth not in one stay;" but it remains within call, and returns in an hour when we are not aware.]

And weave their web again; some, bowed and bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion—toil—war—good or crime,
According as their souls were formed to sink or climb.

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a Scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—[1]
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—[i.]
A flower—the wind—the Ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

i. *A tone of music—eventide in spring.*
or, —— *twilight—eve in spring.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Compare Bishop Blougram's lament on the instability of unfaith—

"Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,—
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears.
. . . . . .
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there."
Browning's *Poetical Works*, 1869, v. 268.]

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The Spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead, anew—
The mourned—the loved—the lost—too many! yet how few![1]

XXV.

But my Soul wanders; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand;
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,—
The beautiful—the brave—the Lords of earth and sea,

1. [Compare Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, I. xxxiii. lines 21, 22—

"They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead."]

XXVI.

The Commonwealth of Kings—the Men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the Garden of the World, the Home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful—thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory—and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

XXVII.

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains;[1] Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest![2]

1. ["Friuli's mountains" are the Julian Alps, which lie to the north of Trieste and north-east of Venice, "the hoar and aëry Alps towards the north," which Julian and Count Maddalo (*vide post*, p. 349) saw from the Lido. But the Alpine height along which "a sea of glory" streamed—"the peak of the far Rhætian hill" (stanza xxviii. line 4)—must lie to the westward of Venice, in the track of the setting sun.]

2. The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or an

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny Sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta,[1] where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows,

Italian sky; yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth), as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta, near La Mira.

[Compare Shelley's *Julian and Maddalo* (*Poetical Works*, 1895, i. 343)—

"How beautiful is sunset, when the glow
Of Heaven descends upon a land like thee,
Thou Paradise of exiles, Italy!
. . . . . We stood
Looking upon the evening, and the flood,
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky . . . the hoar
And aëry Alps towards the north appeared,
Thro' mist, an heaven-sustaining bulwark reared
Between the East and West; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep West into a wondrous hue,
Brighter than burning gold."]

1. [The Brenta rises in Tyrol, and flowing past Padua falls into the Lagoon at Fusina. Mira, or La Mira, where Byron "colonized" in the summer of 1817, and again in 1819, is on the Brenta, some six or seven miles inland from the Lagoon.]

XXIX.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters! all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change—a paler Shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting Day
Dies like the Dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away—
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—reared in air,
Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The Pilgrims of his Genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his Lady's name [1] [8.H.]
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to Fame.

1. [The Abbé de Sade, in his *Mémoires pour la vie de Pétrarque* (1767), affirmed, on the strength of documentary evidence, that the Laura of the sonnets, born de Noves, was the wife of his ancestor, Hugo de Sade, and the mother of a large family. "Gibbon," says Hobhouse (*note* viii.), "called the abbé's memoirs a 'labour of love' (see *Decline and Fall*, chap. lxx. *note* 1), and followed him with confidence and delight;" but the poet James Beattie (in a letter to the Duchess of Gordon, August 17, 1782) disregarded them as a "romance," and, more recently, "an ingenious Scotchman" [Alexander Fraser

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua,[1] where he died— [9.H.]
The mountain-village where his latter days

Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee)], in an *Historical and Critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch* (1810), had re-established "the ancient prejudice" in favour of Laura's virginity. Hobhouse appears, but his note is somewhat ambiguous, to adopt the view of "the ingenious Scotchman." To pass to contemporary criticism, Dr. Garnett, in his *History of Italian Literature*, 1898 (pp. 66–71), without attempting to settle "the everlasting controversy," regards the abbé's documentary evidence as for the most part worthless, and, relying on the internal evidence of the sonnets and the dialogue, and on the facts of Petrarch's life as established by his correspondence (a complete series of Petrarch's letters was published by Giuseppe Fracassetti, in 1859), inclines to the belief that it was the poet's status as a cleric, and not a husband and family, which proved a bar to his union with Laura. With regard, however, to "one piece of documentary evidence," namely, Laura de Sade's will, Dr. Garnett admits that, if this were producible, and, on being produced, proved genuine, the coincidence of the date of the will, April 3, 1348, with a note in Petrarch's handwriting, dated April 6, 1348, which records the death of Laura, would almost establish the truth of the abbé's theory "in the teeth of all objections."]

1. ["He who would seek, as I have done, the last memorials of the life and death of Petrarch in that sequestered Euganean village [Arquà is about twelve miles south-west of Padua], will still find them there. A modest house, apparently of great antiquity, passes for his last habitation. A chair in which he is said to have died is shown there. And if these details are uncertain, there is no doubt that the sarcophagus of red marble, supported on pillars, in the churchyard of Arquà, contains, or once contained, his mortal remains. Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse visited the spot more than sixty years ago in a sceptical frame of mind; for doubts had at that time been thrown on the very existence of Laura; and the varied details of the poet's life, which are preserved with so much fidelity in his correspondence, were almost forgotten."—*Petrarch*, by H. Reeve, 1879, p. 14. In a letter to Hoppner, September 12, 1817, Byron says that he was moved "to turn aside in a second visit to Arquà." Two years later, October, 1819, he in vain persuaded Moore "to spare a

Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre—both plain[i.]
And venerably simple—such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a Pyramid formed his monumental fane.[ii.]

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality[1] have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,
For they can lure no further; and the ray[2]
Of a bright Sun can make sufficient holiday,

i. *His mansion and his monument* ——.—[*MS. M., D. erased.*]
ii. —— *formed his sepulchral fane.*—[*MS. M.*]

day or two to go with me to Arquà. I should like," he said, "to visit that tomb with you—a pair of poetical pilgrims—eh, Tom, what say you?" But "Tom" was for Rome and Lord John Russell, and ever afterwards bewailed the lost opportunity "with wonder and self-reproach" (*Life*, p. 423; *Life*, by Karl Elze, 1872, p. 235).]

1. [Compare Wordsworth's *Ode*, "Intimations of," etc., xi. lines 9–11—

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."]

2. ["Euganeis istis in collibus . . . domum parvam sed

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality—
If from society we learn to live,[i]
'Tis Solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers—Vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive:[ii]

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with Demons,[1] who impair
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey

i. *Society's the school where taught to live.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. —— *the soul with God must strive.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

delectabilem et honestam struxi . . . hic quanquam æger corpore, tranquillus animo frater dego, sine tumultibus, sine erroribus, sine curis, legens semper et scribens, Deum laudans."—Petrarca, *Epistolæ Seniles*, xiv. 6 (*Opera*, Basileæ, 1581, p. 938).

See, too, the notes to *Arquà* (Rogers's *Italy: Poems*, 1852, ii. 105–109), which record the pilgrimage of other poets, Boccaccio and Alfieri, to the great laureate's tomb; and compare with Byron's stanzas the whole of that exquisite cameo, delicate and yet durable as if graved on chalcedony.]

1. The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with our better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude.

["He always chose to have company with him, if it were only a child; for he loved children, and took pleasure in talking with those that had been well trained" (*Life of John Locke*, by H. R. Fox-Bourne, ii. 537). Lady Masham's daughter Esther, and "his wife" Betty Clarke, aged eleven years, were among his child-friends.]

In melancholy bosoms—such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;[i]
Making the Sun like blood, the Earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell—and Hell itself a murkier gloom.[ii]

XXXV.

Ferrara ![1] in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the Seats
Of former Sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este,[2] which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore

i. *Which dies not nor can ever pass away.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *The tomb a hell—and life one universal gloom.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Byron passed a single day at Ferrara in April, 1817 ; went over the castle, cell, etc., and a few days after wrote *The Lament of Tasso*, the manuscript of which is dated April 20, 1817. The Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* was not begun till the end of June in the same year.]

2. [Of the ancient family of Este, Marquesses of Tuscany, Azzo V. was the first who obtained power in Ferrara in the twelfth century. A remote descendant, Nicolo III. (b. 1384, d. 1441), founded the University of Parma. He married for his second wife Parisina Malatesta (the heroine of Byron's *Parisina*, published February, 1816), who was beheaded for adultery in 1425. His three sons, Lionel (d. 1450), the friend of Poggio Bracciolini ; Borso (d. 1471), who established printing in his states ; and Ercolo (d. 1505), the friend of Boiardo,—were all patrons of letters and fosterers of the Renaissance. Their successor, Alfonso I. (1486–1534), who married Lucrezia Borgia, 1502, honoured himself by attaching Ariosto to his court, and it was his grandson,

Patron or Tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impelled, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame—
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell![1]

Alfonso II. (d. 1597), who first befriended and afterwards, on the score of lunacy, imprisoned Tasso in the Hospital of Sant' Anna (1579–86).]

1. [It is a fact that Tasso was an involuntary inmate of the Hospital of Sant' Anna at Ferrara for seven years and four months—from March, 1579, to July, 1586—but the causes, the character, and the place of his imprisonment have been subjects of legend and misrepresentation. It has long been known and acknowledged (see Hobhouse's *Historical Illustrations*, 1818, pp. 5–31) that a real or feigned passion for Duke Alfonso's sister, Leonora d'Este, was not the cause or occasion of his detention, and that the famous cell or dungeon ("nine paces by six, and about seven high") was not "the original place of the poet's confinement." It was, as Shelley says (see his letter to Peacock, November 7, 1818), "a very decent dungeon;" but it was not Tasso's. The setting of the story was admitted to be legendary, but the story itself, that a poet was shut up in a madhouse because a vindictive magnate resented his love of independence and impatience of courtly servitude, was questioned, only to be reasserted as historical. The publication of Tasso's letters by Guasti, in 1853, a review of Tasso's character and career in Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy*, and, more recently, Signor Angelo Solerti's monumental work, *Vita di Torquato Tasso* (1895), which draws largely upon the letters of contemporaries, the accounts of the ducal court, and other documentary evidence, have in a great measure exonerated the duke at the expense of the unhappy poet himself. Briefly, Tasso's intrigues with rival powers—the Medici at Florence, the papal court, and the Holy Office at Bologna—aroused the alarm and suspicion of the duke, whilst his general demeanour and his outbursts of violence and temper compelled, rather than afforded, a pretext for his confinement. Before his final and fatal return to Ferrara, he had been duly warned

And see how dearly earned Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
The miserable Despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend

that he must submit to be treated as a person of disordered intellect, and that if he continued to throw out hints of designs upon his life and of persecution in high places, he would be banished from the ducal court and dominions. But return he would, and at an inauspicious moment, when the duke was preoccupied with the ceremonies and festivities of a third marriage. No one attended to him or took heed of his arrival; and, to quote his own words, "in a fit of madness" he broke out into execrations of the ducal court and family, and of the people of Ferrara. For the offence he was shut up in the Hospital of Sant' Anna, and for many months treated as an ordinary lunatic. Of the particulars of his treatment during these first eight months of his confinement, apart from Tasso's own letters, there is no evidence. The accounts of the hospital are lost, and the *Libri di spesa* (*R. Arch. di Stato in Modena; Camer. Ducale: Casa; Amministrazione*, Solerti, iii. *Docu.* 47) do not commence till November 20, 1579. Two years later, the *Libri di spenderia* (Solerti, iii. *Docu.* 51), from January, 1582, onward, show that he was put on a more generous diet; and it is known that a certain measure of liberty and other indulgences were gradually accorded. There can, however, be little doubt that for many months his food was neglected and medical attendance withheld. His statement, that he was denied the rites of the Church, cannot be gainsaid. He was regarded as a lunatic, and, as such, he would not be permitted either to make his confession or to communicate. Worse than all, there was the terrible solitude. "E sovra tutto," he writes (May, 1580), "m'affligge la solitudine, mia crudele e natural nimica." No wonder the attacks of delirium, the "unwonted lights," the conference with a familiar spirit, followed in due course. Byron and Shelley were ignorant of the facts; and we know that their scorn and indignation were exaggerated and misplaced. But the "pity of it" remains, that the grace and glory of his age was sacrificed to ignorance and fear, if not to animosity and revenge. (See *Tasso*, by E. J. Hasell; *History of the Italian Renaissance*, by J. A. Symonds; *Quart. Rev.*, October, 1895, No. 364, art. x.; *Vita di Torquato Tasso*, 1895, i. 312–314, 410–412, etc.)]

With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
Scattered the clouds away—and on that name attend

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time, while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing—but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn:
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee! if in another station born,[i.]
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn:

XXXVIII.

Thou! formed to eat, and be despised, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish—save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty:—
He! with a glory round his furrowed brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,[1] [10.H.]

i. *And thou for no one useful purpose born.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Solerti (*Vita*, i. 418) combats the theory advanced by Hobhouse (see *note* x.), that Lionardo Salviati, in order to curry favour with Alfonso, was responsible for "the opposition which the Jerusalem encountered from the Cruscan Academy." He assigns their unfavourable criticism to literary sentiment or prejudice, and not to personal animosity or intrigue. The *Gerusalemme Liberata* was dedicated to the glory of the house of Este; and, though the poet was in

And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow[i.]
No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—Monotony in wire![ii. 1]

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aimed with her poisoned arrows,—but to miss
Oh, Victor unsurpassed in modern song!

i. *And baffled Gaul whose rancour could allow.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *Which grates upon the teeth* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

disgrace, the duke was not to be propitiated by an attack upon the poem. Moreover, Salviati did not publish his theses in his own name, but under a *nom de guerre*, "L'Infarinato."]

1. [Hobhouse, in his *note* x., quotes Boileau, but not in full. The passage runs thus—

"Tous les jours, à la cour, un sot de qualité
Peut juger de travers avec impunité,
A Malherbe, à Racan, préfère Théophile,
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile."

Perhaps he divined that the phrase, "un sot de qualité," might glance back on a "noble author," who was about to admit that he could not savour Horace, and who turned aside from Mantua and memories of Virgil to visit Ferrara and the "cell" where Tasso was "encaged." (See Darmesteter's *Notes to Childe Harold*, pp. 201, 217.)

If "the Youth with brow serene," as Hugo calls him, had lived to read *Dédain. A Lord Byron, en* 1811, he would have passed a somewhat different criticism on French poetry in general—

"En vain vos légions l'environnent sans nombre,
Il n'a qu'à se lever pour couvrir de son ombre
A la fois tous vos fronts;
Il n'a qu'à dire un mot pour couvrir vos voix grèles,
Comme un char en passant couvre le bruit des ailes
De mille moucherons!"

Les Feuilles d'Automne, par Victor Hugo,
Bruxelles, 1833, pp. 59, 63.]

Each year brings forth its millions—but how long
The tide of Generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine? though all in one[i.]
Condensed their scattered rays—they would not form
a Sun.[ii.]

XL.

Great as thou art, yet paralleled by those,
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose
The Tuscan Father's Comedy Divine;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott, the minstrel who called forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,[1]
Sang Ladye-love and War, Romance and Knightly Worth.

i. *Could mount into a mind like thine* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. —— *they would not form the Sun.*—[*MS. M.*]

1. [In a letter to Murray (August 7, 1817) Byron throws out a hint that Scott might not like being called "the Ariosto of the North," and Murray seems to have caught at the suggestion. "With regard to 'the Ariosto of the North,'" rejoins Byron (September 17, 1817), "surely their themes, Chivalry, war, and love, were as like as can be; and as to the compliment, if you knew what the Italians think of Ariosto, you would not hesitate about that. . . . If you think Scott will dislike it, say so, and I will expunge." Byron did not know that when Scott was at college at Edinburgh he had "had the audacity to produce a composition in which he weighed Homer against Ariosto, and pronounced him wanting in the balance," or that he "made a practice of reading through . . . the *Orlando* of Ariosto once every year" (see *Memoirs of*

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust [11.H]
The iron crown of laurel's mimicked leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves [12.H]
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below [13.H]
Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

the Life, etc., 1871, pp. 12, 747); but the parallel had suggested itself. The key-note of "the harpings of the north," the chivalrous strain of "shield, lance, and brand, and plume and scarf," of "gentle courtesy," of "valour, lion-mettled lord," which the "Introduction to *Marmion*" preludes, had been already struck in the opening lines of the *Orlando Furioso*—

"Le Donne, i Cavaliér', l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesíe, l'audaci imprese io canto."

Scott, we may be assured, was neither disconcerted nor uplifted by the parallel. Many years before (July 6, 1812), Byron had been at pains to inform him that so august a critic as the Prince Regent "preferred you to every bard past and present," and "spoke alternately of Homer and yourself." Of the "placing" and unplacing of poets there is no end. Byron had already been sharply rebuked by the *Edinburgh Review* for describing *Christabel* as a "wild and singularly original and beautiful poem," and his appreciation of Scott provoked the expostulation of a friendlier critic. "Walter Scott," wrote Francis Hodgson, in his anonymous *Monitor of Childe Harold* (1818), "(*credite posteri*, or rather *præposteri*), is designated in the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* as 'the Northern Ariosto,' and (droller still) Ariosto is denominated 'the Southern Scott.' This comes of mistaking horse-chestnuts for chestnut horses."]

XLII.

Italia! oh, Italia! thou who hast[1]
The fatal gift of Beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past—
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,[i]
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal—or, less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored[ii]

i. *And on thy brow in characters of flame*
To write the words of sorrow and of shame.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. —— *unbetrayed*
To death by thy vain charms ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. The two stanzas xlii. and xliii. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja :—"Italia, Italia, O tu, cui feo la sorte!"—*Poesie Toscane*, 1823, p. 149.

["Italia, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond'hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte :
Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
T'amasse men, chi del tuo bello ai rai
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte,
Chè or giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
Scender d'armati, nè di sangue tinta
Bever l'onda del Po gallici armenti ;
Nè te vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,
Pugnar col braccio di straniere genti,
Per servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta."]

For thy destructive charms; then, still untired,
Would not be seen the arméd torrents poured
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence—and so,
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or foe.

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,[1]
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay—Piræus on the right,

1. The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages. "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Ægina was behind, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left: all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view."—See Middleton's *Cicero*, 1823, ii. 144.

[The letter is to be found in Cicero's *Epist. ad Familiares*, iv. 5. Byron, on his return from Constantinople on July 14, 1810, left Hobhouse at the Island of Zea, and made his own way to Athens. As the vessel sailed up the Saronic Gulf, he would observe the "prospect" which Sulpicius describes.]

And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin—even as he had seen the desolate sight;

XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but upreared
Barbaric dwellings on their shattered site,
Which only make more mourned and more endeared
The few last rays of their far-scattered light,
And the crushed relics of their vanished might.
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
These sepulchres of cities, which excite[i]
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
His Country's ruin added to the mass
Of perished states he mourned in their decline,
And I in desolation: all that *was*
Of then destruction *is;* and now, alas!
Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,[1]

i. *These carcases of cities* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. ["By the events of the years 1813 and 1814, the house of Austria gained possession of all that belonged to her in Italy, either before or in consequence of the Peace of Campo Formio (October 17, 1797). A small portion of Ferrara, to the north of the Po (which had formed part of the Papal dominions), was ceded to her, as were the Valteline, Bormio, Chiavenna, and the ancient republic of Ragusa. The

In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
The skeleton of her Titanic form,[1]
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring—and shall—from side to side;[2]
Mother of Arts! as once of Arms! thy hand
Was then our Guardian, and is still our Guide;
Parent of our Religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of Heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls:
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps

emperor constituted all these possessions into a separate and particular state, under the title of the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy."—Koch's *History of Europe*, p. 234.]

1. It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, "Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jaceat, instar Gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi."

[See *De Fortunæ Varietate*, ap. *Nov. Thes. Ant. Rom.*, ap. Sallengre, i. 502.]

2. [Compare Milton, *Sonnet* xxii.—

". . . my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side."]

Her corn, and wine, and oil—and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant Horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,[i. 1]
And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new Morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills[ii. 2 14 H.]
The air around with Beauty—we inhale[iii.]

i. *Where Luxury might willingly be born.*
And buried Learning looks forth into fresher morn.—
[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *There, too, the Goddess breathes in stone and fills.*—[*MS. M.*]
iii. —— *and we draw*
As from a fountain of immortal hills.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [The wealth which permitted the Florentine nobility to indulge their taste for modern, that is, refined luxury was derived from success in trade. For example, Giovanni de' Medici (1360–1428), the father of Cosmo and great-grandfather of Lorenzo de' Medici, was a banker and Levantine merchant. As for the Renaissance, to say nothing of Petrarch of Florentine parentage, two of the greatest Italian scholars and humanists — Ficino, born A.D. 1430, and Poliziano, born 1454—were Florentines; and Poggio was born A.D. 1380, at Terra Nuova on Florentine soil.]

2. [The statue of Venus de' Medici, which stands in the Tribune of the Uffizzi Gallery at Florence, is said to be a late Greek (first or second century B.C.) copy of an early reproduction, of the Cnidian Aphrodite, the work, perhaps, of one of his sons, Kephisodotos or Timarchos. (See *Histoire de la Sculpture Grecque*, par Maxime Collignon, Paris, 1897, ii. 641.) In a Catalogue Raisonné of *La Galerie de Florence*, 1804, in the editor's possession, which opens with an eloquent tribute to the enlightenment of the Medici, *la fameuse Vénus* is conspicuous by her absence. She had been deported to Paris by Napoleon, but when Lord Byron spent a day in Florence in April, 1817, and returned "drunk with Beauty" from the two galleries, the lovely lady, thanks to the much-abused "Powers," was once more in her proper shrine.]

The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality—the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn—within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond Idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a Soul could mould:

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with Beauty,[1] till the heart

1. [Byron's contempt for connoisseurs and dilettanti finds expression in *English Bards, etc.*, lines 1027–1032, and, again, in *The Curse of Minerva*, lines 183, 184. The "stolen copy" of *The Curse* was published in the *New Monthly Magazine* (*Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 453) under the title of *The Malediction of Minerva; or, The Athenian Marble-Market*, a title (see line 7) which must have been invented by and not for Byron. He returns to the charge in *Don Juan*, Canto II. stanza cxviii. lines 5–9—

"... a statuary,
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal)."

Even while confessing the presence and power of "triumphal Art" in sculpture, one of "the two most artificial of the Arts" (see his letter to Murray, April 26, 1817), then first revealed to him at Florence, he took care that his enthusiasm should not be misunderstood. He had made bitter fun of the art-talk of collectors, and he was unrepentant, and, moreover, he was "not careful" to incur a charge of indifference to the fine arts in general. Among the "crowd" which found their place in his complex personality, there was "the barbarian," and there was "the philistine," and there was, too, the humourist who took a subtle pleasure in proclaiming himself "a plain man," puzzled by subtleties, and unable to catch the drift of spirits finer than his own.]

Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:
Blood—pulse—and breast confirm the Dardan Shepherd's prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
In all thy perfect Goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquished Lord of War?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek![1] while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn!

1. Ὀφθαλμοὺς ἑστιᾶν.

"Atque oculos pascat uterque suos.
OVID., *Amor.*, lib. ii. [Eleg. 2, line 6].

[Compare, too, Lucretius, lib. i. lines 36-38—

"Atque ita, suspiciens tereti cervice reposta,
Pascit amore avidos, inhians in te, Dea, visus;
Eque tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore;"

and *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2, line 179—

"And feast upon her eyes."]

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love—[i. 1]
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve—
The Gods become as mortals—and man's fate [ii.]
Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

LIII.

I leave to learnéd fingers, and wise hands,
The Artist and his Ape, to teach and tell
How well his Connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable:
I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
Wherein that Image shall for ever dwell—
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

i. *Glowing and all-diffused* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. —— *and our Fate.*—[*MS. M.*]

1. [As the immortals, for love's sake, divest themselves of their godhead, so do mortals, in the ecstasy of passion, recognize in the object of their love the incarnate presence of deity. Love, like music, can raise a "mortal to the skies" and "bring an angel down." In this stanza there is, perhaps, an intentional obscurity in the confusion of ideas, which are "thrown out" for the reader to shape for himself as he will or can.]

LIV.

In Santa Croce's [1] holy precincts lie [15.H.]
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos :—here repose
Angelo's—Alfieri's [2] bones—and his,[16.H.]
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.[17.H.]

1. ["The church of Santa Croce contains much illustrious nothing. The tombs of Macchiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo Galilei, and Alfieri make it the Westminster Abbey of Italy" (Letter to Murray, April 26, 1817). Michael Angelo, Alfieri, and Macchiavelli are buried in the south aisle of the church; Galileo, who was first buried within the convent, now rests with his favourite pupil, Vincenzo Viviani, in a vault in the south aisle. Canova's monument to Alfieri was erected at the expense of his so-called widow, Louise, born von Stolberg, and (1772–78) consort of Prince Charles Edward.]

2. [Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803) is one of numerous real and ideal personages with whom, as he tells us (*Life*, p. 644), Byron was wont to be compared. Moore perceives and dwells on the resemblance. A passage in Alfieri's autobiography (*La Vie de V. A. écrite par Lui-même*, Paris, 1809, p. 17) may have suggested the parallel—

"Voici une esquisse du caractère que je manifestais dans les premières anneés de ma raison naissante. Taciturne et tranquille pour l'ordinaire, mais quelquefois extrêmement pétulant et babillard, presque toujours dans les extrêmes, obstiné et rebelle à la force, fort soumis aux avis qu'on me donnait avec amitié, contenu plutôt par la crainte d'être grondé que par toute autre chose, d'une timidité excessive, et inflexible quand on voulait me prendre à rebours."

The resemblance, as Byron admits, "related merely to our apparent personal dispositions." Both were noble, both were poets, both were "patrician republicans," and both were

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation :—Italy ! [i.]
Time, which hath wronged thee with ten thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny [ii.]
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin :—thy Decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
Such as the great of yore, Canova [1] is to-day.

i. *Might furnish forth a Universe* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *And ruin of thy beauty, shall deny*
And hath denied, to every other sky
Spirits that soar like thine; from thy decay
{*Still springs some son of the Divinity*
{*Still springs some work of the Divinity*,—[*D.*]
And gilds thy ruins with reviving ray—
And what these were of yore—Canova is to-day.—[*MS. M.*]

lovers of pleasure as well as lovers and students of literature; but their works do not provoke comparison. "The quality of 'a narrow elevation' which [Matthew] Arnold finds in Alfieri," is not characteristic of the author of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*.

Of this stanza, however, Alfieri's fine sonnet to Florence may have been the inspiration. I have Dr. Garnett's permission to cite the following lines of his admirable translation (*Italian Literature*, 1898, p. 321) :—

"Was Angelo born here? and he who wove
Love's charm with sorcery of Tuscan tongue,
Indissolubly blent? and he whose song
Laid bare the world below to world above?
And he who from the lonely valley clove
The azure height and trod the stars among?
And he whose searching mind the monarch's wrong,
Fount of the people's misery did prove?"]

1. [Compare "Lines on the Bust of Helen by Canova," which were sent in a letter to Murray, November 25, 1816—

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative Spirit! he [i.]
Of the Hundred Tales of Love—where did they lay
Their bones, distinguished from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their Country's Marbles nought to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,[1 1&H.]
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore: [2 19.H.]

i. *Their great Contemporary* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

"In this beloved marble view,
Above the works and thoughts of man,
What nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
And Beauty and Canova can."

In *Beppo* (stanza xlvi.), which was written in October, 1817, there is a further allusion to the genius of Canova.]

1. [Dante died at Ravenna, September 14, 1321, and was buried in the Church of S. Francesco. His remains were afterwards transferred to a mausoleum in the friars' cemetery, on the north side of the church, which was raised to his memory by his friend and patron, Guido da Polenta. The mausoleum was restored more than once, and rebuilt in its present form in 1780, at the cost of Cardinal Luigi Valenti Gonzaga. On the occasion of Dante's sexcentenary, in 1865, it was discovered that at some unknown period the skeleton, with the exception of a few small bones which remained in an urn which formed part of Gonzaga's structure, had been placed for safety in a wooden box, and enclosed in a wall of the old Braccioforte Chapel, which lies outside the church

Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,[3]
Proscribed the Bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages; and the crown[4] 20.H.

towards the Piazza. "The bones found in the wooden box were placed in the mausoleum with great pomp and exultation, the poet being now considered the symbol of a united Italy. The wooden box itself has been removed to the public library."—*Handbook for Northern Italy*, p. 539, *note*.

The house which Byron occupied during his first visit to Ravenna—June 8 to August 9, 1819—is close to the Cappella Braccioforte. In January, 1820, when he wrote the Fourth Canto of *Don Juan* ("I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid," stanza civ.), he was occupying a suite of apartments in the Palazzo Guiccioli, No. 328 in the Via di Porta Adriana. Compare Rogers's *Italy*, "Bologna," *Poems*, ii. 118—

"Ravenna! where from Dante's sacred tomb
He had so oft, as many a verse declares,
Drawn inspiration."]

2. [The story is told in Livy, lib. xxxviii. cap. 53. "Thenceforth no more was heard of Africanus. He passed his days at Liternum [on the shore of Campania], without thought or regret of Rome. Folk say that when he came to die he gave orders that he should be buried on the spot, and that there, and not at Rome, a monument should be raised over his sepulchre. His country had been ungrateful—no Roman funeral for him." It is said that his sepulchre bore the inscription: "Ingrata patria, cineres meos non habebis." According to another tradition, he was buried with his family at the Porta Capena, by the Cælian Hill.]

3. [Compare Lucan, *Pharsalia*, i. 1—

"Bella per Emathios plusquam civilia campos."]

4. [Petrarch's *Africa* brought him on the same day (August 23, 1340) offers of the laurel wreath of poetry from the University of Paris and from the Senate of Rome. He chose in favour of Rome, and was crowned on the Capitol, Easter Day, April 8, 1341. "The poet appeared in a royal mantle . . . preceded by twelve noble Roman youths clad in scarlet, and the heralds and trumpeters of the Roman Senate." —*Petrarch*, by Henry Reeve, p. 92.]

Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His Life, his Fame, his Grave, though rifled—not thine own.[1]

LVIII.

Boccaccio[2] to his parent earth bequeathed [i. 21.H.]
His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,

i. *Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed*
The dust derived from thence—doth it not lie
With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
O'er him who formed the tongue of Italy
That music in itself whose harmony
Asks for no tune to make it song; No—torn
From earth—and scattered while the silent sky
Hushed its indignant Winds—with quiet scorn
The Hyæna bigots thus forbade a World to mourn.—
[*D. erased.*]

1. [Tomasini, in the *Petrarca Redivivus* (pp. 168–172, ed. 1650), assigns the outrage to a party of Venetians who "broke open Petrarch's tomb, in 1630, and took away some of his bones, probably with the object of selling them." Hobhouse, in *note* ix., says, "that one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine," but does not quote his authority. (See the notes to H. F. Tozer's *Childe Harold*, p. 302.)]

2. [Giovanni Boccaccio was born at Paris (or Certaldo) in 1313, passed the greater part of his life at Florence, died and was buried at Certaldo, whence his family are said to have sprung, in 1375. His sepulchre, which stood in the centre of the Church of St. Michael and St. James, known as the Canonica, was removed in 1783, on the plea that a recent edict forbidding burial in churches applied to ancient interments. "The stone that covered the tomb was broken, and thrown aside as useless into the adjoining cloisters" (*Handbook for Central Italy*, p. 171). "Ignorance," pleads Hobhouse, "may share the crime with bigotry." But it is improbable that the "hyæna bigots," that is, the ecclesiastical authorities, were ignorant that Boccaccio was a bitter satirist of Churchmen, or that "he transferred the functions and histories of Hebrew prophets and prophetesses, and of Christian saints and apostles, nay, the highest mysteries and most awful

With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
O'er him who formed the Tuscan's siren tongue?[1]
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech? No;—even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom!*

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Cæsar's pageant,[2] shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more:

objects of Christian Faith, to the names and drapery of Greek and Roman mythology."—(Unpublished MS. note of S. T. Coleridge, written in his copy of Boccaccio's *Opere*, 4 vols. 1723.) They had their revenge on Boccaccio, and Byron has had his revenge on them.]

1. [Compare *Beppo*, stanza xliv.—

"I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South."

Compare, too, a sentence from a letter which Byron wrote on the last page of Madame Guiccioli's "copy of *Corinne:*" "In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours—AMOR MIO—is comprised my existence here and hereafter" (*Letters*, 1900, iv. 350. See, too, Castelar's *Life of Lord Byron*, p. 145).]

2. [By "Cæsar's pageant" Byron means the pageant decreed by Tiberius Cæsar. Compare *Don Juan*, Canto XV. stanza xlix.—

"And this omission, like that of the bust
Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius."

At the public funeral of Junia, wife of Cassius and sister of

Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling Empire! honoured sleeps [1]
The immortal Exile;—Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banished dead and weeps.[1]

LX.

What is her Pyramid of precious stones? [22.H.]
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes? [2] the momentary dews

i. *Shelter of exiled Empire* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

Brutus, A.D. 22, the busts of her husband and brother were not allowed to be carried in the procession, because they had taken part in the assassination of Julius Cæsar. But none the less, "Præfulgebant Brutus et Cassius eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur" (Tacitus, *Ann.*, iii. 76). Their glory was conspicuous in men's minds, because their images were withheld from men's eyes. As Tacitus says elsewhere (*Ann.*, iv. 26), "Negatus honor gloriam intendit."]

1. [The inscription on Ricci's monument to Dante, in the Church of Santa Croce—"A majoribus ter frustra decretum"—refers to the vain attempts which Florence had made to recover the remains of her exiled and once-neglected poet.]

2. ["I also went to the Medici chapel—fine frippery in great slabs of various expensive stones, to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcasses. It is unfinished, and will remain so" (Letter to Murray, April 26, 1817). The bodies of the grand-dukes lie in the crypt of the Cappella dei Principi, or Medicean Chapel, which forms part of the Church of San Lorenzo. The walls of the chapel are encrusted with rich marbles and "stones of price, to garniture the edifice." The monuments to Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, son and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, with Michael Angelo's allegorical figures of Night and Morning, Aurora and Twilight, are in the adjoining Cappella dei Depositi, or Sagrestia Nuova.]

Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are Mausoleums of the Muse,
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow Sister vies ;[1]
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine ;
For I have been accustomed to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries : though a work divine
Calls for my Spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

1. [The Duomo, crowned with Brunelleschi's cupola, and rich in sculpture and stained glass, is, as it were, a symbol of Florence, the shrine of art. Browning, in his inspired vision of St. Peter's at Rome in *Christmas Eve*, catches Byron's note to sound a loftier strain—

"Is it really on the earth
This miraculous dome of God?"

"It is somewhere mentioned that Michael Angelo, when he set out from Florence to build the dome of St. Peter's, turned his horse round in the road to contemplate that of the cathedral, as it rose in the grey of the morning from among the pines and cypresses of the city, and that he said, after a pause, 'Come te non voglio ! Meglio di te non posso.' He never, indeed, spoke of it but with admiration ; and, if we may believe tradition, his tomb, by his own desire, was to be so placed in the Santa Croce as that from it might be seen, when the doors of the church stood open, that noble work of Brunelleschi."—Rogers's *Italy : Poems*, ii. 315, *note* to p. 133, line 5—"Beautiful Florence."]

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake,[1] in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,[i]
And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scattered o'er.

LXIII.

Like to a forest felled by mountain winds;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save Carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An Earthquake[2] reeled unheededly away! [23.H.]
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,

i. *Where Courage perished in unyielding files.*—[*MS. M.*]

1. [Byron, contrary to traditional use (see Wordsworth's sonnet, "Near the Lake of Thrasymene;" and Rogers's *Italy*, see note, p. 378), sounds the final vowel in Thrasymēné. The Greek, Latin, and Italian equivalents bear him out; but, most probably, he gave Thrasymene and himself an extra syllable "vel metri vel euphoniæ causâ."]

2. ["Tantusque fuit ardor armorum, adeo intentus pugnæ animus, ut eum motum terræ, qui multarum urbium Italiæ magnas partes, prostravit, avertitque cursu rapidos amnes, mare fluminibus invexit, montes lapsu ingenti proruit, nemo pugnantium senserit" (Livy, xxii. 5). Polybius says nothing about an earthquake; and Ihne (*Hist. of Rome*, ii. 207–210)

And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet—
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to Eternity—they saw
The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel; Nature's law,
In them suspended, recked not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw[i]
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains—and Man's dread hath no words.

i. *Fly to the clouds for refuge and withdraw*
From their unsteady nests ——.—[*MS. M.*]

is also silent; but Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, ii. 84) and Cœlius Antipater (ap. Cic., *De Div.*, i. 35), who wrote his *Annales* about a century after the battle of Lake Thrasymenus (B.C. 217), synchronize the earthquake and the battle. Compare, too, Rogers's *Italy*, "The Pilgrim:" *Poems*, 1852, ii. 152—

"From the Thrasymene, that now
Slept in the sun, a lake of molten gold,
And from the shore that once, when armies met,
Rocked to and fro unfelt, so terrible
The rage, the slaughter, I had turned away."

Compare, too, Wordsworth's sonnet (No. xii.), "Near the Lake of Thrasymene" (*Works*, 1888, p. 756)—

"When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,
Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground did rock,
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim,—
Now all is sun-bright peace."]

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
Her agéd trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters red.[1]

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus![1] in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river-Nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer[2]
Grazes—the purest God of gentle waters!

1. *Made fat the earth* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Clitumnus, between Foligno and Spoleto; and no site, or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description. For an account of the dilapidation of this temple, the reader is referred to *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, p. 35.

2. [Compare Virgil, *Georg.*, ii. 146—

"Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxuma taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro."

The waters of certain rivers were supposed to possess the quality of making the cattle which drank from them white. (See Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, ii. 103; and compare Silius Italicus, *Pun.*, iv. 545, 546—

And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple[1] still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps
Upon a mild declivity of hill,[1.]
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps

1. *Upon a green declivity* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

". . . et patulis Clitumnus in arvis
Candentes gelido perfundit flumine tauros.")

For a charming description of Clitumnus, see Pliny's letter "Romano Suo," *Epist.*, viii. 8: "At the foot of a little hill covered with old and shady cypress trees, gushes out a spring, which bursts out into a number of streamlets, all of different sizes. Having struggled, so to speak, out of its confinement, it opens out into a broad basin, so clear and transparent, that you may count the pebbles and little pieces of money which are thrown into it. . . . The banks are clothed with an abundance of ash and poplar, which are so distinctly reflected in the clear water that they seem to be growing at the bottom of the river, and can easily be counted. . . . Near it stands an ancient and venerable temple, in which is a statue of the river-god Clitumnus."—*Pliny's Letters*, by the Rev. A. Church and the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, 1872, p. 127.]

1. [The existing temple, now used as a chapel (St. Salvatore), can hardly be Pliny's *templum priscum.* Hobhouse, in his *Historical Illustrations*, pp. 37–41, defends the antiquity of the "façade, which consists of a pediment supported by four columns and two Corinthian piers, two of the columns with spiral fluting, the others covered with fish-scaled carvings" (*Handbook for Central Italy*, p. 289); but in the opinion of modern archæologists the whole of the structure belongs to the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era. It is, of course, possible, indeed probable, that ancient materials were used when the building was reconstructed. Pliny says the "numerous chapels" dedicated to other deities were scattered round the shrine of Clitumnus.]

Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,[1]
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails[1]
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!
If through the air a Zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.[2]

i. *There is a course where Lovers' evening tales.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. ["On my way back [from Rome], close to the temple by its banks, I got some famous trout out of the river Clitumnus, the prettiest little stream in all poesy."—Letter to Murray, June 4, 1817.]

2. [By "disgust," a prosaic word which seems to mar a fine stanza, Byron does not mean "distaste," aversion from the nauseous, but "tastelessness," the inability to enjoy taste. Compare the French "Avoir du dégout pour la vie," "To be out of conceit with life." Byron was "a lover of Nature," but it was seldom that he felt her "healing power," or was able to lose himself in his surroundings. But now, for the moment, he experiences that sudden uplifting of the spirit in the presence of natural beauty which brings back "the splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower!"]

LXIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The Hell of Waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound[i.]
The gulf! and how the Giant Element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,[ii.]
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea

i. *Making it as an emerald* ——.—[*D.*]
ii. *Leaps on from rock to rock—with mighty bound.*—[*MS. M.*]

Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale: —Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an Eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,[1]

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris[2] sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn

1. I saw the Cascata del Marmore of Terni twice, at different periods—once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, etc., are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

[The Falls of Reichenbach are at Rosenlaui, between Grindelwald and Meiringen; the Salanfe or Pisse-Vache descends into the valley of the Rhone near Martigny; the Nant d'Arpenaz falls into the Arve near Magland, on the road between Cluses and Sallanches.]

2. Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of iris, the reader will see a short account, in a note to *Manfred*.* The fall looks so much like "the Hell of waters," that Addison thought the descent alluded to by the gulf in which Alecto †

* *Manfred*, act ii. sc. 1, *note*. This Iris is formed by the rays of the sun on the lower part of the Alpine torrents; it is exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it: this effect lasts till noon.

† "This is the gulf through which Virgil's Alecto shoots

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial —this of the Velino, and the one at Tivoli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake called *Pie' di Lup.* The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe (Cicer., *Epist. ad Attic.*, lib. iv. 15), and the ancient naturalists ["In lacu Velino nullo non die apparere arcus"] (Plin., *Hist. Nat.*, lib. ii. cap. lxii.), amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus. A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone. See Ald. Manut., *De Reatina Urbe Agroque*, ap. Sallengre, *Nov. Thes. Ant. Rom.*, 1735, tom. i. p. 773, *sq.*

[The "Falls of the Anio," which passed over a wall built by Sixtus V., and plunged into the Grotto of Neptune, were greatly diminished in volume after an inundation which took place in 1826. The New Falls were formed in 1834.]

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herself into hell; for the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description . . .

"'Est locus Italiæ . . .
. . . densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urguet utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vertice torrens.
Hic specus horrendum et sævi spiracula Ditis
Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces.'

Æneid, vii. 563-570.

It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a Fury to make her exit . . . and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased when he sees the angry Goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into Hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion."—*Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, by Joseph Addison, Esq., 1761, pp. 100, 101.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine—
The infant Alps, which—had I not before
Gazed on their mightier Parents, where the pine
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar [i.]
The thundering Lauwine [1]—might be worshipped more;
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear [ii.]
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and near—
And in Chimari heard the Thunder-Hills of fear,

LXXIV.

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name;
And on Parnassus seen the Eagles fly

i. *Dares not ascend the summit* ——
or, *Clothes a more rocky summit* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *But I have seen the virgin Jungfrau rear.*—[*D.*]

1. In the greater part of Switzerland, the avalanches are known by the name of lauwine.

[Byron is again at fault with his German. "Lawine" (see Schiller, *Wilhelm Tell*, act iii. sc. 3) signifies an avalanche, not avalanches. In stanza xii. line 7 a similar mistake occurs. It may seem strange that, for the sake of local colouring, or for metrical purposes, he should substitute a foreign equivalent which required a note, for a fine word already in vogue. But in 1817 "avalanche" itself had not long been naturalized. Fifty years before, the Italian *valanca* and *valanche* had found their way into books of travel, but "avalanche" appears first (see *N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Avalanche") in 1789, in Coxe's *Trav. Switz.*, xxxviii. ii. 3, and in poetry, perhaps, in Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*, which were written in 1791–2. Like "cañon" and "veldt" in our own day, it might be regarded as on probation. But the fittest has survived, and Byron's unlovely and misbegotten "lauwine" has died a natural death.]

Like Spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,
For still they soared unutterably high:
I've looked on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
Athos—Olympus—Ætna—Atlas—made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity;
All, save the lone Soracte's height, displayed
Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
May he, who will, his recollections rake,
And quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latian echoes—I abhorred
Too much, to conquer for the Poet's sake,[1]
The drilled dull lesson, forced down word by word
In my repugnant youth,[2] with pleasure to record

1. These stanzas may probably remind the reader of Ensign Northerton's remarks, "D—n Homo," etc.; * but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor

[* "'Don't pretend to more ignorance than you have, Mr. Northerton; I suppose you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, though, perhaps, you have never read Pope's Homer.' —'D—n Homer with all my heart,' says Northerton: 'I have the marks of him . . . yet. There's Thomas of our regiment always carries a Homo in his pocket.'"—*The History of Tom Jones*, by H. Fielding, vii. 12.]

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turned
My sickening memory; and, though Time hath taught

understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish, or to reason upon. For the same reason, we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakspeare ("To be or not to be," for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind, but of memory: so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy; and I believe no one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life; and my preceptor, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury, was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late when I have erred, —and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration —of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.

2. [The construction is somewhat involved, but the meaning is obvious. As a schoolboy, the Horatian Muse could not tempt him to take the trouble to construe Horace; and, even now, Soracte brings back unwelcome memories of "confinement's lingering hour," say, "3 quarters of an hour past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, 3rd school" (see *Life*, p. 28). Moore says that the "interlined translations" on Byron's school-books are a proof of the narrow extent of his classical attainments." He must soon have made up for lost time, and "conquered for the poet's sake," as numerous poetical translations from the classics, including the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, evidently a labour of love, testify. Nor, too, does the trouble he took and the pride he felt in *Hints from Horace* correspond with this profession of invincible distaste.]

My mind to meditate what then it learned,[i.]
Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought [ii.]
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health—but what it then detested, still abhor.[iii.]

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace—whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine: it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse;
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touched heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXVIII.

Oh, Rome! my Country! City of the Soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone Mother of dead Empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress—hear the owl—and plod your way

i. *My mind to analyse* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *Yet such the inveterate impression* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
iii. —— *but what it then abhorred must still abhor.*—[*MS. M.*]

O'er steps of broken thrones and temples—Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;[1]
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;[2]
The very sepulchres lie tenantless[2]

i. —— *in her tearless woe.*—[*MS. M.*]

1. [The tomb of the Scipios, by the Porta Latina, was discovered by the brothers Sassi, in May, 1780. It consists of "several chambers excavated in the tufa." One of the larger chambers contained the famous sarcophagus of L. Scipio Barbatus, the great-grandfather of Scipio Africanus, which is now in the Vatican in the Atrio Quadrato. When the sarcophagus was opened, in 1780, the skeleton was found to be entire. The bones were collected and removed by Angelo Quirini to his villa at Padua. The chambers contained numerous inscriptions, which were detached and removed to the Vatican. Hobhouse (*Hist. Illust.*, pp. 169–171) is at pains to point out that the discovery of 1780 confirmed the authenticity of an inscription to Lucius, son of Barbatus Scipio, which had been brought to light in 1615, and rejected by the Roman antiquaries as a forgery. He prints two of the inscriptions (*Handbook for Rome*, pp. 278, 350, 351, ed. 1899).]

2. [The sepulchres were rifled, says Hobhouse (*ibid.*, p. 173), "either to procure the necessary relics for churches dedicated to Christian saints or martyrs, or" (a likelier hypothesis) "with the expectation of finding the ornaments . . . buried with the dead. The sarcophagi were sometimes transported from their site and emptied for the reception of purer ashes." He instances those of Innocent II. and Clement XII., "which were certainly constructed for heathen tenants."]

Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.[1]

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian—Time—War—Flood, and Fire,[2]
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled City's pride;

1. [The reference is to the historical inundations of the Tiber, of which a hundred and thirty-two have been recorded from the foundation of the city down to December, 1870, when the river rose to fifty-six feet—thirty feet above its normal level.]

2. [The Goths besieged and sacked Rome under Alaric, A.D. 410, and Totila, 546. Other barbarian invaders—Genseric, a Vandal, 455; Ricimer, a Sueve, 472; Vitiges, a Dalmatian, 537; Arnulph, a Lombard, 756—may come under the head of "Goth." "The Christian," "from motives of fanaticism"—Theodosius, for instance, in 426; and Stilicho, who burned the Sibylline books—despoiled, mutilated, and pulled down temples. Subsequently, popes, too numerous to mention, laid violent hands on the temples for purposes of repair, construction, and ornamentation of Christian churches. More than once ancient structures were converted into cannon-balls. There were, too, Christian invaders and sackers of Rome: Robert Guiscard (Hofmann calls him Wiscardus), in 1004; Frederic Barbarossa, in 1167; the Connétable de Bourbon, in 1527, may be instanced. "Time and War" speak for themselves. For "Flood," *vide supra.* As for "Fire," during the years 1082–84 the Emperor Henry IV. burnt "a great part of the Leonine city;" and Guiscard "burnt the town from the Flaminian gate to the Antonine column, and laid waste the Esquiline to the Lateran; thence he set fire to the region from that church to the Coliseum and the Capitol." Of earthquakes Byron says nothing; but there were earthquakes, *e.g.* in 422 and 1349. Another foe, a destroying angel who "wasteth at noonday," modern improvement, had not yet opened a seventh seal. (See *Historical Illustrations*, pp. 91–168.)]

She saw her glories star by star expire,[i]
And up the steep barbarian Monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol;[1] far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,[ii]
Night's daughter, Ignorance,[2] hath wrapt and wrap

i. *She saw her glories one by one expire.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *The double night of Ruin* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

1. [Compare Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, "Prophecy of Capys," stanza xxx.—

"Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove."]

2. [The construction is harsh and puzzling. Apparently the subject of "hath wrapt" is the "double night of ages;" the subjects of "wrap," the "night of ages" and the "night of Ignorance;" but, even so, the sentence is ambiguous. Not less amazing is the confusion of metaphors. Rome is a "desert," through which we steer, mounted, presumably, on a camel—the "ship of the desert." Mistaken associations are, as it were, stumbling-blocks; and no sooner have we verified an association, discovered a ruined temple in the exact site which Livy's "pictured page" has assigned to it—a discovery as welcome to the antiquarian as water to the thirsty traveller—than our theory is upset, and we perceive that we have been deluded by a mirage.]

All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The Ocean hath his chart, the Stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert—where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" "it is clear"—
When but some false Mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs![1] and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The Conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,[i]
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

LXXXIII.

Oh, thou, whose chariot rolled on Fortune's wheel,
Triumphant Sylla![2] Thou, who didst subdue

i. *Alas, for Tully's voice, and Titus' sway*
And Virgil's verse; the first and last must be
Her Resurrection ——.—[*MS. M.*]

1. Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs [*i.e.* from Romulus to the double triumph of Vespasian and Titus (*Hist.*, vii. 9)]. He is followed by Panvinius; and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

2. Certainly, were it not for these two traits in the life of

Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
Of hoarded vengeance till thine Eagles flew
O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown
Annihilated senates;—Roman, too,
With all thy vices—for thou didst lay down
With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown,

LXXXIV.

Thy dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine
To what would one day dwindle that which made

Sylla, alluded to in this stanza, we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by any admirable quality. The *atonement* of his voluntary resignation of empire may perhaps be accepted by us, as it seems to have satisfied the Romans, who if they had not respected must have destroyed him. There could be no mean, no division of opinion; they must have all thought, like Eucrates, that what had appeared ambition was a love of glory, and that what had been mistaken for pride was a real grandeur of soul.—("Seigneur, vous changez toutes mes idées, de la façon dont je vous vois agir. Je croyois que vous aviez de l'ambition, mais aucun amour pour la gloire; je voyois bien que votre âme étoit haute; mais je ne soupçonnois pas qu'elle fût grande."—*Dialogue de Sylla et d'Eucrate.*) *Considérations . . . de la Grandeur des Romains, etc.*, Paris, 1795, ii. 219. By Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu.

[Stanza lxxxiii. indicates the following events in the life of Sulla. In B.C. 81 he assumed the name of Felix (or, according to Plutarch, Epaphroditus, Plut., *Vitæ*, 1812, iv. 287), (line 1). Five years before this, B.C. 86, during the consulship of Marius and Cinna, his party had been overthrown, and his regulations annulled; but he declined to return to Italy until he had brought the war against Mithridates to a successful conclusion, B.C. 83 (lines 3–6). In B.C. 81 he was appointed dictator (line 7), and B.C. 79 he resigned his dictatorship and retired into private life (line 9).]

Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?[i]
She who was named Eternal, and arrayed
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veiled
Earth with her haughty shadow, and displayed,[ii]
Until the o'er-canopied horizon failed,
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hailed!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own,[iii]
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell!—he
Too swept off senates while he hewed the throne
Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
What crimes it costs to be a moment free,
And famous through all ages! but beneath
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
His day of double victory and death
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.[1]

i. —— *how supine*
Into such dust deserted Rome should fade,
or, *In self-woven sackcloth Rome should thus be laid.—*
[*MS. M. erased.*]

ii. *The Earth beneath her shadow and displayed*
Her wings as with the horizon and was hailed,
or, *The rushings of his wings and was Almighty hailed.—*
[*MS. M. erased.*]

iii. *Sylla supreme of Victors—save our own*
The ablest of Usurpers—Cromwell—he
Who swept off Senates—while he hewed the Throne
Down to a block—immortal Villain! See
What crimes, etc.—[*MS. M.*]

1 On the 3rd of September Cromwell gained the victory o1

LXXXVI.

The third of the same Moon whose former course
Had all but crowned him, on the selfsame day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the Earth's preceding clay.
And showed not Fortune thus how fame and sway,
And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
Were they but so in Man's, how different were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread Statue![1] yet existent in [24.H.]
The austerest form of naked majesty—
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity—
An offering to thine altar from the Queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

Dunbar [1650]; a year afterwards he obtained "his crowning mercy" of Worcester [1651]; and a few years after [1658], on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

1. [The statue of Pompey in the Sala dell' Udinanza of the Palazzo Spada is no doubt a portrait, and belongs to the close of the Republican period. It cannot, however, with any certainty be identified with the statue in the Curia, at whose base "great Cæsar fell." (See *Antike Bildwerke in Rom.*, F. Matz, F. von Duhn, i. 309.)]

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome![1] 25.H.
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great Founder sucked from thy wild teat,
Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost;—but all thy foster-babes are dead—
The men of iron; and the World hath reared
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
In imitation of the things[2] they feared,
And fought and conquered, and the same course steered,
At apish distance; but as yet none have,

1. [The bronze "Wolf of the Capitol" in the Palace of the Conservators is unquestionably ancient, belonging to the end of the sixth or beginning of the fifth century B.C., and probably of Græco-Italian workmanship. The twins, as Winckelmann pointed out (see Hobhouse's *note*), are modern, and were added under the impression that this was the actual bronze described by Cicero, *Cat.*, iii. 8, and Virgil, *Æn.*, viii. 631. (See *Monuments de l'Art Antique*, par Olivier Rayet, Paris, 1884, Livraison 11, Planche 7.)]

2. [The Roman "things" whom the world feared, set the fashion of shedding their blood in the pursuit of glory. The nations, of modern Europe, "bastard" Romans, have followed their example.]

Nor could, the same supremacy have neared,
Save one vain Man, who is not in the grave—
But, vanquished by himself, to his own slaves a slave—[1]

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
Was modelled in a less terrestrial mould,[26.H.]
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,[2]
And an immortal instinct which redeemed
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold—
Alcides with the distaff now he seemed
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beamed,

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquered![3] But the man
Who would have tamed his Eagles down to flee,

1. [Compare *The Age of Bronze*, v.—

"The king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave."]

2. [In *Comparison of the Present State of France with that of Rome*, etc., published in the *Morning Post*, September 21, 1802, Coleridge speaks of Buonaparte as the "new Cæsar," but qualifies the expression in a note: "But if reserve, if darkness, if the employment of spies and informers, if an indifference to all religions, except as instruments of state policy, with a certain strange and dark superstition respecting fate, a blind confidence in his destinies,—if these be any part of the Chief Consul's character, they would force upon us, even against our will, the name and history of Tiberius."—*Essays on His Own Times*, ii. 481.]

3. [According to Suetonius, i. 37, the famous words, *Veni*,

Like a trained falcon, in the Gallic van,[1]
Which he, in sooth, long led to Victory,
With a deaf heart which never seemed to be
A listener to itself, was strangely framed;
With but one weakest weakness—Vanity—[i.]
Coquettish in ambition—still he aimed—
And what? can he avouch, or answer what he claimed?[ii.]

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
For the sure grave to level him; few years
Had fixed him with the Cæsars in his fate
On whom we tread: For *this* the conqueror rears
The Arch of Triumph! and for this the tears
And blood of earth flow on as they have flowed,
An universal Deluge, which appears
Without an Ark for wretched Man's abode,
And ebbs but to reflow!—Renew thy rainbow, God![iii.]

i. *Of pettier passions which raged angrily.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *At what! can he reply! his lusting is unnamed.*—
[*MS. M. erased.*]
iii. —— *How oft—how long, oh God!*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

Vidi, Vici, were blazoned on litters in the triumphal procession which celebrated Cæsar's victory over Pharnaces II., after the battle of Zela (B.C. 47).]

1. [By "flee" in the "Gallic van," Byron means "fly towards, not away from, the foe." He was, perhaps, thinking of the Biblical phrases, "flee like a bird" (*Ps.* xi. 1), and "flee upon horses" (*Isa.* xxx. 16); but he was not careful to "tame down" words to his own use and purpose.]

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap?[1]
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weighed in Custom's falsest scale;[2]
Opinion an Omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and Men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and Earth have too much light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,[1]
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,[3]

1. *And thus they sleep in some dull certainty.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. —— "Omnes pœne veteres; qui nihil cognosci, nihil percipi, nihil sciri posse dixerunt; angustos sensus, imbecillos animos, brevia curricula vitæ, et (ut Democritus) in profundo veritatem esse demersam; opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri; nihil veritati relinqui: deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerunt."—*Academ.*, lib. I. cap. 12. The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this, have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity: and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may, without injustice or affectation, be transcribed in a poem written yesterday.

2. [Compare Gray's *Elegy*, stanza xv.—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear."]

3. [Compare *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7, lines 26–28—

"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale."]

Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,[1]
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same Arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker—but of things allowed,
Averred, and known, and daily, hourly seen—
The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed,
And the intent of Tyranny avowed,
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the throne;
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no Champion and no Child[1]

i. *For such existence is as much to die.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
or, *Bequeathing their trampled natures till they die.*—
[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [In his speech *On the Continuance of the War with France*, which Pitt delivered in the House of Commons, February 17, 1800, he described Napoleon as "the child and champion of Jacobinism." At least the phrase occurs in

Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar [i.]
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime; [ii.]
And fatal have her Saturnalia been [iii.]
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,

i. *Deep in the lone Savannah* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *Too long hath Earth been drunk with blood and crime.*— [*MS. M. erased.*]
iii. *Her span of freedom hath but fatal been*
To that of any coming age or clime.—[*MS. M.*]

the report which Coleridge prepared for the *Morning Post* of February 18, 1800, and it appears in the later edition in the Collection of Pitt's speeches. "It does not occur in the speech as reported by the *Times*." It is curious that in the jottings which Coleridge, Parliamentary reporter *pro hac vice*, scrawled in pencil in his note-book, the phrase appears as "the nursling and champion of Jacobinism;" and it is possible that the substitution of the more rhetorical but less forcible "child" was the poet's handiwork. It became a current phrase, and Coleridge more than once reverts to it in the articles which he contributed to the *Morning Post* in 1802. (See *Essays on His Own Times*, ii. 293, and iii. 1009–1019; and *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1895, i. 327, *note*.)]

And the base pageant[1] last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips Life's tree, and dooms Man's worst—his second fall.[2]

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind;[3]
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the Tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,[4]
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,

1. [By the "base pageant" Byron refers to the Congress of Vienna (September, 1815); the "Holy Alliance" (September 26), into which the Duke of Wellington would not enter; and the Second Treaty of Paris, November 20, 1815.]

2. [Compare Shelley's *Hellas: Poems*, 1895, ii. 358—

"O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime,
Killing its flowers, and leaving its thorns bare!"]

3. [Shelley chose the first two lines of this stanza as the motto for his *Ode to Liberty*.]

4. Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bove. [Four words, and two initials, compose the whole of the transcription which, whatever was its ancient position,

Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of Eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by Time o'erthrown;—
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—A woman's grave.[i]

C.

But who was she, the Lady of the dead,
Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of Chiefs and Heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So honoured—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

i. *So massily begirt—what lay?* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

is now placed in front of this towering sepulchre: CÆCILIÆ. Q. CRETICI. F. METELLÆ. CRASSI."

"The Savelli family were in possession of the fortress in 1312, and the German army of Henry VII. marched from Rome, attacked, took, and burnt it, but were unable to make themselves, by force, masters of the citadel—that is, the tomb." The "fence of stone" refers to the quadrangular basement of concrete, on which the circular tower rests. The tower was originally coated with marble, which was stripped off for the purpose of making lime. The work of destruction is said to have been carried out during the interval between Poggio's (see his *De Fort. Var.*, ap. Sall., *Nov. Thes. Ant. Rom.*, 1735, i. 501, *sq.*) first and second visits to Rome. (See Hobhouse's *Hist. Illust.*, pp. 202, 203; *Handbook for Rome*, p. 360.)]

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful Queen,
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections are.[i]

CII.

Perchance she died in youth—it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weighed upon her gentle dust: a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites[1]—early death—yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

i. *Love from her duties—still a conqueress in the war.*—
[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. Ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος·
Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐχ αἰσχρὸν, ἀλλ' αἰσχρῶς θανεῖν.
Gnomici Poetæ Græci, R. F. P. Brunck, 1784, p 231.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms—kindred—children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome—But whither would Conjecture stray?[1]
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love or pride!

CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou Tomb! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind;

1. ["It is more likely to have been the pride than the love of Crassus which raised so superb a memorial to a wife whose name is not mentioned in history, unless she be supposed to be that lady whose intimacy with Dolabella was so offensive to Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, or she who was divorced by Lentulus Spinther, or she, perhaps the same person, from whose ear the son of Æsopus transferred a precious jewel to enrich his daughter (*vide* Hor., *Sat.*, ii. 3. 239)" (*Hist. Illust.*, p. 200). The wealth of Crassus was proverbial, as his *agnomen*, Dives, testifies (Plut., *Crassus*. ii., iii., Lipsiæ, 1813, v. 156, *sq.*).]

Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind [i]
Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind:

CV.

And from the planks, far shattered o'er the rocks,
Built me a little bark of hope, once more
To battle with the Ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies foundered that was ever dear:
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer?
There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.[ii]

CVI.

Then let the Winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the Night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and bright,
And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number mine.

i. *Till I had called forth even from the mind.*—[*MS. M. erased.*] —— *with heated mind,*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *I have no home* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown[1]
Matted and massed together—hillocks heaped
On what were chambers—arch crushed, column strown
In fragments—choked up vaults, and frescos steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,[i]
Deeming it midnight:—Temples—Baths—or Halls?
Pronounce who can: for all that Learning reaped
From her research hath been, that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the Mighty falls.[2]

i. —— *wherein have creeped*
The Reptiles which ——
or, *Scorpion and blindworm* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Compare Rogers's *Italy:* "Rome" (*Poems*, 1852), ii. 169—

"Or climb the Palatine,
. . . . .
Long while the seat of Rome, hereafter found
Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
Engendered there, so Titan-like) to lodge
One in his madness; and inscribe my name—
My name and date, on some broad aloe-leaf
That shoots and spreads within those very walls
Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
When his voice faltered and a mother wept
Tears of delight!"*

And compare Shelley's *Poetical Works*, 1895, iii. 276—

"Rome has fallen; ye see it lying
Heaped in undistinguished ruin:
Nature is alone undying."]

2. The Palatine is one mass of ruins, particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus. The very soil is formed of crumbled brickwork. Nothing has been told—nothing can be told—to satisfy the belief of any but the Roman

* [At the words *Tu Marcellus eris, etc.* (*vide* Tib. Cl. Donatus, *Life of Virgil* (Virg., *Opera*), Leeuwarden, 1627, vol. i.).]

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales;[1]

'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,

antiquary. [The Palatine was the site of the successive "Domus" of Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, and of the *Domus Transitoria* of Nero, which perished when Rome was burnt. Later emperors—Vespasian, Domitian, Septimius Severus—added to the splendour of the name-giving Palatine. "The troops of Genseric," says Hobhouse (*Hist. Illust.*, p. 206), "occupied the Palatine, and despoiled it of all its riches . . . and when it again rises, it rises in ruins." Systematic excavations during the last fifty years have laid bare much that was hidden, and "learning and research" have in parts revealed the "obliterated plan;" but, in 1817, the "shapeless mass of ruins" defied the guesses of antiquarians. "Your walks in the Palatine ruins . . . will be undisturbed, unless you startle a fox in breaking through the brambles in the corridors, or burst unawares through the hole of some shivered fragments into one of the half-buried chambers, which the peasants have blocked up to serve as stalls for their jackasses, or as huts for those who watch the gardens" (*Hist. Illust.*, p. 212).]

1. The author of the *Life of Cicero*, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage:—"From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms; how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty; enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture; while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of morals: till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing everything that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism." (See *Life of M. Tullius Cicero*, by Conyers Middleton, D.D., 1823, sect. vi. vol. i. pp. 399, 400.)

First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
Wealth—Vice—Corruption,—Barbarism at last
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amassed
All treasures, all delights, that Eye or Ear,
Heart, Soul could seek—Tongue ask—Away with words! draw near

CIX.

Admire—exult—despise—laugh—weep,—for here
There is such matter for all feeling:—Man![i]
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and Realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of Empires pinnacled,
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van[ii]
Till the Sun's rays with added flame were filled!
Where are its golden roofs?[1] where those who dared to build?

i. *Oh, ho, ho, ho—thou creature of a Man.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *And show of Glory's gewgaws in the van*
And the Sun's rays with flames more dazzling filled.—[*MS. M.*]

1. [The "golden roofs" were those of Nero's *Domus Aurea*, which extended from the north-west corner of the Palatine to the Gardens of Mæcenas, on the Esquiline, spreading over the sites of the Temple of Vesta and Rome on the platform of the Velia, the Colosseum, and the Thermæ of Titus, as far as the Sette Sale. "In the fore court was the colossal statue of Nero. The pillars of the colonnade, which measured a thousand feet in length, stood three deep. All that was not lake, or wood, or vineyard, or pasture, was overlaid with plates of gold, picked out with gems and mother-of-pearl" (Suetonius, vi. 31; Tacitus, *Ann.*, xv. 42)

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column[1] with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus or Trajan's? No—'tis that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace[1]
Scoffing; and apostolic statues[2] climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

1. —— *all he doth deface.*—[*MS. M.*]

Substructions of the *Domus Aurea* have been discovered on the site of the Baths of Titus and elsewhere, but not on the Palatine itself. Martial, *Epig.* 695 (*Lib. Spect.*, ii.), celebrates Vespasian's restitution of the *Domus Aurea* and its "policies" to the people of Rome.

"Hic ubi sidereus propius videt astra colossus
Et crescunt media pegmata celsa via,
Invidiosa feri radiabant atria regis
Unaque jam tota stabat in urbe domus."

"Here where the Sun-god greets the Morning Star,
And tow'ring scaffolds block the public way,
Fell Nero's loathed pavilion flashed afar,
Erect and splendid 'mid the town's decay."]

1. [By the "nameless" column Byron means the column of Phocas, in the Forum. But, as he may have known, it had ceased to be nameless when he visited Rome in 1817. During some excavations which were carried out under the auspices of the Duchess of Devonshire, in 1813, the soil which concealed the base was removed, and an inscription, which attributes the erection of the column to the Exarch Smaragdus, in honour of the Emperor Phocas, A.D. 608, was brought to light. The column was originally surmounted by a gilded statue, but it is probable that both column and statue were stolen from earlier structures and rededicated to Phocas. Hobhouse (*Hist. Illust.*, pp. 240–242) records the discovery, and prints the inscription *in extenso*.]

2. The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul. (See *Hist. Illust.*, p. 214.)

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars: they had contained
A Spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth reigned,
The Roman Globe—for, after, none sustained,
But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstained
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's[1] name adore.

[The column was excavated by Paul III. in the sixteenth century. In 1588 Sixtus V. replaced the bronze statue of Trajan holding a gilded globe, which had originally surmounted the column, by a statue of St. Peter, in gilt bronze. The legend was that Trajan's ashes were contained in the globe. They are said to have been deposited by Hadrian in a golden urn in a vault under the column. It is certain that when Sixtus V. opened the chamber he found it empty. A medal was cast in honour of the erection of the new statue, inscribed with the words of the Magnificat, "*Exaltavit humiles.*"]

1. Trajan was *proverbially* the best of the Roman princes; and it would be easier to find a sovereign uniting exactly the opposite characteristics, than one possessed of all the happy qualities ascribed to this emperor. "When he mounted the throne," says the historian Dion, "he was strong in body, he was vigorous in mind; age had impaired none of his faculties; he was altogether free from envy and from detraction; he honoured all the good, and he advanced them: and on this account they could not be the objects of his fear, or of his hate; he never listened to informers; he gave not way to his anger; he abstained equally from unfair exactions and unjust punishments; he had rather be loved as a man than honoured as a sovereign; he was affable with his people, respectful to the senate, and universally beloved by both; he inspired none with dread but the enemies of his country." (See Eutrop., *Hist. Rom. Brev.*, lib. viii. cap. v.; Dion, *Hist. Rom.*, lib. lxiii. caps. vi., vii.)

[M. Ulpius Trajanus (A.D. 52–117) celebrated a triumph

CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph,[1] the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes?—where the steep

over the Dacians in 103 and 106. It is supposed that the column which stands at the north end of the Forum Trajanum commemorated the Dacian victories. In 115–16 he conquered the Parthians, and added the province of Armenia Minor to the empire. It was not, however, an absolute or a final victory. The little desert stronghold of Atræ, or Hatra, in Mesopotamia, remained uncaptured; and, instead of incorporating the Parthians in the empire, he thought it wiser to leave them to be governed by a native prince under the suzerainty of Rome. His conquests were surrendered by Hadrian, and henceforth the tide of victory began to ebb. He died on his way back to Rome, at Selinus, in Cilicia, in August, 117.

Trajan's "moderation was known unto all men." Pliny, in his *Panegyricus* (xxii.), describes his first entry into Rome. He might have assumed the state of a monarch or popular hero, but he walked afoot, conspicuous, pre-eminent, a head and shoulders above the crowd—a triumphal entry; but it was imperial arrogance, not civil liberty, over which he triumphed. "You were our king," he says, "and we your subjects; but we obeyed you as the embodiment of our laws." Martial (*Epig.*, x. 72) hails him not as a tyrant, but an emperor—yea, more than an emperor—as the most righteous of lawgivers and senators, who had brought back plain Truth to the light of day; and Claudian (viii. 318) maintains that his glory will live, not because the Parthians had been annexed, but because he was "mitis patriæ." The divine honours which he caused to be paid to his adopted father, Nerva, he refused for himself. "For just reasons," says Pliny, "did the Senate and people of Rome assign thee the name and title of Optimus." Another honour awaited him: "Il est seul Empereur," writes M. De La Berge, "dont les restes aient reposé dans l'enceinte de la ville Eternelle." (See Pliny's *Panegyricus, passim;* and *Essai sur le règne de Trajan*, Bibliothèque de L'École des Hautes Études, Paris, 1877.)]

1. [The archæologists of Byron's day were unable to fix the exact site of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitoline. "On which side," asks Hobhouse (*Hist. Illust.*, p. 224), "stood the citadel, on what the great temple of the

Tarpeian?—fittest goal of Treason's race,
The Promontory whence the Traitor's Leap[1]
Cured all ambition?[1] Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero![ii. 2]

CXIII.

The field of Freedom—Faction—Fame—and Blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,

i. *The State Leucadia* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *There first did Tully's burning accents glow?*
Yes—eloquently still—the echoes tell me so.—[*D.*]

Capitol; and did the temple stand in the citadel?" Excavations which were carried on in 1876–7 by Professors Jordan and Lanciani enabled them to identify with "tolerable certainty" the site of the central temple and its adjacent wings, with the site of the Palazzo Caffarelli and its dependencies which occupy the south-east section of the Mons Capitolinus. There are still, however, rival Tarpeian Rocks —one (in the Vicolo della Rupe Tarpea) on the western edge of the hill facing the Tiber, and the other (near the Casa Tarpea) on the south-east towards the Palatine. But if Dionysius, who describes the "Traitor's Leap" as being in sight of the Forum, is to be credited, the "actual precipice" from which traitors (and other criminals, *e.g.* "bearers of false witness") were thrown must have been somewhere on the southern and now less precipitous escarpment of the mount.]

1. [M. Manlius, who saved the Capitol from the Gauls in B.C. 390, was afterwards (B.C. 384) arraigned on a charge of high treason by the patricians, condemned, and by order of the tribunes thrown down the Tarpeian Rock. Livy (vi. 20) credits him with a "fœda cupiditas regni"—a "depraved ambition for assuming the kingly power."]

2. [Compare Gray's *Odes*, "The Progress of Poesy," iii. 3, line 4—

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."]

From the first hour of Empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer failed;
But long before had Freedom's face been veiled,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
Till every lawless soldier who assailed
Trod on the trembling Senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest Tribune's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
Rienzi! last of Romans![1] While the tree
Of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,

1. [Nicolas Gabrino di' Rienzo, or Rienzi, commonly called Cola di' Rienzi, was born in 1313. The son of a Roman innkeeper, he owed his name and fame to his own talents and natural gifts. His mission, or, perhaps, ambition, was to free Rome from the tyranny and oppression of the great nobles, and to establish once more "the good estate," that is, a republic. This for a brief period Rienzi accomplished. On May 20, 1347, he was proclaimed tribune and liberator of the Holy Roman Republic "by the authority of the most merciful Lord Jesus Christ." Of great parts, and inspired by lofty aims, he was a poor creature at heart—a "bastard" Napoleon—and success seems to have turned his head. After eight months of royal splendour, purchased by more than royal exactions, the tide of popular feeling turned against him, and he was forced to take refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo (December 15, 1347). Years of wandering and captivity followed his first tribunate; but at length, in 1354, he was permitted to return to Rome, and, once again, after a rapid and successful reduction of the neighbouring states, he became the chief power in the state. But an act of violence, accompanied by treachery, and, above all, the necessity of

Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The Forum's champion, and the people's chief—
Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart [27.H.]
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy[1] of some fond despair—[i.]
Or—it might be—a Beauty of the earth,

i. *The lovely madness of some fond despair.*—[*MS. M.*]

imposing heavier taxes than the city could bear, roused popular discontent; and during a revolt (October 8, 1354), after a dastardly attempt to escape and conceal himself, he was recognized by the crowd and stabbed to death.

Petrarch first made his acquaintance in 1340, when he was summoned to Rome to be crowned as poet laureate. Afterwards, when Rienzi was imprisoned at Avignon, Petrarch interceded on his behalf with the pope, but, for a time, in vain. He believed in and shared his enthusiasms; and it is probable that the famous Canzone, "Spirto gentil, che quelle membra reggi," was addressed to the Last of the Tribunes.

Rienzi's story forms the subject of a tragedy by Gustave Drouineau, which was played at the Odéon, January 28, 1826; of Bulwer Lytton's novel *The Last of the Tribunes*, which was published in 1835; and of an opera (1842) by Richard Wagner.

(See *Encyc. Met.*, art. "Rome," by Professor Villari; La Rousse, *G. Dict. Univ.*, art. "Rienzi;" and a curious pamphlet by G. W. Meadley, London, 1821, entitled *Two Pairs of Historical Portraits*, in which an attempt is made to trace a minute resemblance between the characters and careers of Rienzi and the First Napoleon.)]

1. [The word "nympholepsy" may be paraphrased as "ecstatic vision." The Greeks feigned that one who had seen a nymph was henceforth possessed by her image, and

Who found a more than common Votary there
Too much adoring—whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful Thought, and softly bodied forth.

CXVI.

The mosses of thy Fountain[1] still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face

beside himself with longing for an impossible ideal. Compare stanza cxxii. line 7—

"The unreached Paradise of our despair."

Compare, too, *Kubla Khan*, lines 52, 53—

"For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."]

1. [Byron is describing the so-called Grotto of Egeria, which is situated a little to the left of the Via Appia, about two miles to the south-east of the Porta di Sebastiano: "Here, beside the Almo rivulet [now the Maranna d. Caffarella], is a ruined nymphæum . . . which was called the 'Grotto of Egeria,' till . . . the discovery of the true site of the Porta Capena fixed that of the grotto within the walls. . . . It is now known that this nymphæum . . . belonged to the suburban villa called Triopio of Herodes Atticus." The actual site of Egeria's fountain is in the grounds of the Villa Mattei, to the south-east of the Cælian, and near the Porta Metronia. "It was buried, in 1867, by the military engineers, while building their new hospital near S. Stefano Rotondo" (Prof. Lanciani).

In lines 5–9 Byron is recalling Juvenal's description of the valley of Egeria, under the mistaken impression that here, and not by "dripping Capena," was the trysting-place of Numa and the goddess. Juvenal has accompanied the seer Umbritius, who was leaving Rome for Capua, as far as the Porta Capena; and while the one waggon, with its slender store of goods, is being loaded, the friends take a stroll—

"In vallem Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas
Dissimiles veris. Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum?"
Sat. I. iii. 17–20.

The grove and shrine of the sacred fountain, which had

Of thy cave-guarded Spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed Genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep
Prisoned in marble—bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er—and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled: the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms—through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles—and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the Violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.[1]

been let to the Jews (lines 13–16), are not to be confounded with the "artificial caverns" near Herod's Nymphæum, which Juvenal thought were in bad taste, and Byron rejoiced to find reclaimed and reclothed by Nature.]

1. [Compare Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, act iv. (*Poetical Works*, 1893, ii. 97)—

"As a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Until its hue grows like what it beholds."]

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,[1]
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy[2]—and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest Oracle!

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;[i]
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of Heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloys?

i. *Feel the quick throbbing of a human heart*
And the sweet sorrows of its deathless dying.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
or, *And the sweet sorrow which exults in dying.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Compare *Kubla Khan*, lines 12, 13—
"But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!"]

2. [Compare *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, line 292—
"This most excellent canopy the Air."]

CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert! whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the World's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

Oh, Love! no habitant of earth thou art—[1]
An unseen Seraph, we believe in thee,—
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,—
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;[1]
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled Heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquenched soul—parched—wearied—wrung—and riven.

i. *Oh Love! thou art no habitant of Earth*
An unseen Seraph we believe in thee
And can point out thy time and place of birth.—[*D. erased.*]

1. [M. Darmesteter traces the sentiment to a maxim (No. 76) of La Rochefoucauld: "Il est du véritable amour comme de l'apparition des esprits: tout le monde en parle, mais peu de gens en ont vu."]

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation :—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreached Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs[1] the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves[2]—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor Worth nor Beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most undone.

1. [Compare Dryden on Shaftesbury (*Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. i. lines 156–158)—

"A fiery soul which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."]

2. [The Romans had more than one proverb to this effect; *e.g.* "Amantes Amentes sunt" (*Adagia Veterum*, 1643, p. 52); "Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur" (Syri *Sententiæ*, 1818, p. 5).]

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, Fame, Ambition, Avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,[1]
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
Envenomed with irrevocable wrong;
And Circumstance, that unspiritual God
And Miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,[1]
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod.

i. *For all are visions with a separate name.*—[*D. erased.*]

1. [Circumstance is personified as halting Nemesis—

"Pede pœna claudo."

Hor., *Odes*, III. ii. 32.

Perhaps, too, there is the underlying thought of his own lameness, of Mary Chaworth, and of all that might have been, if the "unspiritual God" had willed otherwise.]

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of Sin,
This boundless Upas, this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is Earth—whose leaves and branches be
The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see,
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
The immedicable soul,[1] with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base
Abandonment of reason [2] to resign

1. [Compare Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, lines 617-621—

"My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle."]

2. "At all events," says the author of the *Academical Questions* [Sir William Drummond], "I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect

Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:
Though from our birth the Faculty divine
Is chained and tortured—cabined, cribbed, confined,
And bred in darkness,[1] lest the Truth should shine
Too brightly on the unpreparéd mind,
The beam pours in—for Time and Skill will couch the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches![2] as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,

a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support each other: he, who will not reason, is a bigot; he, who cannot, is a fool; and he, who dares not, is a slave."—Vol. i. pp. xiv., xv.

[For Sir William Drummond (1770–1828), see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 79, *note* 3. Byron advised Lady Blessington to read *Academical Questions* (1805), and instanced the last sentence of this passage "as one of the best in our language" (*Conversations*, pp. 238, 239).]

1. [Compare *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4, lines 24, 25—

"But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears."]

2. [Compare *The Deformed Transformed*, act i. sc. 2, lines 49, 50—

"Those scarce mortal arches,
Pile above pile of everlasting wall."

The first, second, and third stories of the Flavian amphitheatre or Colosseum were built upon arches. Between the arches, eighty to each story or tier, stood three-quarter columns. "Each tier is of a different order of architecture, the lowest being a plain Roman Doric, or perhaps, rather, Tuscan, the next Ionic, and the third Corinthian." The fourth story, which was built by the Emperor Gordianus III., A.D. 244, to take the place of the original wooden gallery (*mœnianum summum in ligneis*), which was destroyed by lightning, A.D. 217, was a solid wall faced with Corinthian

Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; [1] the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches—for divine
Should be the light which streams here,—to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of Contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

pilasters, and pierced by forty square windows or openings. It has been conjectured that the alternate spaces between the pilasters were decorated with ornamental metal shields. The openings of the outer arches of the second and third stories were probably decorated with statues. The reverse of an *aureus* of the reign of Titus represents the Colosseum with these statues and a quadriga in the centre. About one-third of the original structure remains *in situ*. The prime agent of destruction was probably the earthquake ("Petrarch's earthquake") of September, 1349, when the whole of the western side fell towards the Cælian, and gave rise to a hill or rather to a chain of hills of loose blocks of travertine and tufa, which supplied Rome with building materials for subsequent centuries. As an instance of wholesale spoliation or appropriation, Professor Lanciani refers to "a document published by Müntz, in the *Revue Arch.*, September, 1876," which "certifies that one contractor alone, in the space of only nine months, in 1452, could carry off 2522 cartloads" of travertine (Smith's *Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Ant.*, art. "Amphitheatrum;" *Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*, by R. Lanciani, 1897, p. 375).]

1. [For a description of the Colosseum by moonlight, see Goethe's letter from Rome, February 2, 1787 (*Travels in Italy*, 1883, p. 159): "Of the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight, it is impossible to form a conception . . . Peculiarly beautiful at such a time is the Coliseum." See, too, *Corinne, ou L'Italie*, xv. 4, 1819, iii. 32—

"Ce n'est pas connaître l'impression du Colisée que de ne l'avoir vu que de jour . . . la lune est l'astre des ruines. Quelque fois, à travers les ouvertures de l'amphithéâtre, qui semble s'élever jusqu'aux nues, une partie de la voûte du ciel paraît comme un rideau d'un bleu sombre placé derrière l'édifice."

For a fine description of the Colosseum by starlight, see *Manfred*, act iii. sc. 4, lines 8–13.]

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of Heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A Spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the Palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till Ages are its dower.

CXXX.

Oh, Time! the Beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin[1]—Comforter
And only Healer when the heart hath bled;
Time! the Corrector where our judgments err,
The test of Truth, Love—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,

1. [When Byron visited Rome, and for long afterwards, the ruins of the Colosseum were clad with a multitude of shrubs and wild flowers. Books were written on the "Flora of the Coliseum," which were said to number 420 species. But, says Professor Lanciani, "These materials for a *hortus siccus*, so dear to the visitors of our ruins, were destroyed by Rosa in 1871, and the ruins scraped and shaven clean, it being feared by him that the action of roots would accelerate the disintegration of the great structure." If Byron had lived to witness these activities, he might have devoted a stanza to the "tender mercies" of this zealous archæologist.]

Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the Avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift:

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate—
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

CXXXII.

And Thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis![1] 28. H.

1. [The whole of this appeal to Nemesis (stanzas cxxx.–cxxxviii.) must be compared with the "Domestic Poems" of 1816, the Third Canto of *Childe Harold* (especially stanzas lxix.–lxxv., and cxi.–cxviii.), and with the "Incantation" in the first act of *Manfred*. It has been argued that Byron insèrted these stanzas with the deliberate purpose of diverting sympathy from his wife to himself. The appeal, no doubt, is deliberate, and the plea is followed by an indictment, but the sincerity of the appeal is attested by its inconsistency. Unlike Orestes, who slew his mother to avenge his father, he will not so deal with the "moral Clytemnestra of her lord," requiting murder by murder, but is resolved to leave the balancing of the scale to the omnipotent Time-spirit who rights every wrong and will redress his injuries. But in making answer to his accusers

Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurred,
For my ancestral faults or mine, the wound[i]
I bleed withal; and, had it been conferred
With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound;
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground—
To thee I do devote it—*Thou* shalt take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found—
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake——
But let that pass—I sleep—but Thou shalt yet awake.

i. *Or for my fathers' faults* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

he outruns Nemesis, and himself enacts the part of a "moral" Orestes. It was true that his hopes were "sapped" and "his name blighted," and it was natural, if not heroic, first to persuade himself that his suffering exceeded his fault, that he was more sinned against than sinning, and, so persuaded, to take care that he should not suffer alone. The general purport of plea and indictment is plain enough, but the exact interpretation of his phrases, the appropriation of his dark sayings, belong rather to the biography of the poet than to a commentary on his poems. (For Lady Byron's comment on the "allusions" to herself in *Childe Harold*, *vide ante*, p. 288, *note* 1.)]

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now [1]
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

1. *'tis not that now*
And if my voice break forth—~~it is not that~~
I shrink from what is suffered—let him speak
decline upon my
Who ~~humbler in~~
~~What~~ hath beheld ~~in quiver on my~~ brow
seen my mind's convulsion leave it ~~blanched or~~ weak?
Or ~~my internal spirit changed or weak~~
~~found my mind convulsed~~
a
But in this page ~~the~~ record ~~which~~ I seek
will
~~from out the deep~~
~~stands and~~ ~~of that remorse~~
~~Shall stand and when that hour shall come and come~~
~~Shall come though I be ashes and shall pile heap~~
~~It will~~ ~~come and wreak~~
~~In fire the measure~~
~~The fiery prophecy~~
~~The fullness of my~~
~~The fullness of my prophecy or heap~~
~~The mountain of my curse~~
Not in the air shall these my words disperse
~~'Tis written that an hour of deep remorse~~
Though I be ashes ~~a deep~~ far hour shall wreak
~~The fullness The~~ this
The deep prophetic fullness of ~~my~~ verse
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse.—[*MS. M.*]

CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.[i]

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few—
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance [1] of whose significant eye,

i. *If to forgive be "heaping coals of Fire"*
As God hath spoken—on the heads of foes
Mine should be a Volcano—and rise higher
Than o'er the Titans crushed Olympus rose
Than Athos soars, or blazing Ætna glows:
True—they who stung were petty things—but what
Than serpent's sting produce more deadly throes.
The Lion may be tortured by the Gnat—
Who *sucks the slumberer's blood—the Eagle? no, the Bat.*[2]—
[*MS. M.*]

1. [Compare "Lines on hearing that Lady Byron was ill," lines 53–55.]

2. [The "Bat" was "a sobriquet by which Lady Caroline Lamb was well known in London society." An Italian translation of her novel, *Glenarvon*, was at this time in the press at Venice (see letter to Murray, August 7, 1817), and

Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true—
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of Love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread Power
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow upon the spot—all-seeing but unseen.

it is probable that Byron, who declined to interdict its publication, took his revenge in a petulant stanza, which, on second thoughts, he decided to omit. (See note by Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, *Notes and Queries*, eighth series, 1895, viii. 101.)]

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres—where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator[1] lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow[i]

i. *Leaning upon his hand, his mut[e] brow*
Yielding to death but conquering agony.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. Whether the wonderful statue which suggested this image be a laquearian gladiator, which, in spite of Winckelmann's criticism, has been stoutly maintained; or whether it be a Greek herald, as that great antiquary positively asserted;* or whether it is to be thought a Spartan or barbarian shield-bearer, according to the opinion of his Italian editor; it must assuredly seem *a copy* of that masterpiece of Ctesilaus which represented "a wounded man dying, who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him." Montfaucon and Maffei thought it the identical statue; but that statue

* Either Polyphontes, herald of Laïus, killed by Œdipus; or Kopreas, herald of Eurystheus, killed by the Athenians when he endeavoured to drag the Heraclidæ from the altar of mercy, and in whose honour they instituted annual games, continued to the time of Hadrian; or Anthemocritus, the Athenian herald, killed by the Megarenses, who never recovered the impiety. [See *Hist. of Ancient Art*, translated by G. H. Lodge, 1881, ii. 207.]

Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,[i.]
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now[ii.]
The arena swims around him—he is gone,[iii.]
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart—and that was far away;

i. *From the red gash fall bigly* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *Like the last of a thunder-shower* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iii. *The earth swims round him* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

was of bronze. The Gladiator was once in the Villa Ludovisi, and was bought by Clement XII. The right arm is an entire restoration of Michael Angelo.

[There is no doubt that the statue of the "Dying Gladiator" represents a dying Gaul. It is to be compared with the once-named "Arria and Pætus" of the Villa Ludovisi, and with other sculptures in the museums of Venice, Naples, and Rome, representing "Gauls and Amazons lying fatally wounded, or still in the attitude of defending life to the last," which belong to the Pergamene school of the second century B.C. M. Collignon hazards a suggestion that the "Dying Gaul" is the trumpet-sounder of Epigonos, in which, says Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, xxxiv. 88), the sculptor surpassed all his previous works ("omnia fere prædicta imitatus præcessit in tubicine"); while Dr. H. S. Urlichs (see *The Elder Pliny's Chapters on the History of Art*, translated by K. Jex-Blake, with Commentary and Historical Illustrations, by E. Sellers, 1896, p. 74, *note*) falls back on Winckelmann's theory that the "statue . . . may have been simply the votive-portrait of the winner in the contest of heralds, such as that of Archias of Hybla in Delphoi." (See, too, Helbig's *Guide to the Collection of Public Antiquities in Rome*, Engl. transl., 1895, i. 399; *History of Greek Sculpture*, by A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A., 1890, ii. 381–383.)]

The Dying Gaul

from the original in the Museum of the Capitol

He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday— [i. 29. H.]
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

CXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;—
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was Death or Life—the playthings of a crowd— [ii. 30. H.]
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays [iii.]
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A Ruin—yet what Ruin! from its mass
Walls—palaces—half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,[iv.]
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.

i. *Slaughtered to make a Roman holiday.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *Was death and life* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iii. *My voice is much* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
iv. *Yet the colossal skeleton ye pass.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all—years—man—have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there—
When the stars twinkle through the loops of Time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,[i.]
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head—[1]
When the light shines serene but doth not glare—
Then in this magic circle raise the dead;—
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.[ii.]

CXLV.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand:[2]
"When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;

i. *The ivy-forest, which its walls doth wear.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *The Hero race who trod—the imperial dust ye tread.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. Suetonius [Lib. i. cap. xlv.] informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

2. This is quoted in the *Decline and Fall of the Roman*

"And when Rome falls—the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all—
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill—
The World—the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—[1]
Shrine of all saints and temple of all Gods,

Empire, as a proof that the Coliseum was entire, when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth, century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the *Historical Illustrations*, p. 263.

["'Quamdiu stabit Colyseus, stabit et Roma; quando cadet Colyseus, cadet Roma; quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus.' (Beda in 'Excerptis seu Collectaneis,' apud Ducange, *Glossarium ad Scriptores Med., et Infimæ Latinitatis*, tom. ii. p. 407, edit. Basil.) This saying must be ascribed to the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims who visited Rome before the year 735, the æra of Bede's death; for I do not believe that our venerable monk ever passed the sea."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 1855, viii. 281, *note*.]

1. "Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires; though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church."—Forsyth's *Italy*, 1816, p. 137.

[The Pantheon consists of two parts, a porch or *pronaos* supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, and behind it, but

From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by Time—
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch—empire—each thing round thee—and Man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious Dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and Tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of Art and Piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome![1]

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoiled yet perfect! with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts;
To Art a model—and to him who treads

i. —— *the pride of proudest Rome.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

"obviously disjointed from it," a rotunda or round temple, 143 feet high, and 142 feet in diameter. The inscription on the portico (M. AGRIPPA, L. F. Cos. tertium. Fecit.) affirms that the temple was built by Agrippa (M. Vipsanius), B.C. 27.

It has long been suspected that with regard to the existing building the inscription was "historically and artistically misleading;" but it is only since 1892 that it has been known for certain (from the stamp on the bricks in various parts of the building) that the rotunda was built by Hadrian. Difficulties with regard to the relations between the two parts of the Pantheon remain unsolved, but on the following points Professor Lanciani claims to speak with certainty:—

(1) "The present Pantheon, portico included, is not the work of Agrippa, but of Hadrian, and dates from A.D. 120–124.

(2) "The columns, capital, and entablature of the portico, inscribed with Agrippa's name, may be original, and may date from 27–25 B.C., but they were first removed and then put together by Hadrian.

(3) "The original structure of Agrippa was rectangular instead of round, and faced the south instead of the north."—*Ruins and Excavations, etc.*, by R. Lanciani, 1897, p. 483.]

Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads—
And they who feel for Genius may repose
Their eyes on honoured forms, whose busts around them close.[1]

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light[2]
What do I gaze on? Nothing—Look again!

1. The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great, or, at least, distinguished men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals, some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen.

["The busts of Raphael, Hannibal Caracci, Pierrin del Vaga, Zuccari, and others . . . are ill assorted with the many modern contemporary heads of ancient worthies which now glare in all the niches of the Rotunda."—*Historical Illustrations*, p. 293.]

2. This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman daughter, which is recalled to the traveller by the site, or pretended site, of that adventure, now shown at the Church of St. Nicholas *in Carcere*. The difficulties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in *Historical Illustrations*, p. 295.

[The traditional scene of the "Caritas Romana" is a cell forming part of the substructions of the Church of S. Nicola in Carcere, near the Piazza Montanara. Festus (*De Verb. Signif.*, lib. xiv., A. J. Valpy, 1826, ii. 594), by way of illustrating Pietas, tells the story in a few words: "It is said that Ælius dedicated a temple to Pietas on the very spot where a woman dwelt of yore. Her father was shut up in prison, and she kept him alive by giving him the breast by stealth, and, as a reward for her deed, obtained his forgiveness and freedom." In Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, vii. 36) and in Valerius Maximus (v. 4) it is not a father, but a mother, whose life is saved by a daughter's piety.]

Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:[i.]
It is not so—I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?[ii.]

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture—when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook[iii.]
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives[iv.]
Man knows not—when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain was Eve's.

CL.

But here Youth offers to Old Age the food,
The milk of his own gift: it is her Sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth:—No—he shall not expire

i. *Two isolated phantoms* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *With her unkerchiefed neck* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
iii. *Or even the shrill impatient* [*cries that brook*].
or, *Or even the shrill small cry* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
iv. *No waiting silence or suspense* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
Drink—drink, and live—Old Man! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

CLI.

The starry fable of the Milky Way[1]
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest Nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy Sire's heart, replenishing its source[1]
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the Universe.

CLII.

Turn to the Mole[2] which Hadrian reared on high,
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,

1. *To its original fountain but repierce*
Thy sire's heart ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [It was fabled of the Milky Way that when Mercury held up the infant Hercules to Juno's breast, that he might drink in divinity, the goddess pushed him away, and that drops of milk fell into the void, and became a multitude of tiny stars. The story is told by Eratosthenes of Cyrene (B.C. 276), in his *Catasterismi* (Treatise on Star Legends), No. 44: *Opusc. Mythol.*, Amsterdam, 1688, p. 136.]

2. The castle of St. Angelo. (See *Historical Illustrations.*) [Hadrian's mole or mausoleum, now the Castle of St.

Colossal copyist of deformity—
Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doomed the artist's toils
To build for Giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunken ashes, raise this Dome: How smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,[i.]
To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

CLIII.[1]

But lo! the Dome—the vast and wondrous Dome,[ii. 2]
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—

i. *The now spectator with a sanctioned mirth*
To view the vast design ——.—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *Look to the dome* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

Angelo, is situated on the banks of the Tiber, on the site of the "Horti Neronis." "It is composed of a square basement, each side of which measures 247 feet. . . . A grand circular mole, nearly 1000 feet in circumference, stands on the square basement," and, originally, "supported in its turn a cone of earth covered with evergreens, like the mausoleum of Augustus." A spiral way led to a central chamber in the interior of the mole, which contained, presumably, the porphyry sarcophagus in which Antoninus Pius deposited the ashes of Hadrian, and the tomb of the Antonines. Honorius (A.D. 428) was probably the first to convert the mausoleum into a fortress. The bronze statue of the Destroying Angel, which is placed on the summit, dates from 1740, and is the successor to five earlier statues, of which the first was erected in 1453. The conception and execution of the Moles Hadriana are entirely Roman, and, except in size and solidity, it is in no sense a mimic pyramid.—*Ruins and Excavations, etc.*, by R. Lanciani, 1897, p. 554, *sq.*]

1. This and the next six stanzas have a reference to the Church of St. Peter's. (For a measurement of the comparative length of this basilica and the other great churches of Europe, see the pavement of St. Peter's, and the *Classical Tour through Italy*, ii. 125, *et seq.*, chap. iv.)

Christ's mighty shrine above His martyr's tomb![1]
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—[3]
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;[4]

1. *Lo Christ's great dome* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

2. [Compare *The Prophecy of Dante*, iv. 49–53—

"While still stands
The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
A dome, its image, while the base expands
Into a fane surpassing all before,
Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in——"

Compare, too, Browning's *Christmas Eve* sect. x.—

"Is it really on the earth,
This miraculous dome of God?
Has the angel's measuring-rod
Which numbered cubits, gem from gem,
'Twixt the gates of the new Jerusalem,
Meted it out,—and what he meted,
Have the sons of men completed?
—Binding ever as he bade,
Columns in the colonnade,
With arms wide open to embrace
The entry of the human race?"]

3. [The ruins which Byron and Hobhouse explored, March 25, 1810 (*Travels in Albania*, ii. 68–71), were not the ruins of the second Temple of Artemis, the sixth wonder of the world (*vide* Philo Byzantius, *De Septem Orbis Miraculis*), but, probably, those of "the great gymnasium near the port of the city." In 1810, and for long afterwards, the remains of the temple were buried under twenty feet of earth, and it was not till 1870 that the late Mr. J. T. Wood, the agent of the Trustees of the British Museum, had so far completed his excavations as to discover the foundations of the building on the exact spot which had been pointed out by Guhl in 1843. Fragments of the famous sculptured columns, thirty-six in number, says Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, xxxvi. 95), were also brought to light, and are now in the British Museum. (See *Modern Discoveries on the Site of Ancient Ephesus*, by J. T. Wood, 1890; *Hist. of Greek Sculpture*, by A. S. Murray, ii. 304.)]

4. [Compare *Don Juan*, Canto IX. stanza xxvii. line 2—

"I have heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl."]

I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell[i]
Their glittering mass i' the Sun, and have surveyed[ii]
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed;[1]

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True!
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty—
Power—Glory—Strength—and Beauty all are aisled
In this eternal Ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened—but thy mind,
Expanded by the Genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit[2] abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of Immortality—and thou

i. —— *round roofs swell.*—[*MS. M., D.*]
ii. *Their glittering breastplate in the sun* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Compare Canto II. stanza lxxix. lines 2, 3—
"Oh Stamboul! once the Empress of their reign,
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine."]

2. [The emphasis is on the word "fit." The measure of "fitness" is the entirety of the enshrinement or embodiment of the mortal aspiration to put on immortality. The vastness

Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies—nor be blasted by his brow.[i]

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,[1]
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance—
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize—[ii.]
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles, richer painting—shrines where flame[iii.]
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

i. *His earthly palace* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *And fair proportions which beguile the eyes.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
iii. *Painting and marble of so many dyes—*
And glorious high altar where for ever burn.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

and the sacredness of St. Peter's make for and effect this embodiment. So, too, the living temple "so defined," great with the greatness of holiness, may become the enshrinement and the embodiment of the Spirit of God.]

1. [This stanza may be paraphrased, but not construed. Apparently, the meaning is that as the eye becomes accustomed to the details and proportions of the building, the sense of its vastness increases. Your first impression was at fault, you had not begun to realize the almost inconceivable vastness of the structure. You had begun to climb the mountain, and the dazzling peak seemed to be close at your head, but as you ascend, it recedes. "Thou movest," but the building expands; "thou climbest," but the Alp increases in height. In both cases the eye has been deceived by gigantic elegance, by the proportion of parts to the whole.]

CLVII.

Thou seest not all—but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the Ocean many bays will make
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll[i]
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The Glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward sense[ii]
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our Spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze

i. *Its Giant's limbs and by degrees* ——
or, *The Giant eloquence and thus unroll.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. —— *our narrow sense*
Cannot keep pace with mind ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of Art and its great Masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan:[i.]
The fountain of Sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of Man[ii.]
Its golden sands, and learn what great Conceptions can.[iii.]

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoön's[1] torture dignifying pain—

i. *What Earth nor Time—nor former Thought could frame.—* [*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *Before your eye—and ye return not as ye came.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
iii. *In that which Genius did, what great Conceptions can.—* [*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Pliny tells us (*Hist. Nat.*, xxxvi. 5) that the Laocoon which stood in the palace of Titus was the work of three sculptors, natives of Rhodes; and it is now universally admitted that the statue which was found (January 14, 1516) in the vineyard of Felice de' Freddi, not far from the ruins of the palace, and is now in the Vatican, is the statue which Pliny describes. M. Collignon, in his *Histoire de la Sculpture Grecque*, gives reasons for assigning the date of the Laocoon to the first years of the first century B.C. It follows that the work is a century later than the frieze of the great altar of Pergamos, which contains the figure of a young giant caught in the toils of Athena's serpent—a theme which served as a model for later sculptors of the same school. In 1817 the Laocoon was in the heyday of its fame, and was regarded as the supreme achievement of ancient art. Since then it has been decried and dethroned. M. Collignon protests against this excessive depreciation, and makes himself the mouthpiece of a second and more temperate reaction: "On peut . . . gôuter mediocrement le mélodrame, sans méconnaître pour cela les réelles qualités du groupe. La composition est d'une structure irréprochable, d'une harmonie de lignes qui défie toute critique. Le torse du Laocoon trahit une science du nu peu commune" (*Hist. de la Sculp. Grecque*, 1897, ii. 550, 551).]

A Father's love and Mortal's agony
With an Immortal's patience blending :—Vain
The struggle—vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The Old Man's clench ; the long envenomed chain[i.]
Rivets the living links,—the enormous Asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.[ii.]

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,[1]
The God of Life, and Poesy, and Light—

i. —— *the writhing boys.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *Shackles its living rings, and* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [In his description of the Apollo Belvidere, Byron follows the traditional theory of Montorsoli, the pupil of Michael Angelo, who restored the left hand and right forearm of the statue. The god, after his struggle with the python, stands forth proud and disdainful, the left hand holding a bow, and the right hand falling as of one who had just shot an arrow. The discovery, in 1860, of a bronze statuette in the Stroganoff Collection at St. Petersburg, which holds something like an ægis and a mantle in the left hand, suggested to Stephani a second theory, that the Belvidere Apollo was a copy of a statue of Apollo Boëdromios, an *ex-voto* offering on the rout of the Gauls when they attacked Delphi (B.C. 278). To this theory Furtwaengler at one time assented, but subsequently came to the conclusion that the Stroganoff bronze was a forgery. His present contention is that the left hand held a bow, as Montorsoli imagined, whilst the right grasped "a branch of laurel, of which the leaves are still visible on the trunk which the copyist added to the bronze original." The Apollo Belvidere is, he concludes, a copy of the Apollo Alexicacos of Leochares (fourth century B.C.), which stood in the Cerameicos at Athens. M. Maxime Collignon, who utters a word of warning as to the undue depreciation of the statue by modern critics, adopts Furtwaengler's later theory (*Masterpieces of Ancient Greek Sculpture*, by A. Furtwaengler, 1895, ii. 405, *sq.*).]

The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an Immortal's vengeance—in his eye
And nostril beautiful Disdain, and Might
And Majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,[1]
Shaped by some solitary Nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision [2]—are exprest

1. [The "delicate" beauty of the statue recalled the features of a lady whom he had once thought of making his wife. "The Apollo Belvidere," he wrote to Moore (May 12, 1817), "is the image of Lady Adelaide Forbes. I think I never saw such a likeness."]

2. [It is probable that lines 1–4 of this stanza contain an allusion to a fact related by M. Pinel, in his work, *Sur l'Insanité*, which Milman turned to account in his *Belvidere Apollo*, a Newdigate Prize Poem of 1812—

"Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.
Yet on that form in wild delirious trance
With more than rev'rence gazed the Maid of France,
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude!
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair."
Milman's *Poetical Works*, Paris, 1829, p. 180.

Compare, too, Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, lines 14–16—

"A savage place, as holy and enchanted,
As e'er beneath a wailing moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover."
Poetical Works, 1893, p. 94.]

All that ideal Beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each Conception was a heavenly Guest—
A ray of Immortality—and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a God![i]

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure[1]—it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal Glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought—
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought.

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my Song,
The Being who upheld it through the past?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more—these breathings are his last—

i. *Before its eyes unveiled to image forth a God!*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [The fire which Prometheus stole from heaven was the living soul, "the source of all our woe." (Compare Horace, *Odes*, i. 3. 29–31—

"Post ignem ætheriâ domo
Subductum, Macies et nova Febrium
Terris incubuit cohors.")]

His wanderings done—his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing:—if he was
Aught but a phantasy, and could be classed
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,[1]

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow—substance—life, and all
That we inherit in its mortal shroud—
And spreads the dim and universal pall
Through which all things grow phantoms; and the cloud
Between us sinks and all which ever glowed,
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allowed
To hover on the verge of darkness—rays
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this—
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more,

1. *The phantom fades away into the general mass.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:—
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels[1] of the heart—the heart whose sweat was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,[2]
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;—
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground—
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the Chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrowned,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief—
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

1. [Compare *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1, line 76—
"Who would these fardels bear?"]

2. [Charlotte Augusta (b. January 7, 1796), only daughter of the Prince Regent, was married to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, May 2, 1816, and died in childbirth, November 6, 1817.

Other poets produced their dirges; but it was left to Byron to deal finely, and as a poet should, with a present grief, which was felt to be a national calamity.

Southey's "Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales" was only surpassed in feebleness by Coleridge's "Israel's Lament." Campbell composed a laboured elegy, which was "spoken by Mr. . . . at Drury Lane Theatre, on the First Opening of the House after the Death of the Princess Charlotte, 1817;" and Montgomery wrote a hymn on "The Royal Infant, Still-born, November 5, 1817."

Not a line of these lamentable effusions has survived; but the poor, pitiful story of common misfortune, with its tragic irony, uncommon circumstance, and far-reaching consequence, found its *vates sacer* in the author of *Childe Harold.*]

CLXVIII.

Scion of Chiefs and Monarchs, where art thou?
Fond Hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the Grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less belovéd head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which filled the Imperial Isles so full it seemed to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for Kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had poured
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head[i]
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely Lord,
And desolate Consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

i. *Her prayers for thee and in thy coming power*
Beheld her Iris—Thou too lonely Lord
And desolate Consort! fatal is thy dower,
The Husband of a year—the Father of an —— [*? hour*].—
[*D. erased.*]

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes:[1] in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did entrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deemed
Our children should obey her child, and blessed
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seemed
Like stars to shepherd's eyes:—'twas but a meteor beamed.[2]

CLXXI.

Woe unto us—not her—for she sleeps well:[3]
The fickle reek of popular breath,[4] the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of Monarchy hath rung

1. [Compare Canto III. stanza xxxiv. lines 6, 7—
"Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste."]

2. [Mr. Tozer traces the star simile to Homer (*Iliad*, viii. 559)—
Πάντα δέ τ' εἴδεται ἄστρα, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν.]

3. [Compare *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2, lines 22, 23—
"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."]

4. [Compare *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 3, lines 121, 122—
"You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens."]

Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have armed in madness—the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns,[1] and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—[1]

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny—but no—
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a Bride and Mother—and now *there!*
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an Earthquake's,[2] and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

i. *Which sinks* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

1. Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth, of a broken heart; Charles V., a hermit; Louis XIV., a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell, of anxiety; and, "the greatest is behind," Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

2. [The simile of the "earthquake" was repeated in a letter to Murray, dated December 3, 1817: "The death of the Princess Charlotte has been a shock even here, and must have been an earthquake at home. . . . The death of this poor Girl is melancholy in every respect, dying at twenty or so, in childbed—of a *boy* too, a present princess and future queen, and just as she began to be happy, and to enjoy herself, and the hopes which she inspired."]

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi![1] navelled in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting Wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The Ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
And calm as cherished hate, its surface wears[1]
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

CLXXIV.

And near, Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley;—and afar [31.H.]
The Tiber winds, and the broad Ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
"Arms and the Man," whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire:—but beneath thy right[2]

1. *And calm as speechless hate*——.—[*MS. M.*]

1. The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano.

[The basin of the Lago di Nemi is the crater of an extinct volcano. Hence the comparison to a coiled snake. Its steel-blue waters are unruffled by the wind which lashes the neighbouring ocean into fury. Hence its likeness to "cherished hate," as contrasted with "generous and active wrath."]

2. [The spectator is supposed to be looking towards the Mediterranean from the summit of Monte Cavo. Tusculum,

Tully reposed from Rome;—and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight [i.]
The Sabine farm was tilled, the weary Bard's delight.

CLXXV.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the Sea;
The Midland Ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock [1] unfold
Those waves, we followed on till the dark Euxine rolled

i. *Of girdling mountains circle on the sight*
The Sabine farm was tilled, the wearied Bard's delight.—
[*MS. M.*]

where "Tully reposed," lies to the north of the Alban Hills, on the right; but, as Byron points to a spot "beneath thy right," he probably refers to the traditional site of the Villa Ciceronis at Grotta Ferrata, and not to an alternative site at the Villa Ruffinella, between Frascati and the ruins of Tusculum. Horace's Sabine farm, on the bank of Digentia's "ice-cold rivulet," is more than twenty miles to the north-east of the Alban Hills. The mountains to the south and east of Tusculum intercept the view of the valley of the Licenza (Digentia), where the "farm was tilled." Childe Harold had bidden farewell to Horace, once for all, "upon Soracte's ridge," but recalls him to keep company with Virgil and Cicero.]

1. ["Calpe's rock" is Gibraltar (compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xxii. line 1). "Last" may be the last time that Byron and Childe Harold saw the Mediterranean together. Byron had last seen it—"the Midland Ocean"—by "Calpe's rock," on his return journey to England in 1811. Or by "last" he may mean the last time that it burst upon

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades: [32.H.] long years—
Long, though not very many—since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears [1]
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run—
We have had our reward—and it is here,—
That we can yet feel gladdened by the Sun,
And reap from Earth—Sea—joy almost as dear
As if there were no Man to trouble what is clear.[1]

CLXXVII.

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,[2]
With one fair Spirit for my minister,

1. —— *much suffering and some tears.*—[*MS. M.*]

his view. He had not seen the Mediterranean on his way from Geneva to Venice, in October—November, 1816, or from Venice to Rome, April—May, 1817; but now from the Alban Mount the "ocean" was full in view.]

1. ["After the stanza (near the conclusion of Canto 4th) which ends with the line—

"'As if there was no man to trouble what is clear,'

insert the two following stanzas (clxxvii., clxxviii.). Then go on to the stanza beginning, 'Roll on thou,' etc., etc. You will find the place of insertion near the conclusion—just before the address to the Ocean.

"These *two stanzas* will just make up the number of 500 stanzas to the whole poem.

"Answer when you receive this. I sent back the packets yesterday, and hope they will arrive in safety."—*D.*]

2. [His desire is towards no light o' love, but for the support and fellowship of his sister. Compare the opening lines of the *Epistle to Augusta*—

"My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine;

That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a Being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and Music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe,[1] and feel
What I can ne'er express—yet can not all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through and a home with thee.

"The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness."]

1. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza lxxii. lines 8, 9; and *Epistle to Augusta*, stanza xi.]

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave—unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.[i.]

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For Earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies—[1]
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to Earth:—there let him lay.[ii. 2]

i. —— *unearthed, uncoffined, and unknown.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *And dashest him to earth again: there let him lay!*—[*D.*]

1. [Compare *Ps.* cvii. 26, "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths."]

2. ["Lay" is followed by a plainly marked period in both the MSS. (*M.* and *D.*) of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold.* For instances of the same error, compare "The Adieu," stanza 10, line 4, and ["Pignus Amoris"], stanza 3, line 3 (*Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 232, *note*, and p. 241). It is to be remarked that Hobhouse, who pencilled a few corrections on the margin of his own MS. copy, makes no comment on this famous solecism. The fact is that Byron wrote as he spoke, with the "careless and negligent ease of a man of quality," and either did not know that "lay" was not an intransitive verb or regarded himself as "supra grammaticam."]

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And Monarchs tremble in their Capitals,
The oak Leviathans,[1] whose huge ribs make[1]
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of Lord of thee, and Arbiter of War—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.[2]

1. *These oaken citadels which made and make.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Compare Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic* (stanza ii. lines 1, 2)—

"Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine."]

2. The Gale of wind which succeeded the battle of Trafalgar destroyed the greater part (if not all) of the prizes—nineteen sail of the line—taken on that memorable day. I should be ashamed to specify particulars which should be known to all—did we not know that in France the people were kept in ignorance of the event of this most glorious victory in modern times, and that in England it is the present fashion to talk of Waterloo as though it were entirely an English triumph—and a thing to be named with Blenheim and Agincourt—Trafalgar and Aboukir. Posterity will decide ; but if it be remembered as a skilful or as a wonderful action, it will be like the battle of Zama, where we think of Hannibal more than of Scipio. For assuredly we dwell on this action, not because it was gained by Blucher or Wellington, but because it was lost by Buonaparte—a man who, with all his vices and his faults, never yet found an adversary with a tithe of his talents (as far as the expression can apply to a conqueror) or his good intentions, his clemency or his fortitude.

Look at his successors throughout Europe, whose imitation of the worst parts of his policy is only limited by their comparative impotence, and their positive imbecility.—[*MS. M.*]

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria—Greece—Rome—Carthage—what are they?[1]
Thy waters washed[2] them power while they were free,[i.]
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,[ii.]
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
Icing the Pole, or in the torrid clime

i. *Thy waters wasted them while they were free.*—
[*Editions* 1818, 1819, 1823, *and Galignani*, 1825.]
ii. *Unchangeable save calm thy tempests ply.*—[*MS. M., D.*]

1. ["When Lord Byron wrote this stanza, he had, no doubt, the following passage in Boswell's *Johnson* floating in his mind. . . . 'The grand object of all travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great empires of the world—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman' (*Life of Johnson*, 1876, p. 505)."—Note to *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza clxxxii. ed. 1891.]

2. [See letter to Murray, September 24, 1818: "What does 'thy waters *wasted* them' mean (in the Canto)? *That is not me.* Consult the MS. *always*." Nevertheless, the misreading appeared in several editions. (For a correspondence on the subject, see *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. i. pp. 182, 278, 324, 508; vol. ix. p. 481; vol. x. pp. 314, 434.)]

Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne[i]
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime[1]
The monsters of the deep are made—each Zone
Obeys thee—thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy[2]
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a Child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.[3]

i. *The image of Eternity and Space*
For who hath fixed thy limits ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [Compare Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, lv. stanza 6—

"Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him."]

2. ["While at Aberdeen, he used often to steal from home unperceived; sometimes he would find his way to the sea-side" (*Life*, p. 9). For an account of his feats in swimming, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 263, *note* 1; and letter to Murray, February 21, 1821. See, too, for a "more perilous, but less celebrated passage" (from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle), *Travels in Albania*, ii. 195.]

3. ["It was a thought worthy of the great spirit of Byron, after exhibiting to us his Pilgrim amidst all the most striking scenes of earthly grandeur and earthly decay . . . to conduct him and us at last to the borders of 'the Great Deep.' . . . The image of the wanderer may well be associated, for a

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit[i.]
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my Spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell![ii.]
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene[iii.]
Which is his last—if in your memories dwell

i. *Is dying in the echo—it is time*
To break the spell of this protracted dream
And what will be the fate of this my rhyme
May not be of my augury ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *Fatal—and yet it shakes me not—farewell.*—[*MS. M.*]
iii. *Ye! who have traced my Pilgrim to the scene.*—[*MS. M.*]

time, with the rock of Calpe, the shattered temples of Athens, or the gigantic fragments of Rome; but when we wish to think of this dark personification as of a thing which is, where can we so well imagine him to have his daily haunt as by the roaring of the waves? It was thus that Homer represented Achilles in his moments of ungovernable and inconsolable grief for the loss of Patroclus. It was thus he chose to depict the paternal despair of Chryseus—

"Βὴ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης."

Note by Professor Wilson, ed. 1837.]

A thought which once was his—if on ye swell
A single recollection—not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the Moral of his Strain.[1]

1. At end—

Laus Deo!
BYRON.
July 19th, 1817.
La Mira, near Venice.

Laus Deo!
BYRON.
La Mira, near Venice,
Sept. 3, 1817.

NOTES

TO

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO IV.

I.

I stood in Venice, on the "Bridge of Sighs;"
A Palace and a prison on each hand.
Stanza i. lines 1 and 2.

THE communication between the ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons called *pozzi*, or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace: and the prisoner, when taken out to die, was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up; but the passage is still open, and is still known by the name of the "Bridge of Sighs." The *pozzi* are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. They were formerly twelve; but on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the

passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may, perhaps, owe something to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body, not only from their signatures, but from the churches and belfries which they have scratched upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a specimen of the records prompted by so terrific a solitude. As nearly as they could be copied by more than one pencil, three of them are as follows :—

1. NON TI FIDAR AD ALCUNO PENSA e TACI
SE FUGIR VUOI DE SPIONI INSIDIE e LACCI
IL PENTIRTI PENTIRTI NULLA GIOVA
MA BEN DI VALOR TUO LA VERA PROVA

1607. ADI 2. GENARO. FUI RETENTO P' LA BESTIEMMA P' AVER DATO DA MANZAR A UN MORTO
IACOMO . GRITTI . SCRISSE.

2. UN PARLAR POCHO et
NEGARE PRONTO et
UN PENSAR AL FINE PUO DARE LA VITA
A NOI ALTRI MESCHINI

1605.
EGO IOHN BAPTISTA AD
ECCLESIAM CORTELLARIUS.

3. DE CHI MI FIDO GUARDAMI DIO
DE CHI NON MI FIDO MI GUARDARO IO

A TA H A NA
V . LA S . C . K . R .

The copyist has followed, not corrected, the solecisms; some of which are, however, not quite so decided since the letters were evidently scratched in the dark. It only need be observed, that *bestemmia* and *mangiar* may be read in the first inscription, which was probably written by a prisoner confined for some act of impiety committed at a funeral;

that *Cortellarius* is the name of a parish on terra firma, near the sea; and that the last initials evidently are put for *Viva la santa Chiesa Kattolica Romana.*

2.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more.
Stanza iii. line 1.

["I cannot forbear mentioning a custom in Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds but he will be answered by somebody else that overhears him; so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them."—ADDISON, A.D. 1700.]

The well-known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas from Tasso's *Jerusalem*, has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original in one column, and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found. The following extract will serve to show the difference between the Tuscan epic and the *Canta alla Barcariola*:—

ORIGINAL.

Canto l' arme pietose, e 'l capitano
Che 'l gran Sepolcro liberò di Cristo
Molto egli oprò col senno, e con la mano
Molto soffri nel glorioso acquisto;
E in van l' Inferno a lui s' oppose, e in vano
S' armò d' Asia, e di Libia il popol misto,
Che il Ciel gli diè favore, e sotto a i Santi
Segni ridusse i suoi compagni erranti.

VENETIAN.

L' arme pietose de cantar gho vogia,
E de Goffredo la immortal braura
Che al fin l' ha libera co strassia, e dogia
Del nostro buon Gesû la Sepoltura
De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia
Missier Pluton non l' ha bu mai paura:
Dio l' ha agiutá, e i compagni sparpagni
Tutti 'l gh' i ha messi insieme i di del Dai.

Some of the elder gondoliers will, however, take up and continue a stanza of their once familiar bard.

On the 7th of last January, the author of *Childe Harold*, and another Englishman, the writer of this notice, rowed to the Lido with two singers, one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a gondolier. The former placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern of the boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta, they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived at the island. They gave us, amongst other essays, the death of Clorinda, and the palace of Armida; and did not sing the Venetian but the Tuscan verses. The carpenter, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that he could *translate* the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred stanzas, but had not spirits (*morbin* was the word he used) to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew: a man must have idle time on his hands to acquire, or to repeat, and, said the poor fellow, "look at my clothes and at me; I am starving." This speech was more affecting than his performance, which habit alone can make attractive. The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous; and the gondolier behind assisted his voice by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. The carpenter used a quiet action, which he evidently endeavoured to restrain; but was too much interested in his subject altogether to repress. From these men we learnt that singing is not confined to the gondoliers, and that, although the chant is seldom, if ever, voluntary, there are still several amongst the lower classes who are acquainted with a few stanzas.

It does not appear that it is usual for the performers to row and sing at the same time. Although the verses of the *Jerusalem* are no longer casually heard, there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals; and upon holydays, those strangers who are not near or informed enough to distinguish the words, may fancy that many of the gondolas still resound with the strains of Tasso. The writer of some remarks which appeared in the *Curiosities of Literature* must excuse his being twice quoted; for, with the exception of some phrases a little too ambitious and extravagant, he has furnished a very exact, as well as agreeable description:—

"In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline:—at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. I must add, that the late Mr. Berry once chanted to

me a passage in Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers.

"There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the canto fermo and the canto figurato; it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

"I entered a gondola by moonlight; one singer placed himself forwards and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. Georgio. One began the song: when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned; but, according to the subject-matter of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe as the object of the poem altered.

"On the whole, however, the sounds were hoarse and screaming: they seemed, in the manner of all rude uncivilised men, to make the excellency of their singing in the force of their voice. One seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs; and so far from receiving delight from this scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

"My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that the singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

"Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from far, and called forth the attention; the quickly succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved like spirits hither

and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

"It suits perfectly well with an idle, solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare, the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror; and as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers; a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashings of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

"At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse; though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue: the hearers who are passing between the two take part in the amusement.

"This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfills its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organised person, said quite unexpectedly: E singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando lo cantano meglio.

"I was told that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagoons,[1] particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocca and Palestrina, sing in like manner the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

"They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance."[2]

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1. The writer meant *Lido*, which is not a long row of islands, but a long island: *littus*, the shore.

2. *Curiosities of Literature*, ii. 156, edit. 1807, edit. 1881, i. 390; and Appendix xxix. to Black's *Life of Tasso*, 1810, ii. 455.

The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of Venetians, even amongst the tuneful sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-houses at a time; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet. Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon, has a surgeon performed an operation, would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefit, are you to be congratulated on a marriage, or a birth, or a lawsuit, the Muses are invoked to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad in virgin white or party-coloured placards on half the corners of the capital. The last curtsy of a favourite "prima donna" brings down a shower of these poetical tributes from those upper regions, from which, in our theatres, nothing but cupids and snowstorms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which, in its common course, is varied with those surprises and changes so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence; amusements are raised into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity. The Venetian gazette constantly closes its columns with the following triple advertisement :—

Charade.

Exposition of the most Holy Sacrament in the church of St. ——

———

Theatres.

St. Moses, opera.
St. Benedict, a comedy of characters.
St. Luke, repose.

When it is recollected what the Catholics believe their consecrated wafer to be, we may perhaps think it worthy of a more respectable niche than between poetry and the play-house.

3.

St. Mark yet sees his Lion where he stood
Stand.

Stanza xi. line 5.

The Lion has lost nothing by his journey to the Invalides, but the gospel which supported the paw that is now on a

level with the other foot. The horses also are returned [A.D. 1815] to the ill-chosen spot whence they set out, and are, as before, half hidden under the porch window of St. Mark's Church. Their history, after a desperate struggle, has been satisfactorily explored. The decisions and doubts of Erizzo and Zanetti, and lastly, of the Count Leopold Cicognara, would have given them a Roman extraction, and a pedigree not more ancient than the reign of Nero. But M. de Schlegel stepped in to teach the Venetians the value of their own treasures; and a Greek vindicated, at last and for ever, the pretension of his countrymen to this noble production.[1] M. Mustoxidi has not been left without a reply; but, as yet, he has received no answer. It should seem that the horses are irrevocably Chian, and were transferred to Constantinople by Theodosius. Lapidary writing is a favourite play of the Italians, and has conferred reputation on more than one of their literary characters. One of the best specimens of Bodoni's typography is a respectable volume of inscriptions, all written by his friend Pacciaudi. Several were prepared for the recovered horses. It is to be hoped the best was not selected, when the following words were ranged in gold letters above the cathedral porch :—

QUATUOR · EQUORUM · SIGNA · A · VENETIS · BYZANTIO · CAPTA · AD · TEMP · D · MAR · A · R · S · MCCIV · POSITA · QUÆ · HOSTILIS · CUPIDITAS · A · MDCCIIIC · ABSTULERAT · FRANC · I · IMP · PACIS · ORBI · DATÆ · TROPHÆUM · A · MDCCCXV · VICTOR · REDUXIT.

Nothing shall be said of the Latin, but it may be permitted to observe, that the injustice of the Venetians in transporting the horses from Constantinople [A.D. 1204] was at least equal to that of the French in carrying them to Paris [A.D. 1797], and that it would have been more prudent to have avoided all allusions to either robbery. An apostolic prince should, perhaps, have objected to affixing over the principal entrance of a metropolitan church an inscription having a reference to any other triumphs than those of religion. Nothing less than the pacification of the world can excuse such a solecism.

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1. *Su i Quattro Cavalli della Basilica di S. Marco in Venezia.* Lettera di Andrea Mustoxidi Corcirese. Padova, 1816.

4.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt.
Stanza xii. lines 1 and 2.

After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederic Barbarossa, and as fruitless attempts of the Emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four-and-twenty years were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice. The articles of a treaty had been previously agreed upon between Pope Alexander III. and Barbarossa; and the former having received a safe-conduct, had already arrived at Venice from Ferrara, in company with the ambassadors of the King of Sicily and the consuls of the Lombard League. There still remained, however, many points to adjust, and for several days the peace was believed to be impracticable. At this juncture, it was suddenly reported that the Emperor had arrived at Chioza, a town fifteen miles from the capital. The Venetians rose tumultuously, and insisted upon immediately conducting him to the city. The Lombards took the alarm, and departed towards Treviso. The Pope himself was apprehensive of some disaster if Frederic should suddenly advance upon him, but was reassured by the prudence and address of Sebastian Ziani, the Doge. Several embassies passed between Chioza and the capital, until, at last, the Emperor, relaxing somewhat of his pretensions, "laid aside his leonine ferocity, and put on the mildness of the lamb."[1]

On Saturday, the 23rd of July, in the year 1177, six Venetian galleys transferred Frederic, in great pomp, from Chioza to the island of Lido, a mile from Venice. Early the next morning, the Pope, accompanied by the Sicilian ambassadors, and by the envoys of Lombardy, whom he had recalled from the main land, together with a great concourse of people, repaired from the patriarchal palace to St. Mark's Church, and solemnly absolved the Emperor and his partisans from the excommunication pronounced against him. The Chancellor of the Empire, on the part of his master, renounced the anti-popes and their schismatic adherents.

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1. "Quibus auditis, imperator, operante eo, qui corda Principum sicut vult, & quando vult, humiliter inclinat, leonina feritate deposita, ovinam mansuetudinem induit."—*Romualdi Salernitani Chronicon, apud Script. Rer. Ital.*, 1725, vii. 230.

Immediately the Doge, with a great suite both of the clergy and laity, got on board the galleys, and waiting on Frederic, rowed him in mighty state from the Lido to the capital. The Emperor descended from the galley at the quay of the Piazzetta. The Doge, the patriarch, his bishops and clergy, and the people of Venice with their crosses and their standards, marched in solemn procession before him to the church of St. Mark. Alexander was seated before the vestibule of the basilica, attended by his bishops and cardinals, by the patriarch of Aquileja, by the archbishops and bishops of Lombardy, all of them in state, and clothed in their church robes. Frederic approached—"moved by the Holy Spirit, venerating the Almighty in the person of Alexander, laying aside his imperial dignity, and throwing off his mantle, he prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the Pope. Alexander, with tears in his eyes, raised him benignantly from the ground, kissed him, blessed him ; and immediately the Germans of the train sang with a loud voice, 'We praise thee, O Lord.' The Emperor then taking the Pope by the right hand, led him to the church, and having received his benediction, returned to the ducal palace."[1] The ceremony of humiliation was repeated the next day. The Pope himself, at the request of Frederic, said mass at St. Mark's. The Emperor again laid aside his imperial mantle, and taking a wand in his hand, officiated as *verger*, driving the laity from the choir, and preceding the pontiff to the altar. Alexander, after reciting the gospel, preached to the people. The Emperor put himself close to the pulpit in the attitude of listening ; and the pontiff, touched by this mark of his attention (for he knew that Frederic did not understand a word he said), commanded the patriarch of Aquileja to translate the Latin discourse into the German tongue. The creed was then chanted. Frederic made his oblation, and kissed the Pope's feet, and, mass being over, led him by the hand to his white horse. He held the stirrup, and would have led the horse's rein to the water side, had not the Pope accepted of the inclination for the performance, and affectionately dismissed him with his benediction. Such is the substance of the account left by the archbishop of Salerno, who was present at the ceremony, and whose story is confirmed by every subsequent narration. It would be not worth so minute a record, were it not the triumph of liberty as well as of superstition. The states of Lombardy owed to it the confirmation of their privileges ; and Alexander had reason to

1. *Rer. Ital.*, vii. 231.

thank the Almighty, who had enabled an infirm, unarmed old man to subdue a terrible and potent sovereign.[1]

5.

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.
Stanza xii. lines 8 and 9.

The reader will recollect the exclamation of the Highlander, "*Oh, for one hour of Dundee!*" Henry Dandolo, when elected Doge, in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. When he commanded the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, he was consequently ninety-seven years old. At this age he annexed the fourth and a half of the whole empire of Romania,[2] for so the Roman empire was then called, to the title and to the territories of the Venetian Doge. The three-eighths of this empire were preserved in the diplomas until the Dukedom of Giovanni Dolfino, who made use of the above designation in the year 1357.[3]

Dandolo led the attack on Constantinople in person. Two ships, the Paradise and the Pilgrim, were tied together, and a drawbridge or ladder let down from their higher yards to

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1. See the above-cited Romuald of Salerno. In a second sermon which Alexander preached, on the first day of August, before the Emperor, he compared Frederic to the prodigal son, and himself to the forgiving father.

2. Mr. Gibbon has omitted the important *æ*, and has written Romani instead of Romaniæ.—*Decline and Fall*, chap. lxi. *note* 9 (1882, ii. 777, *note* 1). But the title acquired by Dandolo runs thus in the chronicle of his namesake, the Doge Andrew Dandolo: "Ducali titulo addidit, 'Quartæ partis, & dimidiæ totius Imperii Romaniæ Dominator.'" And. Dand. *Chronicon*, cap. iii. pars xxxvii. ap. *Script. Rer. Ital.*, 1728, xii. 331. And the Romaniæ is observed in the subsequent acts of the Doges. Indeed, the continental possessions of the Greek Empire in Europe were then generally known by the name of Romania, and that appellation is still seen in the maps of Turkey as applied to Thrace.

3. See the continuation of Dandolo's *Chronicle*, *ibid.*, p. 498. Mr. Gibbon appears not to include Dolfino, following Sanudo, who says, "Il qual titolo si uso fin al Doge Giovanni Dolfino." See *Vite de' Duchi di Venezia* [*Vitæ Ducum Venetorum Italiæ scriptæ*, Auctore Martino Sanuto], ap. *Script. Rer. Ital.*, xxii. 530, 641.

the walls. The Doge was one of the first to rush into the city. Then was completed, said the Venetians, the prophecy of the Erythræan sibyl:—"A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the waves of the Adriatic, under a blind leader; they shall beset the goat—they shall profane Byzantium—they shall blacken her buildings—her spoils shall be dispersed; a new goat shall bleat until they have measured out and run over fifty-four feet nine inches and a half."[1] Dandolo died on the first day of June, 1205, having reigned thirteen years six months and five days, and was buried in the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Strangely enough it must sound, that the name of the rebel apothecary who received the Doge's sword, and annihilated the ancient government, in 1796–7, was Dandolo.

6.

But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not *bridled?*

Stanza xiii. lines 3 and 4.

After the loss of the battle of Pola, and the taking of Chioza on the 16th of August, 1379, by the united armament of the Genoese and Francesco da Carrara, Signor of Padua, the Venetians were reduced to the utmost despair. An embassy was sent to the conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to prescribe what terms they pleased, and leave to Venice only her independence. The Prince of Padua was inclined to listen to these proposals; but the Genoese, who, after the victory at Pola, had shouted, "To Venice! to Venice! and long live St. George!" determined to annihilate their rival; and Peter Doria, their commander-in-chief, returned this answer to the suppliants: "On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the Signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours, that are upon the porch of your evangelist St. Mark. When we have bridled them we shall keep you quiet. And this is the pleasure of us and of our commune. As for these, my brothers of Genoa, that you have brought with you to give up to us, I

1. "Fiet potentium in aquis Adriaticis congregatio, cæco præduce, Hircum ambigent, Byzantium prophanabunt, ædificia denigrabunt, spolia dispergentur; Hircus novus balabit, usque dum liv. pedes, & ix. pollices, & semis, præmensurati discurrant."—*Chronicon, ibid.*, xii. 329.

will not have them: take them back; for in a few days hence, I shall come and let them out of prison myself, both these and all the others" [p. 727, E. *vide infra*]. In fact, the Genoese did advance as far as Malamocco, within five miles of the capital; but their own danger, and the pride of their enemies, gave courage to the Venetians, who made prodigious efforts, and many individual sacrifices, all of them carefully recorded by their historians. Vettor Pisani was put at the head of thirty-four galleys. The Genoese broke up from Malamocco, and retired to Chioza in October; but they again threatened Venice, which was reduced to extremities. At this time, the 1st of January, 1380, arrived Carlo Zeno, who had been cruising on the Genoese coast with fourteen galleys. The Venetians were now strong enough to besiege the Genoese. Doria was killed on the 22nd of January, by a stone bullet, one hundred and ninety-five pounds' weight, discharged from a bombard called the Trevisan. Chioza was then closely invested; five thousand auxiliaries, among whom were some English condottieri, commanded by one Captain Ceccho, joined the Venetians. The Genoese, in their turn, prayed for conditions, but none were granted, until, at last, they surrendered at discretion; and, on the 24th of June, 1380, the Doge Contarini made his triumphal entry into Chioza. Four thousand prisoners, nineteen galleys, many smaller vessels and barks, with all the ammunition and arms, and outfit of the expedition, fell into the hands of the conquerors, who, had it not been for the inexorable answer of Doria, would have gladly reduced their dominion to the city of Venice. An account of these transactions is found in a work called *The War of Chioza*,[1] written by Daniel Chinazzo, who was in Venice at the time.

7.

Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals.
Stanza xv. lines 7 and 8.

The population of Venice, at the end of the seventeenth century, amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago [1816], it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand; and it diminishes daily. The commerce and the official employments, which were to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur,

1. *Cronaca della Guerra di Chioza, etc.*, scritta da Daniello Chinazzo. *Script. Rer. Ital.*, xv. 699–804.

have both expired.[1] Most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the Government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered, and confounded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose Palladian palaces have sunk, or are sinking, in the general decay. Of the "gentiluomo Veneto," the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is querulous. Whatever may have been the vices of the republic, and although the natural term of its existence may be thought by foreigners to have arrived in the due course of mortality, only one sentiment can be expected from the Venetians themselves. At no time were the subjects of the republic so unanimous in their resolution to rally round the standard of St. Mark, as when it was for the last time unfurled; and the cowardice and the treachery of the few patricians who recommended the fatal neutrality, were confined to the persons of the traitors themselves. The present race cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms, and too despotic government; they think only on their vanished independence. They pine away at the remembrance, and on this subject suspend for a moment their gay good humour. Venice may be said, in the words of the Scripture, "to die daily;" and so general and so apparent is the decline, as to become painful to a stranger, not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation expiring, as it were, before his eyes. So artificial a creation, having lost that principle which called it into life and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose. The abhorrence of slavery, which drove the Venetians to the sea, has, since their disaster, forced them to the land, where they may be at least overlooked amongst the crowd of dependents, and not present the humiliating spectacle of a whole nation loaded with recent chains. Their liveliness, their affability, and that happy indifference which constitution alone can give (for philosophy aspires to it in vain), have not sunk under circumstances; but many peculiarities of costume and manner have by degrees been lost;

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1. "Nonnullorum e nobilitate immensæ sunt opes, adeo ut vix æstimari possint; id quod tribus e rebus oritur, parsimonia, commercio, atque iis emolumentis, quæ e Repub. percipiunt, quæ hanc ob caussam diuturna fore creditur."—See *De Principatibus Italiæ Tractatus Varii*, 1628, pp. 18, 19.

and the nobles, with a pride common to all Italians who have been masters, have not been persuaded to parade their insignificance. That splendour which was a proof and a portion of their power, they would not degrade into the trappings of their subjection. They retired from the space which they had occupied in the eyes of their fellow citizens; their continuance in which would have been a symptom of acquiescence, and an insult to those who suffered by the common misfortune. Those who remained in the degraded capital, might be said rather to haunt the scenes of their departed power, than to live in them. The reflection, "who and what enthrals," will hardly bear a comment from one who is, nationally, the friend and the ally of the conqueror. It may, however, be allowed to say thus much, that to those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation; and it may be safely foretold that this unprofitable aversion will not have been corrected before Venice shall have sunk into the slime of her choked canals.

8.

Watering the tree which bears his Lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to Fame.
Stanza xxx. lines 8 and 9.

Thanks to the critical acumen of a Scotchman, we now know as little of Laura as ever.[1] The discoveries of the Abbé de Sade, his triumphs, his sneers, can no longer instruct or amuse. We must not, however, think that these memoirs[2] are as much a romance as Belisarius or the Incas, although we are told so by Dr. Beattie, a great name, but a little authority.[3] His "labour" has not been in vain, notwithstanding his "love" has, like most other passions, made him ridiculous.[4] The hypothesis which overpowered the

1. See *An Historical and Critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch;* and *A Dissertation on an Historical Hypothesis of the Abbé de Sade.* 1810. [An Italian version, entitled *Riflessioni intorno a Madonna Laura*, was published in 1811.]

2. *Mémoires pour la Vie de François Pétrarque*, Amsterdam, 1764, 3 vols. 4to.

3. Letter to the Duchess of Gordon, August 17, 1782. *Life of Beattie*, by Sir W. Forbes, ii. 102–106.

4. Mr. Gibbon called his *Memoirs* "a labour of love" (see *Decline and Fall*, chap. lxx. *note* 2), and followed him with

struggling Italians, and carried along less interested critics in its current, is run out. We have another proof that we can never be sure that the paradox, the most singular, and therefore having the most agreeable and authentic air, will not give place to the re-established ancient prejudice.

It seems, then, first, that Laura was born, lived, died, and was buried, not in Avignon, but in the country. The fountains of the Sorga, the thickets of Cabrieres, may resume their pretensions, and the exploded *de la Bastie* again be heard with complacency. The hypothesis of the Abbé had no stronger props than the parchment sonnet and medal found on the skeleton of the wife of Hugo de Sade, and the manuscript note to the *Virgil* of Petrarch, now in the Ambrosian library. If these proofs were both incontestable, the poetry was written, the medal composed, cast, and deposited within the space of twelve hours: and these deliberate duties were performed round the carcass of one who died of the plague, and was hurried to the grave on the day of her death. These documents, therefore, are too decisive: they prove not the fact, but the forgery. Either the sonnet or the Virgilian note must be a falsification. The Abbé cites both as incontestably true; the consequent deduction is inevitable—they are both evidently false.[1]

Secondly, Laura was never married, and was a haughty virgin rather than that *tender and prudent* wife who honoured Avignon, by making that town the theatre of an honest French passion, and played off for one and twenty years her *little machinery* of alternate favours and refusals[2] upon the first poet of the age. It was, indeed, rather too unfair that a female should be made responsible for eleven children upon the faith of a misinterpreted abbreviation, and the decision of a librarian.[3] It is, however, satisfactory to think that the

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confidence and delight. The compiler of a very voluminous work must take much criticism upon trust; Mr. Gibbon has done so, though not as readily as some other authors.

1. The sonnet had before awakened the suspicions of Mr. Horace Walpole. See his letter to Dr. Joseph Warton, March 16, 1765.

2. "Par ce petit manége, cette alternative de faveurs et de rigueurs bien ménagée, une femme tendre & sage amuse pendant vingt et un ans le plus grand Poète de son siècle, sans faire la moindre brêche à son honneur." *Mémoires pour la Vie de Pétrarque*, Préface aux Français, i. p. cxiii.

3. In a dialogue with St. Augustin, Petrarch has described Laura as having a body exhausted with repeated *ptubs*.

love of Petrarch was not platonic. The happiness which he prayed to possess but once and for a moment was surely not of the mind,[1] and something so very real as a marriage project, with one who has been idly called a shadowy nymph, may be, perhaps, detected in at least six places of his own sonnets. The love of Petrarch was neither platonic nor poetical; and if in one passage of his works he calls it "amore veementeissimo ma unico ed onesto," he confesses, in a letter to a friend, that it was guilty and perverse, that it absorbed him quite, and mastered his heart.

In this case, however, he was perhaps alarmed for the culpability of his wishes; for the Abbé de Sade himself, who certainly would not have been scrupulously delicate if he could have proved his descent from Petrarch as well as Laura, is forced into a stout defence of his virtuous grandmother. As far as relates to the poet, we have no security for the innocence, except perhaps in the constancy of his pursuit. He assures us in his epistle to posterity, that, when arrived at his fortieth year, he not only had in horror, but had lost all recollection and image of any "irregularity." But the birth of his natural daughter cannot be assigned earlier than his thirty-ninth year; and either the memory or the morality of the poet must have failed him, when he forgot or was guilty of this *slip*.[2] The weakest argument for the purity of this love has been drawn from the permanence of its effects, which survived the object of his passion. The reflection of M. de la Bastie, that virtue alone is capable of making

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The old editors read and printed *perturbationibus*; but M. Capperonier, librarian to the French king in 1762, who saw the MS. in the Paris library, made an attestation that "on lit et qu'on doit lire, partubus exhaustum." De Sade joined the names of Messrs. Boudot and Béjot with M. Capperonier, and, in the whole discussion on this *ptubs*, showed himself a downright literary rogue. (See *Riflessioni*, p. lxxiv. *sq.*; *Le Rime del Petrarca*, Firenze, 1832, ii. *s.f.*) Thomas Aquinas is called in to settle whether Petrarch's mistress was a *chaste* maid or a *continent* wife.

1. "Pigmalion, quanto lodar ti dei
Dell' immagine tua, se mille volte
N' avesti quel, ch' i' sol una vorrei!"
Sonetto 50, *Quando giunse a Simon l'alto concetto.*
Le Rime, etc., i. 118, edit. Florence, 1832.

2. "A questa confessione così sincera diede forse occasione una nuova caduta, ch' ei fece."—Tiraboschi, *Storia*, lib. iii., *della Letteratura Italiana*, Rome, 1783, v. 460.

impressions which death cannot efface, is one of those which everybody applauds, and everybody finds not to be true, the moment he examines his own breast or the records of human feeling.[1] Such apophthegms can do nothing for Petrarch or for the cause of morality, except with the very weak and the very young. He that has made even a little progress beyond ignorance and pupilage cannot be edified with anything but truth. What is called vindicating the honour of an individual or a nation, is the most futile, tedious, and uninstructive of all writing; although it will always meet with more applause than that sober criticism, which is attributed to the malicious desire of reducing a great man to the common standard of humanity. It is, after all, not unlikely that our historian was right in retaining his favourite hypothetic salvo, which secures the author, although it scarcely saves the honour of the still unknown mistress of Petrarch.[2]

9.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died.
Stanza xxxi. line 1.

Petrarch retired to Arquà immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arquà, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to everything relative to this great man from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be

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1. "Il n'y a que la vertu seule qui soit capable de faire des impressions que la mort n'efface pas."—M. de Bimard, Baron de la Bastie, in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions de Belles Lettres* for 1740 (*Mémoires de Littérature* [1738–1740], 1751, xvii. 424). (See also *Riflessioni, etc.*, p. xcvi.; *Le Rime, etc.*, 1832, ii. *s.f.*)

2. "And if the virtue or prudence of Laura was inexorable, he enjoyed, and might boast of enjoying, the nymph of poetry."—*Decline and Fall*, 1818, chap. lxx. p. 321, vol. xii. 8vo. Perhaps the *if* is here meant for *although*.

hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shaksperian memorials of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view, not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall, single cypresses, and the spires of towns, are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's Fountain, for here everything is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine."

Mr. Forsyth[1] was not quite correct in saying that Petrarch never returned to Tuscany after he had once quitted it when a boy. It appears he did pass through Florence on his way from Parma to Rome, and on his return in the year 1350, and remained there long enough to form some acquaintance with its most distinguished inhabitants. A Florentine gentleman, ashamed of the aversion of the poet for his native country, was eager to point out this trivial error in our accomplished traveller, whom he knew and respected for an extraordinary capacity, extensive erudition, and refined taste, joined to that engaging simplicity of manners which has been so frequently recognised as the surest, though it is certainly not an indispensable, trait of superior genius.

Every footstep of Laura's lover has been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shown in Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighbouring Ancisa, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated by a long inscription the spot where their great fellow citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the cathedral, because he was archdeacon of that society, and was only snatched from his intended sepulture in their church by a *foreign* death. Another tablet, with a bust, has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son-in-law Brossano. The political condition which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

10.

In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,
And Boileau, whose rash envy, etc.
Stanza xxxviii. lines 6 and 7.

Perhaps the couplet in which Boileau depreciates Tasso may serve as well as any other specimen to justify the opinion given of the harmony of French verse—

"À Malherbe, à Racan, préfère Théophile,
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile."
Sat. ix. v. 176.

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1. *Remarks on Antiquities, etc., in Italy*, by Joseph Forsyth, p. 107, *note.*

The biographer Serassi,[1] out of tenderness to the reputation either of the Italian or the French poet, is eager to observe that the satirist recanted or explained away this censure, and subsequently allowed the author of the *Jerusalem* to be "a genius sublime, vast, and happily born for the higher flights of poetry." To this we will add, that the recantation is far from satisfactory, when we examine the whole anecdote as reported by Olivet.[2] The sentence pronounced against him by Bouhours [3] is recorded only to the confusion of the critic, whose *palinodia* the Italian makes no effort to discover, and would not, perhaps, accept. As to the opposition which the *Jerusalem* encountered from the Cruscan academy, who degraded Tasso from all competition with Ariosto, below Bojardo and Pulci, the disgrace of such opposition must also in some measure be laid to the charge of Alfonso, and the court of Ferrara. For Leonard Salviati, the principal and nearly the sole origin of this attack, was, there can be no doubt,[4] influenced by a hope to acquire the favour of the House of Este: an object which he thought attainable by exalting the reputation of a native poet at the expense of a rival, then a *prisoner of state*. The hopes and efforts of Salviati must serve to show the contemporary opinion as to the nature of the poet's imprisonment; and will fill up the measure of our indignation at the tyrant jailer.[5] In fact,

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1. *La Vita di Tasso*, lib. iii. p. 284 (tom. ii. edit. Bergamo, 1790).

2. *Histoire de l'Académie Française depuis* 1652 *jusqu'à* 1700, par M. l' Abbé [Thoulier] d'Olivet, Amsterdam, 1730. "Mais, ensuite, venant à l'usage qu'il a fait de ses talens, j'aurois montré que le bon sens n'est pas toujours ce qui domine chez lui," p. 182. Boileau said he had not changed his opinion. "J'en ai si peu changé, dit-il," etc., p. 181.

3. *La Manière de bien Penser dans les Ouvrages de l'esprit*, sec. Dial., p. 89, edit. 1692. Philanthes is for Tasso, and says in the outset, "De tous les beaux esprits que l'Italie a porter, le Tasse est peut-estre celuy qui pense le plus noblement." But Bouhours seems to speak in Eudoxus, who closes with the absurd comparison: "Faites valoir le Tasse tant qu'il vous plaira, je m'en tiens pour moy à Virgile," etc. (*ibid.*, p. 102).

4. *La Vita, etc.*, lib. iii. p. 90, tom. ii. The English reader may see an account of the opposition of the Crusca to Tasso, in Black's *Life*, 1810, *etc.*, chap. xvii. vol. ii.

5. For further, and it is hoped, decisive proof, that Tasso was neither more nor less than a *prisoner of state*, the reader

the antagonist of Tasso was not disappointed in the reception given to his criticism ; he was called to the court of Ferrara, where, having endeavoured to heighten his claims to favour, by panegyrics on the family of his sovereign,[1] he was in turn abandoned, and expired in neglected poverty. The opposition of the Cruscans was brought to a close in six years after the commencement of the controversy ; and if the Academy owed its first renown to having almost opened with such a paradox,[2] it is probable that, on the other hand, the care of his reputation alleviated rather than aggravated the imprisonment of the injured poet. The defence of his father and of himself, for both were involved in the censure of Salviati, found employment for many of his solitary hours, and the captive could have been but little embarrassed to reply to accusations, where, among other delinquencies, he was charged with invidiously omitting, in his comparison between France and Italy, to make any mention of the cupola of St. Maria del Fiore at Florence.[3] The late biographer of Ariosto seems as if willing to renew the controversy by doubting the interpretation of Tasso's self-estimation[4] related in Serassi's life of the poet. But Tiraboschi had before laid that rivalry at rest,[5] by showing that between Ariosto and Tasso it is not a question of comparison, but of preference.

II.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurel's mimicked leaves.
Stanza xli. lines 1 and 2.

Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which

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is referred to *Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto of Childe Harold*, p. 5, and following.

1. Orazioni funebri . . . delle lodi di Don Luigi Cardinal d'Este . . . delle lodi di Donno Alfonso d'Este. See *La Vita*, lib. iii. p. 117.

2. It was founded in 1582, and the Cruscan answer to Pellegrino's *Caraffa*, or *Epica poesia*, was published in 1584.

3. " Cotanto, potè sempre in lui il veleno della sua pessima volontà contro alla Nazion Fiorentina." *La Vita*, lib. iii. pp. 96, 98, tom. ii.

4. *La Vita di M. L. Ariosto*, scritta dall' Abate Girolamo Baruffaldi Giuniore, etc. Ferrara, 1807, lib. iii. p. 262. (See *Historical Illustrations, etc.*, p. 26.)

5. *Storia della Lett.*, Roma, 1785, tom. vii. pt. iii. p. 130.

surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away. The event has been recorded by a writer of the last century.[1] The transfer of these sacred ashes, on the 6th of June, 1801, was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic; and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the once famous fallen *Intrepidi* were revived and reformed into the Ariostean academy. The large public place through which the procession paraded was then for the first time called Ariosto Square. The author of the *Orlando* is jealously claimed as the Homer, not of Italy but Ferrara.[2] The mother of Ariosto was of Reggio, and the house in which he was born is carefully distinguished by a tablet with these words: "Qui nacque Ludovico Ariosto il giorno 8. di Settembre dell' anno 1474." But the Ferrarese make light of the accident by which their poet was born abroad, and claim him exclusively for their own. They possess his bones, they show his arm-chair, and his inkstand, and his autographs.

". . . . . Hic illius arma,
Hïc currus fuit . . . . . ."

The house where he lived, the room where he died, are designated by his own replaced memorial,[3] and by a recent inscription. The Ferrarese are more jealous of their claims since the animosity of Denina, arising from a cause which their apologists mysteriously hint is not unknown to them, ventured to degrade their soil and climate to a Bœotian incapacity for all spiritual productions. A quarto volume has been called forth by the detraction, and this supplement to Barotti's Memoirs of the illustrious Ferarrese, has been considered a triumphant reply to the "Quadro Storico Statistico dell' Alta Italia."

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1. *Op.* di Bianconi, vol. iii. p. 176, ed. Milano, 1802: Lettera al Signor Guido Savini Arcifisiocritico, sull' indole di un fulmine caduto in Dresda, l'anno 1759.

2. "Appassionato ammiratore ed invitto apologista dell' *Omero Ferrarese*." The title was first given by Tasso, and is quoted to the confusion of the *Tassisti*, lib. iii. pp. 262, 265. *La Vita di M. L. Ariosto, etc.*

3. "Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus."

12.

For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves.
Stanza xli. lines 4 and 5.

The eagle, the sea calf, the laurel, and the white vine,[1] were amongst the most approved preservatives against lightning: Jupiter chose the first, Augustus Cæsar the second, and Tiberius never failed to wear a wreath of the third when the sky threatened a thunder-storm.[2] These superstitions may be received without a sneer in a country where the magical properties of the hazel twig have not lost all their credit; and perhaps the reader may not be much surprised that a commentator on Suetonius has taken upon himself gravely to disprove the imputed virtues of the crown of Tiberius, by mentioning that a few years before he wrote a laurel was actually struck by lightning at Rome.[3]

13.

Know, that the lightning sanctifies below.
Stanza xli. line 8.

The Curtian lake and the Ruminal fig-tree in the Forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by a *puteal*, or altar resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunder-bolt. Bodies scathed and persons struck dead were thought to be incorruptible;[4] and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity upon the man so distinguished by heaven.[5]

Those killed by lightning were wrapped in a white garment, and buried where they fell. The superstition was not confined to the worshippers of Jupiter: the Lombards believed in the omens furnished by lightning; and a Christian priest confesses that, by a diabolical skill in interpreting thunder,

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1. Plin., *Hist. Nat.*, lib. ii. cap. 55.
2. *Columella*, De Re Rustica, x. 532, lib. x.; Sueton., in *Vit. August.*, cap. xc., et in *Vit. Tiberii*, cap. lxix.
3. Note 2, p. 409, edit. Lugd. Bat. 1667.
4. *Vid.* J. C. Boulenger, *De Terræ Motu et Fulminib.*, lib. v. cap. xi., *apud* J. G. Græv., *Thes. Antiq. Rom.*, 1696, v. 532.
5. Οὐδεὶς κεραυνωθεὶς ἄτιμός ἐστι, ὅθεν καὶ ὡς θεὸς τιμᾶται. Artemidori *Oneirocritica*, Paris, 1603, ii. 8, p. 91.

a seer foretold to Agilulf, duke of Turin, an event which came to pass, and gave him a queen and a crown.[1] There was, however, something equivocal in this sign, which the ancient inhabitants of Rome did not always consider propitious; and as the fears are likely to last longer than the consolations of superstition, it is not strange that the Romans of the age of Leo X. should have been so much terrified at some misinterpreted storms as to require the exhortations of a scholar, who arrayed all the learning on thunder and lightning to prove the omen favourable; beginning with the flash which struck the walls of Velitræ, and including that which played upon a gate at Florence, and foretold the pontificate of one of its citizens.[2]

14.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone.
Stanza xlix. line 1.

The view of the Venus of Medicis instantly suggests the lines in the *Seasons;* and the comparison of the object with the description proves, not only the correctness of the portrait, but the peculiar turn of thought, and, if the term may be used, the sexual imagination of the descriptive poet. The same conclusion may be deduced from another hint in the same episode of Musidora; for Thomson's notion of the privileges of favoured love must have been either very primitive, or rather deficient in delicacy, when he made his grateful nymph inform her discreet Damon that in some happier moment he might perhaps be the companion of her bath :—

"The time may come you need not fly."

The reader will recollect the anecdote told in the *Life of Dr. Johnson.* We will not leave the Florentine gallery without a word on the *Whetter.* It seems strange that the character of that disputed statue should not be entirely decided, at least in the mind of any one who has seen a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the Basilica of St. Paul without the walls, at Rome, where the whole group of the fable of Marsyas is seen

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1. Pauli Warnefridi Diaconi *De Gestis Langobard.*, lib. iii. cap. xxxi., *apud* La Bigne, *Max. Bibl. Patr.*, 1677, xiii. 177.

2. I. P. Valeriani *De fulminum significationibus declamatio*, *apud* J. G. Græv., *Thes. Antiq. Rom.*, 1696, v. 604. The declamation is addressed to Julian of Medicis.

in tolerable preservation; and the Scythian slave whetting the knife, is represented exactly in the same position as this celebrated masterpiece. The slave is not naked; but it is easier to get rid of this difficulty than to suppose the knife in the hand of the Florentine statue an instrument for shaving, which it must be, if, as Lanzi supposes, the man is no other than the barber of Julius Cæsar. Winckelmann, illustrating a bas-relief of the same subject, follows the opinion of Leonard Agostini, and his authority might have been thought conclusive, even if the resemblance did not strike the most careless observer.[1] Amongst the bronzes of the same princely collection, is still to be seen the inscribed tablet copied and commented upon by Mr. Gibbon.[2] Our historian found some difficulties, but did not desist from his illustration. He might be vexed to hear that his criticism has been thrown away on an inscription now generally recognised to be a forgery.

15.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie.
Stanza liv. line 1.

This name will recall the memory, not only of those whose tombs have raised the Santa Croce into the centre of pilgrimage—the Mecca of Italy—but of her whose eloquence was poured over the illustrious ashes, and whose voice is now as mute as those she sung. CORINNA is no more; and with her should expire the fear, the flattery, and the envy, which threw too dazzling or too dark a cloud round the march of genius, and forbad the steady gaze of disinterested criticism. We have her picture embellished or distorted, as friendship or detraction has held the pencil: the impartial portrait was hardly to be expected from a contemporary. The immediate voice of her survivors will, it is probable, be far from affording a just estimate of her singular capacity. The gallantry, the love of wonder, and the hope of associated fame, which blunted the edge of censure, must cease to exist.—The dead have no sex; they can surprise by no new miracles; they can confer no privilege: Corinna has ceased to be a woman —she is only an author; and it may be foreseen that many will repay themselves for former complaisance, by a severity

1. See *Monum. Ant. Ined.*, 1767, ii. par. i. cap. xvii. sect. iii. p. 50; and *Storia delle Arti, etc.*, lib. xi. cap. i. tom. ii. p. 314, *note* B.

2. *Nomina gentesque Antiquæ Italiæ* (Gibbon, *Miscell. Works*, 1814), p. 204, edit. oct.

to which the extravagance of previous praises may perhaps give the colour of truth. The latest posterity—for to the latest posterity they will assuredly descend—will have to pronounce upon her various productions; and the longer the vista through which they are seen, the more accurately minute will be the object, the more certain the justice, of the decision. She will enter into that existence in which the great writers of all ages and nations are, as it were, associated in a world of their own, and, from that superior sphere, shed their eternal influence for the control and consolation of mankind. But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen; some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous, but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and, to the sorrows of very many friends, and more dependants, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublimer scenes of the Leman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna.

16.

Here repose
Angelo's—Alfieri's bones.
Stanza liv. lines 6 and 7.

Alfieri is the great name of this age. The Italians, without waiting for the hundred years, consider him as "a poet

good in law."—His memory is the more dear to them because he is the bard of freedom ; and because, as such, his tragedies can receive no countenance from any of their sovereigns. They are but very seldom, and but very few of them, allowed to be acted. It was observed by Cicero, that nowhere were the true opinions and feelings of the Romans so clearly shown as at the theatre.[1] In the autumn of 1816, a celebrated improvisatore exhibited his talents at the Opera-house of Milan. The reading of the theses handed in for the subjects of his poetry was received by a very numerous audience, for the most part in silence, or with laughter ; but when the assistant, unfolding one of the papers, exclaimed, *The apotheosis of Victor Alfieri*, the whole theatre burst into a shout, and the applause was continued for some moments. The lot did not fall on Alfieri ; and the Signor Sgricci had to pour forth his extemporary common-places on the bombardment of Algiers. The choice, indeed, is not left to accident quite so much as might be thought from a first view of the ceremony ; and the police not only takes care to look at the papers beforehand, but, in case of any prudential afterthought, steps in to correct the blindness of chance. The proposal for deifying Alfieri was received with immediate enthusiasm, the rather because it was conjectured there would be no opportunity of carrying it into effect.

17.

Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.
Stanza liv. line 9.

The affectation of simplicity in sepulchral inscriptions, which so often leaves us uncertain whether the structure

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1. The free expression of their honest sentiments survived their liberties. Titius, the friend of Antony, presented them with games in the theatre of Pompey. They did not suffer the brilliancy of the spectacle to efface from their memory that the man who furnished them with the entertainment had murdered the son of Pompey : they drove him from the theatre with curses. The moral sense of a populace, spontaneously expressed, is never wrong. Even the soldiers of the triumvirs joined in the execration of the citizens, by shouting round the chariots of Lepidus and Plancus, who had proscribed their brothers, *De Germanis, non de Gallis, duo triumphant consules;* a saying worth a record, were it nothing but a good pun. [C. Vell. Paterculi, *Hist.*, lib. ii. cap. lxxix. p. 78, edit. Elzevir, 1639. *Ibid.*, lib. ii. cap. lxvii.]

before us is an actual depository, or a cenotaph, or a simple memorial not of death but life, has given to the tomb of Machiavelli no information as to the place or time of the birth or death, the age or parentage, of the historian.

TANTO NOMINI NVLLVM PAR ELOGIVM
NICCOLAVS MACHIAVELLI.

There seems at least no reason why the name should not have been put above the sentence which alludes to it.

It will readily be imagined that the prejudices which have passed the name of Machiavelli into an epithet proverbial of iniquity exist no longer at Florence. His memory was persecuted, as his life had been, for an attachment to liberty incompatible with the new system of despotism, which succeeded the fall of the free governments of Italy. He was put to the torture for being a "libertine," that is, for wishing to restore the republic of Florence; and such are the undying efforts of those who are interested in the perversion, not only of the nature of actions, but the meaning of words, that what was once *patriotism*, has by degrees come to signify *debauch*. We have ourselves outlived the old meaning of "liberality," which is now another word for treason in one country and for infatuation in all. It seems to have been a strange mistake to accuse the author of *The Prince*, as being a pander to tyranny; and to think that the Inquisition would condemn his work for such a delinquency. The fact is, that Machiavelli, as is usual with those against whom no crime can be proved, was suspected of and charged with atheism; and the first and last most violent opposers of *The Prince* were both Jesuits, one of whom persuaded the Inquisition "benchè fosse tardo," to prohibit the treatise, and the other qualified the secretary of the Florentine republic as no better than a fool. The father Possevin was proved never to have read the book, and the father Lucchesini not to have understood it. It is clear, however, that such critics must have objected not to the slavery of the doctrines, but to the supposed tendency of a lesson which shows how distinct are the interests of a monarch from the happiness of mankind. The Jesuits are re-established in Italy, and the last chapter of *The Prince* may again call forth a particular refutation from those who are employed once more in moulding the minds of the rising generation, so as to receive the impressions of despotism. The chapter [xxvi.] bears for title, "Esortazione a liberare l'Italia da' Barbari," and concludes with a *libertine* excitement to the future redemption of Italy. "Non si deve adunque lasciar passare questa occasione, acciocchè la Italia vegga dopo tanto tempo apparire un suo

redentore. Nè posso esprimere con quale amore ei fusse ricevuto in tutte quelle provincie, che hanno patito per queste illuvioni esterne, con qual sete di vendetta, con che ostinata fede, con que pietà, con che lacrime. Quali porte se gli serrerebbero? Quali popoli gli negherebbero l'ubbidienza? Quale Italiano gli negherebbe l'ossequio? AD OGNUNO PUZZA QUESTO BARBARO DOMINIO."[1]

18.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar.
Stanza lvii. line 1.

Dante was born in Florence, in the year 1261. He fought in two battles, was fourteen times ambassador, and once prior of the republic. When the party of Charles of Anjou triumphed over the Bianchi, he was absent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII., and was condemned to two years' banishment, and to a fine of 8000 lire; on the non-payment of which he was further punished by the sequestration of all his property. The republic, however, was not content with this satisfaction, for in 1772 was discovered in the archives at Florence a sentence in which Dante is the eleventh of a list of fifteen condemned in 1302 to be burnt alive; *Talis perveniens igne comburatur sic quod moriatur.* The pretext for this judgment was a proof of unfair barter, extortions, and illicit gains. *Baracteriarum iniquarum extorsionum et illicitorum lucrorum,*[2] and with such an accusation it is not strange that Dante should have always protested his innocence, and the injustice of his fellow-citizens. His appeal to Florence was accompanied by another to the Emperor Henry; and the death of that Sovereign in 1313 was the signal for a sentence of irrevocable banishment. He had before lingered near Tuscany with hopes of recall; then travelled into the north of Italy, where Verona had to boast of his longest residence; and he finally settled at Ravenna, which was his ordinary but not constant abode until his death. The refusal of the Venetians to grant him a public audience, on the part of Guido Novello da Polenta, his protector, is said to have been the principal cause of this event,

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1. *Il Principe di Niccolò Machiavelli,* Paris, 1825, pp. 184, 185.

2. *Storia della Lett. Ital.*, edit. Venice, 1795, tom. v. lib. iii. par. 2, p. 448, *note.* Tiraboschi is incorrect; the dates of the three decrees against Dante are A.D. 1302, 1314, and 1316.

which happened in 1321. He was buried ("in sacra minorum æde") at Ravenna, in a handsome tomb, which was erected by Guido, restored by Bernardo Bembo in 1483, prætor for that republic which had refused to hear him, again restored by Cardinal Corsi, in 1692, and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre, constructed in 1780 at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valenti Gonzaga. The offence or misfortune of Dante was an attachment to a defeated party, and, as his least favourable biographers allege against him, too great a freedom of speech and haughtiness of manner. But the next age paid honours almost divine to the exile. The Florentines, having in vain and frequently attempted to recover his body, crowned his image in a church,[1] and his picture is still one of the idols of their cathedral. They struck medals, they raised statues to him. The cities of Italy, not being able to dispute about his own birth, contended for that of his great poem, and the Florentines thought it for their honour to prove that he had finished the seventh Canto before they drove him from his native city. Fifty-one years after his death, they endowed a professorial chair for the expounding of his verses, and Boccaccio was appointed to this patriotic employment. The example was imitated by Bologna and Pisa, and the commentators, if they performed but little service to literature, augmented the veneration which beheld a sacred or moral allegory in all the images of his mystic muse. His birth and his infancy were discovered to have been distinguished above those of ordinary men: the author of the *Decameron*, his earliest biographer, relates that his mother was warned in a dream of the importance of her pregnancy: and it was found, by others, that at ten years of age he had manifested his precocious passion for that wisdom or theology, which, under the name of Beatrice, had been mistaken for a substantial mistress. When the *Divine Comedy* had been recognised as a mere mortal production, and at the distance of two centuries, when criticism and competition had sobered the judgment of the Italians, Dante was seriously declared superior to Homer;[2] and though the preference appeared to some casuists "an heretical blasphemy worthy of the flames," the contest was vigorously maintained for nearly fifty years. In later times it was made

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1. So relates Ficino, but some think his coronation only an allegory. See *Storia, etc., ut sup.*, p. 453.

2. By Varchi, in his *Ercolano*. The controversy continued from 1570 to 1616. See *Storia, etc.*, edit. Rome, 1785, tom. vii. lib. iii. par. iii. p. 187.

a question which of the Lords of Verona could boast of having patronised him,[1] and the jealous scepticism of one writer would not allow Ravenna the undoubted possession of his bones. Even the critical Tiraboschi was inclined to believe that the poet had foreseen and foretold one of the discoveries of Galileo.—Like the great originals of other nations, his popularity has not always maintained the same level. The last age seemed inclined to undervalue him as a model and a study: and Bettinelli one day rebuked his pupil Monti, for poring over the harsh and obsolete extravagances of the *Commedia*. The present generation having recovered from the Gallic idolatries of Cesarotti, has returned to the ancient worship, and the *Danteggiare* of the northern Italians is thought even indiscreet by the more moderate Tuscans.

There is still much curious information relative to the life and writings of this great poet, which has not as yet been collected even by the Italians; but the celebrated Ugo Foscolo meditates to supply this defect, and it is not to be regretted that this national work has been reserved for one so devoted to his country and the cause of truth.

19.

Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore:
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed, etc.

Stanza lvii. lines 2, 3, and 4.

The elder Scipio Africanus had a tomb if he was not buried at Liternum, whither he had retired to voluntary banishment. This tomb was near the sea-shore, and the story of an inscription upon it, *Ingrata Patria*, having given a name to a modern tower, is, if not true, an agreeable fiction. If he was not buried, he certainly lived there.[2]

"In così angusta & solitaria uilla
Era grand' huom che d' Aphrica s' appella,
Perche prima col ferro al uiuo aprilla."[3]

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1. Gio Jacopo Dionisi *Canonico di Verona*. Serie di Aneddoti, n. 2. See *Storia, etc.*, edit. Venice, 1795, tom. v. lib. i. par. i. p. 24, *note*.

2. "Vitam Literni egit sine desiderio urbis." See T. Liv., *Hist.*, lib. xxxviii. cap. liii. Livy reports that some said he was buried at Liternum, others at Rome. *Ibid.*, cap. lv.

3. *Trionfo della Castità*, *Opera* Petrarchæ, Basil, 1554, i. *s.f.*

Ingratitude is generally supposed the vice peculiar to republics; and it seems to be forgotten that for one instance of popular inconstancy, we have a hundred examples of the fall of courtly favourites. Besides, a people have often repented—a monarch seldom or never. Leaving apart many familiar proofs of this fact, a short story may show the difference between even an aristocracy and the multitude.

Vettor Pisanì, having been defeated in 1354 at Portolongo, and many years afterwards in the more decisive action of Pola, by the Genoese, was recalled by the Venetian government, and thrown into chains. The Avvogadori proposed to behead him, but the supreme tribunal was content with the sentence of imprisonment. Whilst Pisani was suffering this unmerited disgrace, Chioza, in the vicinity of the capitaì,[1] was, by the assistance of the *Signor of Padua*, delivered into the hands of Pietro Doria. At the intelligence of that disaster, the great bell of St. Mark's tower tolled to arms, and the people and the soldiery of the galleys were summoned to the repulse of the approaching enemy; but they protested they would not move a step, unless Pisani were liberated and placed at their head. The great council was instantly assembled: the prisoner was called before them, and the Doge, Andrea Contarini, informed him of the demands of the people, and the necessities of the state, whose only hope of safety was reposed in his efforts, and who implored him to forget the indignities he had endured in her service. "I have submitted," replied the magnanimous republican, "I have submitted to your deliberations without complaint; I have supported patiently the pains of imprisonment, for they were inflicted at your command: this is no time to inquire whether I deserved them—the good of the republic may have seemed to require it, and that which the republic resolves is always resolved wisely. Behold me ready to lay down my life for the preservation of my country." Pisani was appointed generalissimo, and, by his exertions, in conjunction with those of Carlo Zeno, the Venetians soon recovered the ascendancy over their maritime rivals.

The Italian communities were no less unjust to their citizens than the Greek republics. Liberty, both with the one and the other, seems to have been a national, not an individual object: and, notwithstanding the boasted *equality before the laws*, which an ancient Greek writer[2] considered

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1. See Note 6, p. 476.

2. The Greek boasted that he was *ἰσόνομος*. See the last chapter of the first book of Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

the great distinctive mark between his countrymen and the barbarians, the mutual rights of fellow citizens seem never to have been the principal scope of the old democracies. The world may have not yet seen an essay by the author of *The Italian Republics*, in which the distinction between the liberty of former states, and the signification attached to that word by the happier constitution of England, is ingeniously developed. The Italians, however, when they had ceased to be free, still looked back with a sigh upon those times of turbulence, when every citizen might rise to a share of sovereign power, and have never been taught fully to appreciate the repose of a monarchy. Sperone Speroni, when Francis Maria II. Duke of Rovere proposed the question, "which was preferable, the republic or the principality—the perfect and not durable, or the less perfect and not so liable to change," replied, "that our happiness is to be measured by its quality, not by its duration; and that he preferred to live for one day like a man, than for a hundred years like a brute, a stock, or a stone." This was thought, and called a *magnificent* answer down to the last days of Italian servitude.[1]

20.

And the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown.
Stanza lvii. lines 6, 7, and 8.

The Florentines did not take the opportunity of Petrarch's short visit to their city in 1350 to revoke the decree which confiscated the property of his father, who had been banished shortly after the exile of Dante. His crown did not dazzle them; but when in the next year they were in want of his assistance in the formation of their university, they repented of their injustice, and Boccaccio was sent to Padua to entreat the laureate to conclude his wanderings in the bosom of his native country, where he might finish his *immortal Africa*, and enjoy, with his recovered possessions, the esteem of all classes of his fellow citizens. They gave him the option of the book and the science he might condescend to expound: they called him the glory of his country, who was dear, and who would be dearer to them; and they added, that if there was anything unpleasing in their letter, he ought to return

1. "E intorno *alla magnifica risposta*," etc. Serassi, *Vita del Tasso*, lib. iii. p. 149, tom. ii. edit. 2. Bergamo.

amongst them, were it only to correct their style.[1] Petrarch seemed at first to listen to the flattery and to the entreaties of his friend, but he did not return to Florence, and preferred a pilgrimage to the tomb of Laura and the shades of Vaucluse.

21.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed
His dust.

Stanza lviii. lines 1 and 2.

Boccaccio was buried in the church of St. Michael and St. James, at Certaldo, a small town in the Valdelsa, which was by some supposed the place of his birth. There he passed the latter part of his life in a course of laborious study, which shortened his existence; and there might his ashes have been secure, if not of honour, at least of repose. But the "hyena bigots" of Certaldo tore up the tombstone of Boccaccio and ejected it from the holy precincts of St. Michael and St. James. The occasion, and, it may be hoped, the excuse, of this ejectment was the making of a new floor for the church; but the fact is, that the tombstone was taken up and thrown aside at the bottom of the building. Ignorance may share the sin with bigotry. It would be painful to relate such an exception to the devotion of the Italians for their great names, could it not be accompanied by a trait more honourably conformable to the general character of the nation. The principal person of the district, the last branch of the house of Medicis, afforded that protection to the memory of the insulted dead which her best ancestors had dispensed upon all contemporary merit. The Marchioness Lenzoni rescued the tombstone of Boccaccio from the neglect in which it had some time lain, and found for it an honourable elevation in her own mansion. She has done more: the house in which the poet lived has been as little respected as his tomb, and is falling to ruin over the head of one indifferent to the name of its former tenant. It consists of two or three little chambers, and a low tower, on which Cosmo II. affixed an inscription. This house she has taken measures to purchase,

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1. "Accingiti innoltre, se ci è lecito ancor l' esortarti, a compire l' immortal tua Africa . . . Se ti avviene d'incontrare nel nostro stile cosa che ti dispiaccia, ciò debb' essere un altro motivo ad esaudire i desiderj della tua patria." *Storia della Lett. Ital.*, edit. Venice, 1795, tom. v. par. i. lib. i. p. 75.

and proposes to devote to it that care and consideration which are attached to the cradle and to the roof of genius.

This is not the place to undertake the defence of Boccaccio; but the man who exhausted his little patrimony in the acquirement of learning, who was amongst the first, if not the first, to allure the science and the poetry of Greece to the bosom of Italy;—who not only invented a new style, but founded, or certainly fixed, a new language; who, besides the esteem of every polite court of Europe, was thought worthy of employment by the predominant republic of his own country, and, what is more, of the friendship of Petrarch, who lived the life of a philosopher and a freeman, and who died in the pursuit of knowledge,—such a man might have found more consideration than he has met with from the priest of Certaldo, and from a late English traveller, who strikes off his portrait as an odious, contemptible, licentious writer, whose impure remains should be suffered to rot without a record.[1] That English traveller, unfortunately for those who have to deplore the loss of a very amiable person, is beyond all criticism; but the mortality which did not protect Boccaccio from Mr. Eustace, must not defend Mr. Eustace from the impartial judgment of his successors. Death may canonise his virtues, not his errors; and it may be modestly pronounced that he transgressed, not only as an author, but as a man, when he evoked the shade of Boccaccio in company with that of Aretine, amidst the sepulchres of Santa Croce, merely to dismiss it with indignity. As far as respects

"Il flagello de' Principi,
Il divin Pietro Aretino,"

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1. *Classical Tour*, chap. ix. vol. iii. p. 355, edit. 3rd. "Of Boccaccio, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence, and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust. For the same reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant *Aretino*." This dubious phrase is hardly enough to save the tourist from the suspicion of another blunder respecting the burial-place of Aretine, whose tomb was in the church of St. Luke at Venice, and gave rise to the famous controversy of which some notice is taken in Bayle. Now the words of Mr. Eustace would lead us to think the tomb was at Florence, or at least was to be somewhere recognised. Whether the inscription so much disputed was ever written on the tomb cannot now be decided, for all memorial of this author has disappeared from the church of St. Luke.

it is of little import what censure is passed upon a coxcomb who owes his present existence to the above burlesque character given to him by the poet, whose amber has preserved many other grubs and worms: but to classify Boccaccio with such a person, and to excommunicate his very ashes, must of itself make us doubt of the qualification of the classical tourist for writing upon Italian, or, indeed, upon any other literature; for ignorance on one point may incapacitate an author merely for that particular topic, but subjection to a professional prejudice must render him an unsafe director on all occasions. Any perversion and injustice may be made what is vulgarly called a "case of conscience," and this poor excuse is all that can be offered for the priest of Certaldo, or the author of the *Classical Tour*. It would have answered the purpose to confine the censure to the novels of Boccaccio; and gratitude to that source which supplied the muse of Dryden with her last and most harmonious numbers might, perhaps, have restricted that censure to the objectionable qualities of the hundred tales. At any rate the repentance of Boccaccio might have arrested his exhumation, and it should have been recollected and told, that in his old age he wrote a letter entreating his friend to discourage the reading of the *Decameron*, for the sake of modesty, and for the sake of the author, who would not have an apologist always at hand to state in his excuse that he wrote it when young, and at the command of his superiors.[1] It is neither the licentiousness of the writer, nor the evil propensities of the reader, which have given to the *Decameron* alone, of all the works of Boccaccio, a perpetual popularity. The establishment of a new and delightful dialect conferred an immortality on the works in which it was first fixed. The sonnets of Petrarch were, for the same reason, fated to survive his self-admired *Africa*, "the favourite of kings." The invariable traits of nature and feeling with which the novels, as well as the verses, abound, have doubtless been the chief source of the foreign celebrity of both authors; but Boccaccio, as a man, is no more to be estimated by that work, than Petrarch is to be regarded in no other light than as the lover of Laura. Even, however, had the father of the Tuscan prose been known only as the author of the *Decameron*, a

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1. "Non enim ubique est, qui in excusationem meam consurgens dicat: juvenis scripsit, & majoris coactus imperio." The letter was addressed to Maghinard of Cavalcanti, marshal of the kingdom of Sicily. See Tiraboschi, *Storia, etc.*, edit. Venice, 1795, tom. v. par. ii. lib. iii. p. 525, *note*.

considerate writer would have been cautious to pronounce a sentence irreconcilable with the unerring voice of many ages and nations. An irrevocable value has never been stamped upon any work solely recommended by impurity.

The true source of the outcry against Boccaccio, which began at a very early period, was the choice of his scandalous personages in the cloisters as well as the courts; but the princes only laughed at the gallant adventures so unjustly charged upon queen Theodelinda, whilst the priesthood cried shame upon the debauches drawn from the convent and the hermitage; and most probably for the opposite reason, namely, that the picture was faithful to the life. Two of the novels are allowed to be facts usefully turned into tales to deride the canonisation of rogues and laymen. Ser Ciappelletto and Marcellinus are cited with applause even by the decent Muratori.[1] The great Arnaud, as he is quoted in Bayle, states, that a new edition of the novels was proposed, of which the expurgation consisted in omitting the words "monk" and "nun," and tacking the immoralities to other names. The literary history of Italy particularises no such edition; but it was not long before the whole of Europe had but one opinion of the *Decameron;* and the absolution of the author seems to have been a point settled at least a hundred years ago: "On se feroit siffler si l' on prétendoit convaincre Boccace de n' avoir pas été honnête homme, puis qu'il a fait le Décameron." So said one of the best men, and perhaps the best critic that ever lived—the very martyr to impartiality.[2] But as this information, that in the beginning of the last century one would have been hooted at for pretending that Boccaccio was not a good man, may seem to come from one of those enemies who are to be suspected, even when they make us a present of truth, a more acceptable contrast with the proscription of the body, soul, and muse of Boccaccio may be found in a few words from the virtuous, the patriotic contemporary, who thought one of the tales of this impure writer worthy a Latin version from his own pen. "I have remarked elsewhere," says Petrarch, writing to Boccaccio, "that the book itself has been worried by certain dogs, but stoutly defended by your staff and voice. Nor was I astonished, for I have had proof of the vigour of your mind, and I know you have fallen on that unaccommodating

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1. *Dissertazioni sopra le Antichità Italiane*, Diss. lviii. p. 253, tom. iii. edit. Milan, 1751.

2. *Eclaircissement, etc., etc.*, p. 648, edit. Amsterdam, 1740, in the Supplement to Bayle's *Dictionary*.

incapable race of mortals, who, whatever they either like not, or know not, or cannot do, are sure to reprehend in others; and on those occasions only put on a show of learning and eloquence, but otherwise are entirely dumb."[1]

It is satisfactory to find that all the priesthood do not resemble those of Certaldo, and that one of them who did not possess the bones of Boccaccio would not lose the opportunity of raising a cenotaph to his memory. Bevius, canon of Padua, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, erected at Arquà, opposite to the tomb of the Laureate, a tablet, in which he associated Boccaccio to the equal honours of Dante and of Petrarch.

22.

What is her Pyramid of precious stones?
Stanza lx. line 1.

Our veneration for the Medici begins with Cosmo and expires with his grandson; that stream is pure only at the source; and it is in search of some memorial of the virtuous republicans of the family that we visit the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence. The tawdry, glaring, unfinished chapel in that church, designed for the mausoleum of the Dukes of Tuscany, set round with crowns and coffins, gives birth to no emotions but those of contempt for the lavish vanity of a race of despots, whilst the pavement slab, simply inscribed to the Father of his Country, reconciles us to the name of Medici.[2] It was very natural for Corinna[3] to suppose that the statue raised to the Duke of Urbino in the *capella de' depositi* was intended for his great namesake; but the magnificent Lorenzo is only the sharer of a coffin half hidden in a niche of the sacristy. The decay of Tuscany dates from the sovereignty of the Medici. Of the sepulchral peace which succeeded to the establishment of the reigning families in Italy, our own Sidney has given us a glowing, but a faithful picture. "Notwithstanding all the seditions of Florence, and other cities of Tuscany, the horrid factions of Guelphs and Ghibelins, Neri and Bianchi, nobles and commons, they continued populous, strong, and exceeding rich; but in the space of less than a hundred and fifty years, the peaceable reign of the Medices is thought to have destroyed nine parts in ten of the people

1. *Opera*, i. 540, edit. Basil, 1581.
2. Cosmus Medices, Decreto Publico, Pater Patriæ.
3. Corinne, 1819, liv. xviii. chap. iii. vol. iii. p. 218.

of that province. Amongst other things it is remarkable, that when Philip II. of Spain gave Sienna to the Duke of Florence, his ambassador then at Rome sent him word, that he had given away more than 650,000 subjects; and it is not believed there are now 20,000 souls inhabiting that city and territory. Pisa, Pistoia, Arezzo, Cortona, and other towns, that were then good and populous, are in the like proportion diminished, and Florence more than any. When that city had been long troubled with seditions, tumults, and wars, for the most part unprosperous, they still retained such strength, that when Charles VIII. of France, being admitted as a friend with his whole army, which soon after conquered the kingdom of Naples, thought to master them, the people, taking arms, struck such a terror into him, that he was glad to depart upon such conditions as they thought fit to impose. Machiavel reports, that in that time Florence alone, with the Val d'Arno, a small territory belonging to that city, could, in a few hours, by the sound of a bell, bring together 135,000 well-armed men; whereas now that city, with all the others in that province, are brought to such despicable weakness, emptiness, poverty, and baseness, that they can neither resist the oppressions of their own prince, nor defend him or themselves if they were assaulted by a foreign enemy. The people are dispersed or destroyed, and the best families sent to seek habitations in Venice, Genoa, Rome, Naples, and Lucca. This is not the effect of war or pestilence; they enjoy a perfect peace, and suffer no other plague than the government they are under."[1] From the usurper Cosmo down to the imbecile Gaston, we look in vain for any of those unmixed qualities which should raise a patriot to the command of his fellow-citizens. The Grand Dukes, and particularly the third Cosmo, had operated so entire a change in the Tuscan character, that the candid Florentines, in excuse for some imperfections in the philanthropic system of Leopold, are obliged to confess that the sovereign was the only liberal man in his dominions. Yet that excellent prince himself had no other notion of a national assembly, than of a body to represent the wants and wishes, not the will of the people.

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1. *Discourses concerning Government*, by A. Sidney, chap. ii. sect. xxvi. p. 208, edit. 1751. Sidney is, together with Locke and Hoadley, one of Mr. Hume's "despicable" writers.

23.

An Earthquake reeled unheededly away!
Stanza lxiii. line 5.

"And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake, which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants."[1] Such is the description of Livy. It may be doubted whether modern tactics would admit of such an abstraction.

The site of the battle of Thrasimene is not to be mistaken. The traveller from the village under Cortona to Casa di Piano, the next stage on the way to Rome, has for the first two or three miles, around him, but more particularly to the right, that flat land which Hannibal laid waste in order to induce the Consul Flaminius to move from Arezzo. On his left, and in front of him, is a ridge of hills bending down towards the lake of Thrasimene, called by Livy "montes Cortonenses," and now named the Gualandra. These hills he approaches at Ossaja, a village which the itineraries pretend to have been so denominated from the bones found there: but there have been no bones found there, and the battle was fought on the other side of the hill. From Ossaja the road begins to rise a little, but does not pass into the roots of the mountains until the sixty-seventh milestone from Florence. The ascent thence is not steep but perpetual, and continues for twenty minutes. The lake is soon seen below on the right, with Borghetto, a round tower, close upon the water; and the undulating hills partially covered with wood, amongst which the road winds, sink by degrees into the marshes near to this tower. Lower than the road, down to the right amidst these woody hillocks, Hannibal placed his horse,[2] in the jaws of, or rather above the pass, which was between the lake and the present road, and most probably close to Borghetto, just under the lowest of the "tumuli."[3] On a summit to the left, above the road, is an old circular ruin, which the peasants call "the tower of Hannibal the Carthaginian." Arrived at the highest point of the road, the traveller has a partial view of the fatal plain, which opens fully upon him as he descends the Gualandra.

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1. Tit. Liv., lib. xxii. cap. v.
2. *Ibid.*, cap. iv.
3. *Ibid.*

He soon finds himself in a vale enclosed to the left, and in front and behind him by the Gualandra hills, bending round in a segment larger than a semicircle, and running down at each end to the lake, which obliques to the right and forms the chord of this mountain arc. The position cannot be guessed at from the plains of Cortona, nor appears to be so completely enclosed unless to one who is fairly within the hills. It then, indeed, appears "a place made as it were on purpose for a snare," *locus insidiis natus*. "Borghetto is then found to stand in a narrow marshy pass close to the hill, and to the lake, whilst there is no other outlet at the opposite turn of the mountains than through the little town of Passignano, which is pushed into the water by the foot of a high rocky acclivity." There is a woody eminence branching down from the mountains into the upper end of the plain nearer to the side of Passignano, and on this stands a white village called Torre. Polybius seems to allude to this eminence as the one on which Hannibal encamped, and drew out his heavy-armed Africans and Spaniards in a conspicuous position.[1] From this spot he despatched his Balearic and light-armed troops round through the Gualandra heights to the right, so as to arrive unseen and form an ambush amongst the broken acclivities which the road now passes, and to be ready to act upon the left flank and above the enemy, whilst the horse shut up the pass behind. Flaminius came to the lake near Borghetto at sunset; and, without sending any spies before him, marched through the pass the next morning before the day had quite broken, so that he perceived nothing of the horse and light troops above and about him, and saw only the heavy-armed Carthaginians in front on the hill of Torre. The consul began to draw out his army in the flat, and in the mean time the horse in ambush occupied the pass behind him at Borghetto. Thus the Romans were completely enclosed, having the lake on the right, the main army on the hill of Torre in front, the Gualandra hills filled with the light-armed on their left flank, and being prevented from receding by the cavalry, who, the further they advanced, stopped up all the outlets in the rear. A fog rising from the lake now spread itself over the army of the consul, but the high lands were in the sunshine, and

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1. *Hist.*, lib. iii. cap. 83. The account in Polybius is not so easily reconcilable with present appearances as that in Livy; he talks of hills to the right and left of the pass and valley; but when Flaminius entered he had the lake at the right of both.

all the different corps in ambush looked towards the hill of Torre for the order of attack. Hannibal gave the signal, and moved down from his post on the height. At the same moment all his troops on the eminences behind and in the flank of Flaminius rushed forwards as it were with one accord into the plain. The Romans, who were forming their array in the mist, suddenly heard the shouts of the enemy amongst them on every side, and before they could fall into their ranks, or draw their swords, or see by whom they were attacked, felt at once that they were surrounded and lost.

There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile further on, is called "the bloody rivulet;" and the peasants point out an open spot to the left between the "Sanguinetto" and the hills, which, they say, was the principal scene of slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick-set olive-trees in corn grounds, and is nowhere quite level, except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this end of the valley, for the six thousand Romans, who, at the beginning of the action, broke through the enemy, escaped to the summit of an eminence which must have been in this quarter, otherwise they would have had to traverse the whole plain, and to pierce through the main army of Hannibal.

The Romans fought desperately for three hours; but the death of Flaminius was the signal for a general dispersion. The Carthaginian horse then burst in upon the fugitives, and the lake, the marsh about Borghetto, but chiefly the plain of the Sanguinetto and the passes of the Gualandra, were strewed with dead. Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left above the rivulet, many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the "stream of blood."

Every district of Italy has its hero. In the north some painter is the usual genius of the place, and the foreign Julio Romano more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil.[1] To the south we hear of Roman names. Near Thrasimene tradition is still faithful to the fame of an enemy, and Hannibal

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1. About the middle of the twelfth century the coins of Mantua bore on one side the image and figure of Virgil. *Zecca d'Italia*, iii. pl. xvii. i. 6. *Voyage dans le Milanais, etc.*, par A. L. Millin, ii. 294. Paris, 1817.

the Carthaginian is the only ancient name remembered on the banks of the Perugian lake. Flaminius is unknown; but the postilions on that road have been taught to show the very spot where *Il Console Romano* was slain. Of all who fought and fell in the battle of Thrasimene, the historian himself has, besides the generals and Maharbal, preserved indeed only a single name. You overtake the Carthaginian again on the same road to Rome. The antiquary, that is, the hostler of the posthouse at Spoleto, tells you that his town repulsed the victorious enemy, and shows you the gate still called *Porta di Annibale.* It is hardly worth while to remark that a French travel writer, well known by the name of the President Dupaty, saw Thrasimene in the lake of Bolsena, which lay conveniently on his way from Sienna to Rome.

24.

And thou, dread Statue! still existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty.
Stanza lxxxvii. lines 1 and 2.

The projected division of the Spada Pompey has already been recorded by the historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Mr. Gibbon found it in the memorials of Flaminius Vacca; and it may be added to his mention of it, that Pope Julius III. gave the contending owners five hundred crowns for the statue, and presented it to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, who had prevented the judgment of Solomon from being executed upon the image. In a more civilised age this statue was exposed to an actual operation: for the French, who acted the Brutus of Voltaire in the Coliseum, resolved that their Cæsar should fall at the base of that Pompey, which was supposed to have been sprinkled with the blood of the original dictator. The nine-foot hero was therefore removed to the arena of the amphitheatre, and, to facilitate its transport, suffered the temporary amputation of its right arm. The republican tragedians had to plead that the arm was a restoration: but their accusers do not believe that the integrity of the statue would have protected it. The love of finding every coincidence, has discovered the true Cæsarian ichor in a stain near the right knee; but colder criticism has rejected not only the blood, but the portrait, and assigned the globe of power rather to the first of the emperors than to the last of the republican masters

of Rome. Winckelmann [1] is loth to allow an heroic statue of a Roman citizen, but the Grimani Agrippa, a contemporary almost, is heroic; and naked Roman figures were only very rare, not absolutely forbidden. The face accords much better with the "hominem integrum et castum et gravem," [2] than with any of the busts of Augustus, and is too stern for him who was beautiful, says Suetonius, at all periods of his life. The pretended likeness to Alexander the Great cannot be discerned, but the traits resemble the medal of Pompey.[3] The objectionable globe may not have been an ill-applied flattery to him who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman empire. It seems that Winckelmann has made a mistake in thinking that no proof of the identity of this statue with that which received the bloody sacrifice can be derived from the spot where it was discovered.[4] Flaminius Vacca says *sotto una cantina*, and this cantina is known to have been in the Vicolo de' Leutari, near the Cancellaria; a position corresponding exactly to that of the Janus before the basilica of Pompey's theatre, to which Augustus transferred the statue after the *curia* was either burnt or taken down.[5] Part of the "Pompeian shade," [6] the portico, existed in the beginning of the XVth century, and the *atrium* was still called *Satrum*. So says Blondus.[7] At all events, so imposing is the stern majesty of the statue, and so memorable is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the exercise of the judgment, and the fiction, if a fiction it is, operates on the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth.

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1. *Storia delle Arti, etc.*, lib. xi. cap. i. pp. 321, 322, tom. ii.
2. Cicer., *Epist. ad Atticum*, xi. 6.
3. Published by Causeus, in his *Museum Romanum*.
4. *Storia delle Arti, etc.*, lib. xi. cap. i.
5. Sueton., in *Vit. August.*, cap. xxxi., and in *Vit. C. J. Cæsar*, cap. lxxxviii. Appian says it was burnt down. See a note of Pitiscus to Suetonius, p. 224.
6. "Tu modo Pompeia lentus spatiare sub umbra" (Ovid, *Art. Am.*, i. 67).
7. Flavii Blondi *De Româ Instauratâ*, Venice, 1511, lib. iii. p. 25.

25.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
Stanza lxxxviii. line 1.

Ancient Rome, like modern Sienna, abounded most probably with images of the foster-mother of her founder; but there were two she-wolves of whom history makes particular mention. One of these, *of brass in ancient work*, was seen by Dionysius [1] at the temple of Romulus, under the Palatine, and is universally believed to be that mentioned by the Latin historian, as having been made from the money collected by a fine on usurers, and as standing under the Ruminal fig-tree.[2] The other was that which Cicero [3] has celebrated both in prose and verse, and which the historian Dion also records as having suffered the same accident as is alluded to by the orator.[4] The question agitated by the antiquaries is, whether the wolf now in the Conservator's Palace is that of Livy and Dionysius, or that of Cicero, or whether it is neither one nor the other. The earlier writers differ as much as the moderns: Lucius Faunus [5] says, that it is the one alluded to by both, which is impossible, and also by Virgil, which may be. Fulvius Ursinus [6] calls it the wolf of Dionysius, and Marlianus [7] talks of it as the one

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1. *Antiq. Rom.*, lib. i., Χάλκεα ποιήματα παλαίας ἐργασίας.

2. Liv., *Hist.*, lib. x. cap. xxiii.

3. "Tum statua Nattæ, tum simulacra Deorum, Romulusque et Remus cum altrice belua vi fulminis icti conciderunt."—Cic., *De Divinat.*, ii. 20. "Tactus est etiam ille qui hanc urbem condidit Romulus: quem inauratum in Capitolio parvum atque lactentem uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis."—*In Catilin.*, iii. 8.

> "Hic silvestris erat Romani nominis altrix
> Martia, quæ parvos Mavortis semine natos
> Uberibus gravidis vitali rore rigabat:
> Quæ tum cum pueris flammato fulminis ictu
> Concidit, atque avulsa pedum vestigia liquit."
> *De Suo Consulatu*, lib. ii. lines 42–46.

4. Dion., *Hist.*, lib. xxxvii. p. 37, edit. Rob. Steph., 1548.

5. Luc. Fauni *De Antiq. Urb. Rom.*, lib. ii. cap. vii., *ap.* Sallengre, 1745, i. 217.

6. Ap. Nardini *Roma Vetus*, lib. v. cap. iv., *ap.* J. G. Græv., *Thes. Antiq. Rom.*, iv. 1146.

7. Marliani *Urb. Rom. Topograph.*, Venice, 1588, p. 23.

mentioned by Cicero. To him Rycquius *tremblingly* assents.[1] Nardini is inclined to suppose it may be one of the many wolves preserved in ancient Rome ; but of the two rather bends to the Ciceronian statue.[2] Montfaucon[3] mentions it as a point without doubt. Of the latter writers the decisive Winckelmann[4] proclaims it as having been found at the church of Saint Theodore, where, or near where, was the temple of Romulus, and consequently makes it the wolf of Dionysius. His authority is Lucius Faunus, who, however, only says that it *was placed*, not *found*, at the Ficus Ruminalis, by the Comitium, by which he does not seem to allude to the church of Saint Theodore. Rycquius was the first to make the mistake, and Winckelmann followed Rycquius.

Flaminius Vacca tells quite a different story, and says he had heard the wolf with the twins was found[5] near the arch of Septimius Severus. The commentator on Winckelmann is of the same opinion with that learned person, and is incensed at Nardini for not having remarked that Cicero, in speaking of the wolf struck with lightning in the Capitol, makes use of the past tense. But, with the Abate's leave, Nardini does not positively assert the statue to be that mentioned by Cicero, and if he had, the assumption would not perhaps have been so exceedingly indiscreet. The Abate himself is obliged to own that there are marks very like the scathing of lightning in the hinder legs of the present wolf ; and, to get rid of this, adds, that the wolf seen by Dionysius might have been also struck by lightning, or otherwise injured.

Let us examine the subject by a reference to the words of Cicero. The orator in two places seems to particularise the Romulus and the Remus, especially the first, which his audience remembered to *have been* in the Capitol, as being struck with lightning. In his verses he records that the twins and wolf both fell, and that the latter left behind the marks of her feet. Cicero does not say that the wolf was

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1. Just. Rycquii *De Capit. Roman. Comm.*, cap. xxiv. p. 250, edit. Lugd. Bat. 1696.

2. Nardini, *Roma Vetus*, lib. v. cap. iv.

3. Montfaucon, *Diarium Italic.*, Paris, 1702, i. 174.

4. *Storia delle Arti, etc.*, Milan, 1779, lib. iii. cap. iii. s. ii. *note* * (i. 144). Winckelmann has made a strange blunder in the note, by saying the Ciceronian wolf was *not* in the Capitol, and that Dion was wrong in saying so.

5. Flam. Vacca, *Memorie*, num. iii. *ap. Roma Antica di Famiano*, Nardini, Roma, 1771, iv. *s.f.* p. iii.

consumed : and Dion only mentions that it fell down, without alluding, as the Abate has made him, to the force of the blow, or the firmness with which it had been fixed. The whole strength, therefore, of the Abate's argument hangs upon the past tense ; which, however, may be somewhat diminished by remarking that the phrase only shows that the statue was not then standing in its former position. Winckelmann has observed that the present twins are modern ; and it is equally clear that there are marks of gilding on the wolf, which might therefore be supposed to make part of the ancient group. It is known that the sacred images of the Capitol were not destroyed when injured by time or accident, but were put into certain underground depositories, called *favissæ*.[1] It may be thought possible that the wolf had been so deposited, and had been replaced in some conspicuous situation when the Capitol was rebuilt by Vespasian. Rycquius, without mentioning his authority, tells that it was transferred from the Comitium to the Lateran, and thence brought to the Capitol. If it was found near the arch of Severus, it may have been one of the images which Orosius[2] says was thrown down in the Forum by lightning when Alaric took the city. That it is of very high antiquity the workmanship is a decisive proof; and that circumstance induced Winckelmann to believe it the wolf of Dionysius. The Capitoline wolf, however, may have been of the same early date as that at the temple of Romulus. Lactantius[3] asserts that in his time the Romans worshipped a wolf ; and it is known that the Lupercalia held out to a very late period[4] after every other observance of the ancient

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1. Luc. Fauni *De Antiq. Urb. Rom.*, lib. ii. cap. vi., *ap.* Sallengre, tom. i. p. 216.

2. See *note* to stanza lxxx. in *Historical Illustrations.*

3. "Romuli nutrix Lupa honoribus est affecta divinis. Et ferrem, si animal ipsum fuisset, cujus figuram gerit." Lactant., *De Falsâ Religione*, lib. i. cap. xx., Biponti, 1786, i. 66 ; that is to say, he would rather adore a wolf than a prostitute. His commentator has observed that the opinion of Livy concerning Laurentia being figured in this wolf was not universal. Strabo thought so. Rycquius is wrong in saying that Lactantius mentions the wolf was in the Capitol.

4. To A.D. 496. "Quis credere possit," says Baronius [*Ann. Eccles.*, Lucæ, 1741, viii. 602, in an. 496], "viguisse adhuc Romæ ad Gelasii tempora, quæ fuere ante exordium Urbis allata in Italiam Lupercalia?" Gelasius wrote a letter,

superstition had totally expired. This may account for the preservation of the ancient image longer than the other early symbols of Paganism.

It may be permitted, however, to remark, that the wolf was a Roman symbol, but that the worship of that symbol is an inference drawn by the zeal of Lactantius. The early Christian writers are not to be trusted in the charges which they make against the Pagans. Eusebius accused the Romans to their faces of worshipping Simon Magus, and raising a statue to him in the island of the Tyber. The Romans had probably never heard of such a person before, who came, however, to play a considerable, though scandalous part in the church history, and has left several tokens of his aërial combat with St. Peter at Rome; notwithstanding that an inscription found in this very island of the Tyber showed the Simon Magus of Eusebius to be a certain indigenal god called Semo Sangus or Fidius.[1]

Even when the worship of the founder of Rome had been abandoned it was thought expedient to humour the habits of the good matrons of the city, by sending them with their sick infants to the church of Saint Theodore, as they had before carried them to the temple of Romulus.[2] The practice is continued to this day; and the site of the above church seems to be thereby identified with that of the temple; so that if the wolf had been really found there, as Winckelmann says, there would be no doubt of the present statue being that seen by Dionysius.[3] But Faunus, in saying that it was at the Ficus Ruminalis by the Comitium, is only talking of its ancient position as recorded by Pliny; and, even if he had been remarking where it was found, would not have

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which occupies four folio pages, to Andromachus the senator, and others, to show that the rites should be given up.

1. *Eccles. Hist.* (Lipsiæ, 1827, p. 130), lib. ii. cap. xiii. p. 40. Justin Martyr had told the story before; but Baronius himself was obliged to detect this fable. See Nardini, *Roma Vet.*, lib. vii. cap. xii.

2. *Accurata e succincta Descrizione, etc., di Roma moderna*, dell' Ab. Ridolfino Venuti, Rome, 1766, ii. 397.

3. Nardini, lib. v. cap. 3, ap. J. G. Græv., iv. 1143, convicts Pomponius Lætus *Crassi erroris*, in putting the Ruminal fig-tree at the church of Saint Theodore; but, as Livy says the wolf was at the Ficus Ruminalis, and Dionysius at the temple of Romulus, he is obliged to own that the two were close together, as well as the Luperal cave, shaded, as it were, by the fig-tree.

alluded to the church of Saint Theodore, but to a very different place, near which it was then thought the Ficus Ruminalis had been, and also the Comitium; that is, the three columns by the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, at the corner of the Palatine looking on the Forum.

It is, in fact, a mere conjecture where the image was actually dug up; and perhaps, on the whole, the marks of the gilding, and of the lightning, are a better argument in favour of its being the Ciceronian wolf than any that can be adduced for the contrary opinion. At any rate, it is reasonably selected in the text of the poem as one of the most interesting relics of the ancient city,[1] and is certainly the figure, if not the very animal to which Virgil alludes in his beautiful verses :—

> "Geminos huic ubera circum
> Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem
> Impavidos; illam, tereti cervice reflexam,
> Mulcere alternos, et corpora fingere linguâ."[2]

26.

> For the Roman's mind
> Was modelled in a less terrestrial mould.
> Stanza xc. lines 3 and 4.

It is possible to be a very great man and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators, and philosophers that ever appeared in the world—an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another

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1. Donatus, lib. xi. cap. xviii., gives a medal representing on one side the wolf in the same position as that in the Capitol; and on the reverse the wolf with the head not reverted. It is of the time of Antoninus Pius.

2. *Æn.*, viii. 631–634. (See Dr. Middleton, in his letter from Rome, who inclines to the Ciceronian wolf, but without examining the subject.)

writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings—fighting and making love at the same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the Fountains of the Nile. Such did Julius Cæsar appear to his contemporaries, and to those of the subsequent ages who were the most inclined to deplore and execrate his fatal genius.

But we must not be so much dazzled with his surpassing glory, or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his impartial countrymen :—

HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN.[1]

27.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast.

Stanza cxv. lines 1, 2, and 3.

The respectable authority of Flaminius Vacca would incline us to believe in the claims of the Egerian grotto.[2] He assures us that he saw an inscription in the pavement, stating that the fountain was that of Egeria, dedicated to the nymphs. The inscription is not there at this day, but Montfaucon quotes two lines[3] of Ovid [*Fast.*, iii. 275, 276] from a stone in the Villa Giustiniani, which he seems to think had been brought from the same grotto.

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1. "Jure cæsus existimetur," says Suetonius, i. 76, after a fair estimation of his character, and making use of a phrase which was a formula in Livy's time. "Mælium jure cæsum pronuntiavit, etiam si regni crimine insons fuerit :" [lib. iv. cap. xv.] and which was continued in the legal judgments pronounced in justifiable homicides, such as killing housebreakers.

2. *Rom. Ant.*, F. Nardini, 1771, iv. *Memorie*, *note* 3, p. xii. He does not give the inscription.

3. "In villa Justiniana exstat ingens lapis quadrus solidus, in quo sculpta hæc duo Ovidii carmina sunt :—

"'Ægeria est quæ præbet aquas dea grata Camœnis,
Illa Numæ conjunx consiliumque fuit.'

Qui lapis videtur eodem Egeriæ fonte, aut ejus vicinia, istuc comportatus."—*Diarium Italic.*, Paris, 1702, p. 153.

This grotto and valley were formerly frequented in summer, and particularly the first Sunday in May, by the modern Romans, who attached a salubrious quality to the fountain which trickles from an orifice at the bottom of the vault, and, overflowing the little pools, creeps down the matted grass into the brook below. The brook is the Ovidian Almo, whose name and qualities are lost in the modern Aquataccio. The valley itself is called Valle di Caffarelli, from the dukes of that name who made over their fountain to the Pallavicini, with sixty *rubbia* of adjoining land.

There can be little doubt that this long dell is the Egerian valley of Juvenal, and the pausing place of Umbritius, notwithstanding the generality of his commentators have supposed the descent of the satirist and his friend to have been into the Arician grove, where the nymph met Hippolitus, and where she was more peculiarly worshipped.

The step from the Porta Capena to the Alban hill, fifteen miles distant, would be too considerable, unless we were to believe in the wild conjecture of Vossius, who makes that gate travel from its present station, where he pretends it was during the reign of the Kings, as far as the Arician grove, and then makes it recede to its old site with the shrinking city.[1] The tufo, or pumice, which the poet prefers to marble, is the substance composing the bank in which the grotto is sunk.

The modern topographers[2] find in the grotto the statue of the nymph, and nine niches for the Muses; and a late traveller[3] has discovered that the cave is restored to that simplicity which the poet regretted had been exchanged for injudicious ornament. But the headless statue is palpably rather a male than a nymph, and has none of the attributes ascribed to it at present visible. The nine Muses could hardly have stood in six niches; and Juvenal certainly does not allude to any individual cave.[4] Nothing can be collected from the satirist but that somewhere near the Porta Capena was a spot in which it was supposed Numa held nightly consultations with his nymph, and where there was a grove and

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1. *De Magnit. Vet. Rom.*, ap. Græv., *Ant. Rom.*, iv. 1507 [I. Vossius, *De Ant. Urb. Rom. Mag.*, cap. iv.]

2. Eschinard, *Descrizione di Roma e dell' Agro Romano*, Roma, 1750. They believe in the grotto and nymph. "Simulacro di questo Fonte, essendovi scolpite le acque a pie di esso" (p. 297).

3. *Classical Tour*, vol. ii. chap. vi. p. 217.

4. Lib. I. *Sat.* iii. lines 11–20.

a sacred fountain, and fanes once consecrated to the Muses; and that from this spot there was a descent into the valley of Egeria, where were several artificial caves. It is clear that the statues of the Muses made no part of the decoration which the satirist thought misplaced in these caves; for he expressly assigns other fanes (*delubra*) to these divinities above the valley, and moreover tells us that they had been ejected to make room for the Jews. In fact, the little temple now called that of Bacchus, was formerly thought to belong to the Muses, and Nardini[1] places them in a poplar grove, which was in his time above the valley.

It is probable from the inscription and position, that the cave now shown may be one of the "artificial caverns," of which, indeed, there is another a little way higher up the valley, under a tuft of alder bushes; but a *single* grotto of Egeria is a mere modern invention, grafted upon the application of the epithet Egerian to these nymphea in general, and which might send us to look for the haunts of Numa upon the banks of the Thames.

Our English Juvenal was not seduced into mistranslation by his acquaintance with Pope: he carefully preserves the correct plural—

> "Thence slowly winding down the vale we view
> The Egerian *grots:* oh, how unlike the true!"

The valley abounds with springs,[2] and over these springs, which the Muses might haunt from their neighbouring groves, Egeria presided: hence she was said to supply them with water; and she was the nymph of the grottos through which the fountains were taught to flow.

The whole of the monuments in the vicinity of the Egerian valley have received names at will, which have been changed at will. Venuti[3] owns he can see no traces of the temples of Jove, Saturn, Juno, Venus, and Diana, which Nardini found, or hoped to find. The mutatorium of Caracalla's circus, the temple of Honour and Virtue, the temple of Bacchus, and, above all, the temple of the god Rediculus, are the antiquaries' despair.

The circus of Caracalla depends on a medal of that emperor cited by Fulvius Ursinus, of which the reverse

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1. Lib. iii. cap. iii.

2. "Quamvis undique e solo aquæ scaturiant." Nardini, lib. iii. cap. iii. *Thes. Ant. Rom.*, ap. J. G. Græv., 1697, iv. 978.

3. Eschinard, etc. *Sic cit.*, pp. 297, 298.

shows a circus, supposed, however, by some to represent the Circus Maximus. It gives a very good idea of that place of exercise. The soil has been but little raised, if we may judge from the small cellular structure at the end of the Spina, which was probably the chapel of the god Consus. This cell is half beneath the soil, as it must have been in the circus itself; for Dionysius[1] could not be persuaded to believe that this divinity was the Roman Neptune, because his altar was underground.

28.

Great Nemesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long.
Stanza cxxxii. lines 2 and 3.

We read in Suetonius, that Augustus, from a warning received in a dream,[2] counterfeited, once a year, the beggar, sitting before the gate of his palace with his hand hollowed and stretched out for charity. A statue formerly in the villa Borghese, and which should be now at Paris, represents the Emperor in that posture of supplication. The object of that self-degradation was the appeasement of Nemesis, the perpetual attendant on good fortune, of whose power the Roman conquerors were also reminded by certain symbols attached to their cars of triumph. The symbols were the whip and the *crotalo*, which were discovered in the Nemesis of the Vatican. The attitude of beggary made the above statue pass for that of Belisarius: and until the criticism of Winckelmann[3] had rectified the mistake, one fiction was called in to support another. It was the same fear of the sudden

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1. *Antiq. Rom.*, Oxf., 1704, lib. ii. cap. xxxi. vol. i. p. 97.

2. Sueton., in *Vit. Augusti*, cap. xci. Casaubon, in the note, refers to Plutarch's Lives of Camillus and Æmilius Paulus, and also to his apophthegms, for the character of this deity. The hollowed hand was reckoned the last degree of degradation; and when the dead body of the præfect Rufinus was borne about in triumph by the people, the indignity was increased by putting his hand in that position.

3. *Storia delle Arti, etc.*, Rome, 1783, lib. xii. cap. iii. tom. ii. p. 422. Visconti calls the statue, however, a Cybele. It is given in the *Museo Pio-Clement.*, tom. i. par. xl. The Abate Fea (*Spiegazione dei Rami. Storia, etc.*, iii. 513) calls it a Crisippo.

termination of prosperity, that made Amasis king of Egypt warn his friend Polycrates of Samos, that the gods loved those whose lives were chequered with good and evil fortunes. Nemesis was supposed to lie in wait particularly for the prudent; that is, for those whose caution rendered them accessible only to mere accidents; and her first altar was raised on the banks of the Phrygian Æsepus by Adrastus, probably the prince of that name who killed the son of Crœsus by mistake. Hence the goddess was called Adrastea.[1]

The Roman Nemesis was *sacred* and *august:* there was a temple to her in the Palatine under the name of Rhamnusia;[2] so great, indeed, was the propensity of the ancients to trust to the revolution of events, and to believe in the divinity of Fortune, that in the same Palatine there was a temple to the Fortune of the day.[3] This is the last superstition which retains its hold over the human heart; and, from concentrating in one object the credulity so natural to man, has always appeared strongest in those unembarrassed by other articles of belief. The antiquaries have supposed this goddess to be synonymous with Fortune and with Fate;[4] but it was in her vindictive quality that she was worshipped under the name of Nemesis.

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1. *Dict. de Bayle*, art. "Adrastea."

2. It is enumerated by the regionary Victor.

3. "Fortunæ hujusce diei." Cicero mentions her, *De Legib.*, lib. ii.

4.
DEÆ. NEMESI
SIVE. FORTV
NÆ
PISTORIVS
RVGIANVS
V. C. LEGAT.
LEG. XIII. G.
GORD.

(See *Questiones Romanæ, etc.*, ap. Græv., *Antiq. Roman.*, v. 942. See also Muratori, *Nov. Thesaur. Inscrip. Vet.*, Milan, 1739, i. 88, 89, where there are three Latin and one Greek inscription to Nemesis, and others to Fate.)

29.

He, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
Stanza cxli. lines 6 and 7.

Gladiators were of two kinds, compelled and voluntary; and were supplied from several conditions;—from slaves sold for that purpose; from culprits; from barbarian captives either taken in war, and, after being led in triumph, set apart for the games, or those seized and condemned as rebels; also from free citizens, some fighting for hire (*auctorati*), others from a depraved ambition; at last even knights and senators were exhibited,—a disgrace of which the first tyrant was naturally the first inventor.[1] In the end, dwarfs, and even women, fought; an enormity prohibited by Severus. Of these the most to be pitied undoubtedly were the barbarian captives; and, to this species a Christian writer[2] justly applies the epithet "innocent," to distinguish them from the professional gladiators. Aurelian and Claudius supplied great numbers of these unfortunate victims; the one after his triumph, and the other on the pretext of a rebellion.[3] No war, says Lipsius,[4] was ever so destructive to the human race as these sports. In spite of the laws of Constantine and Constans, gladiatorial shows survived the old established religion more than seventy years; but they owed their final extinction to the courage of a Christian. In the year 404, on the kalends of January, they were exhibiting the shows in the Flavian amphitheatre before the usual immense concourse of people. Almachius, or Telemachus, an Eastern monk, who had travelled to Rome intent on his holy purpose, rushed into the midst of the arena, and endeavoured to separate the combatants. The Prætor Alypius, a person incredibly attached to these games,[5] gave instant

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1 Julius Cæsar, who rose by the fall of the aristocracy, brought Furius Leptinus and A. Calenus upon the arena.

2. "Ad captiuos pertinere Tertulliani querelam puto: *Certe quidem & innocentes gladiatores in ludum veniunt, & voluptatis publicæ hostiæ fiunt.*" Justus, Lipsius, 1588, *Saturn. Sermon.*, lib. ii. cap. iii. p. 84.

3. Vopiscus, in *Vit. Aurel.*, and in *Vit. Claud.*, *ibid.*

4. Just. Lips., *ibid.*, lib. i. cap. xii. p. 45

5. Augustinus (*Confess.*, lib. vi. cap. viii.): "Alypium suum gladiatorii spectaculi inhiatu incredibiliter abreptum," scribit ib., lib. i. cap. xii.

orders to the gladiators to slay him; and Telemachus gained the crown of martyrdom, and the title of saint, which surely has never either before or since been awarded for a more noble exploit. Honorius immediately abolished the shows, which were never afterwards revived. The story is told by Theodoret[1] and Cassiodorus,[2] and seems worthy of credit notwithstanding its place in the Roman martyrology.[3] Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the circus, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and applause of the guests. Yet Lipsius permits himself to suppose the loss of courage, and the evident degeneracy of mankind, to be nearly connected with the abolition of these bloody spectacles.

30.

Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was Death or Life—the playthings of a crowd.
Stanza cxlii. lines 5 and 6.

When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted, "He has it," "Hoc habet," or "Habet." The wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain. They were occasionally so savage that they were impatient if a combat lasted longer than ordinary without wounds or death. The emperor's presence generally saved the vanquished; and it is recorded, as an instance of Caracalla's ferocity, that he sent those who supplicated him for life, in a spectacle, at Nicomedia, to ask the people; in other words, handed them over to be slain. A similar ceremony is observed at the Spanish bull-fights. The magistrate presides; and after the horseman and piccadores have

1. *Hist. Eccles.*, ap. *Ant. Hist. Eccl.*, Basle, 1535, lib. v. cap. xxvi.

2. Cassiod., *Tripartita*, ap. *Ant. Hist. Eccl.*, Basle, 1535, lib. x. cap. ii. p. 543.

3. Baronius, *De Ann. et in Notis ad Martyrol. Rom. I. Jan.* (See Marangoni, *Delle memorie sacre, e profane dell'Anfiteatro Flavio*, p. 25, edit. 1746.)

fought the bull, the matadore steps forward and bows to him for permission to kill the animal. If the bull has done his duty by killing two or three horses, or a man, which last is rare, the people interfere with shouts, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the animal is saved. The wounds and death of the horses are accompanied with the loudest acclamations, and many gestures of delight, especially from the female portion of the audience, including those of the gentlest blood. Every thing depends on habit. The author of *Childe Harold*, the writer of this note, and one or two other Englishmen, who have certainly in other days borne the sight of a pitched battle, were, during the summer of 1809, in the governor's box at the great amphitheatre of Santa Maria, opposite to Cadiz. The death of one or two horses completely satisfied their curiosity. A gentleman present, observing them shudder and look pale, noticed that unusual reception of so delightful a sport to some young ladies, who stared and smiled, and continued their applause as another horse fell bleeding to the ground. One bull killed three horses, *off his own horns*. He was saved by acclamations, which were redoubled when it was known he belonged to a priest.

An Englishman who can be much pleased with seeing two men beat themselves to pieces, cannot bear to look at a horse galloping round an arena with his bowels trailing on the ground, and turns from the spectacle and the spectators with horror and disgust.

31.

And afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad Ocean laves
The Latian coast, etc., etc.
Stanza clxxiv. lines 3 and 4.

The whole declivity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled beauty, and from the convent on the highest point, which has succeeded to the temple of the Latian Jupiter, the prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in the cited stanza; the Mediterranean; the whole scene of the latter half of the *Æneid*, and the coast from beyond the mouth of the Tiber to the headland of Circæum and the Cape of Terracina.

The site of Cicero's villa may be supposed either at the Grotta Ferrata, or at the Tusculum of Prince Lucien Buonaparte.

The former was thought some years ago the actual site,

as may be seen from Myddleton's *Life of Cicero*. At present it has lost something of its credit, except for the Domenichinos. Nine monks of the Greek order live there, and the adjoining villa is a cardinal's summer-house. The other villa, called Rufinella, is on the summit of the hill above Frascati, and many rich remains of Tusculum have been found there, besides seventy-two statues of different merit and preservation, and seven busts.

From the same eminence are seen the Sabine hills, embosomed in which lies the long valley of Rustica. There are several circumstances which tend to establish the identity of this valley with the "*Ustica*" of Horace; and it seems possible that the mosaic pavement which the peasants uncover by throwing up the earth of a vineyard may belong to his villa. Rustica is pronounced short, not according to our stress upon—"*Usticæ cubantis*." It is more rational to think that we are wrong, than that the inhabitants of this secluded valley have changed their tone in this word. The addition of the consonant prefixed is nothing; yet it is necessary to be aware that Rustica may be a modern name which the peasants may have caught from the antiquaries.

The villa, or the mosaic, is in a vineyard on a knoll covered with chestnut trees. A stream runs down the valley; and although it is not true, as said in the guide books, that this stream is called Licenza, yet there is a village on a rock at the head of the valley, which is so denominated, and which may have taken its name from the Digentia. Licenza contains seven hundred inhabitants. On a peak a little way beyond is Civitella, containing three hundred. On the banks of the Anio, a little before you turn up into Valle Rustica, to the left, about an hour from the *villa*, is a town called Vicovaro, another favourable coincidence with the *Varia* of the poet. At the end of the valley, towards the Anio, there is a bare hill, crowned with a little town called Bardela. At the foot of this hill the rivulet of Licenza flows, and is almost absorbed in a wide sandy bed before it reaches the Anio. Nothing can be more fortunate for the lines of the poet, whether in a metaphorical or direct sense:—

> "Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
> Quem Mandela bibit rugosus frigore pagus."

The stream is clear high up the valley, but before it reaches the hill of Bardela looks green and yellow like a sulphur rivulet.

Rocca Giovane, a ruined village in the hills, half an hour's walk from the vineyard where the pavement is shown, does

seem to be the site of the fane of Vacuna, and an inscription found there tells that this temple of the Sabine Victory was repaired by Vespasian. With these helps, and a position corresponding exactly to every thing which the poet has told us of his retreat, we may feel tolerably secure of our site.

The hill which should be Lucretilis is called Campanile, and by following up the rivulet to the pretended Bandusia, you come to the roots of the higher mountain Gennaro. Singularly enough, the only spot of ploughed land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this Bandusia rises.

> "... tu frigus amabile
> Fessis vomere tauris
> Præbes, et pecori vago."

The peasants show another spring near the mosaic pavement, which they call "Oradina," and which flows down the hills into a tank, or mill-dam, and thence trickles over into the Digentia.

But we must not hope

> "To trace the Muses upwards to their spring,"

by exploring the windings of the romantic valley in search of the Bandusian fountain. It seems strange that any one should have thought Bandusia a fountain of the Digentia—Horace has not let drop a word of it; and this immortal spring has in fact been discovered in possession of the holders of many good things in Italy, the monks. It was attached to the church of St. Gervais and Protais near Venusia, where it was most likely to be found.[1] We shall not be so lucky as a late traveller in finding the "occasional pine" still pendent on the poetic villa. There is not a pine in the whole valley, but there are two cypresses, which he evidently took, or mistook, for the tree in the ode.[2] The truth is, that the pine is now, as it was in the days of Virgil, a garden tree, and it was not at all likely to be found in the craggy acclivities of the valley of Rustica. Horace probably had one of them in the orchard close above his farm, immediately overshadowing his villa, not on the rocky heights at some distance from his abode. The tourist may have easily supposed himself to have seen this pine figured in the above cypresses; for the orange and lemon trees which throw such a bloom over his description of the royal gardens at Naples,

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1. See *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto*, p. 43.
2. See *Classical Tour, etc.*, chap. vii. p. 250, vol. ii.

unless they have been since displaced, were assuredly only acacias and other common garden shrubs.[1]

32.

Upon the blue Symplegades.
Stanza clxxvi. line 1.

[Lord Byron embarked from "Calpe's rock" (Gibraltar) August 16, 1809, and after travelling through Greece, he reached Constantinople in the *Salsette* frigate May 14, 1810. The two island rocks—the Cyanean Symplegades—stand one on the European, the other on the Asiatic side of the Strait, where the Bosphorus joins the Euxine or Black Sea. Both these rocks were visited by Lord Byron in June, 1810. —*Note*, Ed. 1879.]

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1. "Under our windows and bordering on the beach is the royal garden, laid out in parterres, and walks shaded by rows of orange trees."—*Classical Tour, etc.*, chap. xi. vol. ii. 365.

END OF VOL. II.

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